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THE LAST PETITION FROM THE IRISH PEOPLE TO THE ENGLISH MINISTERS AND THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

ERE yet that Bill has passed which takes from a people oppressed with grievances the right to petition, suffer us respectfully to address you,—not in armed numbers—not in nightly associations,—but through this subtle and bodiless medium; forcing our *complaints* upon you, not obtruding ourselves; somewhat, as it were, forestalling what you are about to make us: *Vox, et prætera nihil*,—a voice, and nothing more; but a voice of wailing and of dread, whose warning may perhaps haunt you years hence, when you may be desirous of reviving that which you are about to destroy—the affection and confidence of a whole nation. The man who passed his life in the pursuit of his own shadow, was wise, compared to you! You are about to engage in a chase yet more fruitless. The Law is the shadow of Power—the Co-operation of the People is the substance. You are about to divide the two, so naturally inseparable; and the utmost you can do with the shadow is, to strive henceforth to unite it to the body from which you now so wantonly divorce it!

Let us state our complaints to you. For many centuries we have been oppressed and impoverished; a large proportion of us are ignorant and breadless. Placed under your care, it was for you to educate and feed us. These duties have been neglected: injuries have accumulated—angry passions been inflamed; and, instead of revering a master, we have learned to tremble—but tremble frowningly—at a tyrant. This is to be lamented;—but whose is the fault? The fault is not with us. Education forms

the child,—legislation forms a people. Your legislation makes the crime, and then punishes it: it is at once the first seducer and the king's evidence!

But crimes abound in Ireland; you must punish the criminals. No matter by whom the criminals were made, it is clear that they must not carry destruction to the innocent. We allow this. We see these predatory associations of reckless and wretched men, with the same terror that inspires you. We pity them, perhaps, more than you; for we see the temptation—you only the crime; but we are equally willing to condemn. The Whitefeet and the Rockites must be put down. You must snatch the knife and the brand out of the ruthless hands of men who are joined together for the purposes of plunder and revenge: nay, we ask you to assist us in this; for the guilt of these criminals stands between us and justice;—it has been the excuse for the delay of redress and the perpetuity of abuse. When we have murmured against tithes, we have been answered by laws against Whiteboys. Whatever our distress—our poverty—our wrongs,—still, while these banditti exist, we are told that the honest cannot be relieved, because the guilty must be punished. Alas, what logic! But let it pass: we will not pause to arraign it. These offenders, then, stand between us and justice: we are more anxious than you that they should be punished—that they should be exterminated. Make laws against them,—crush, destroy them. In *this*, Ireland will co-operate with the law;—in this, the Political Unions—the Agitators—O'Connell himself—will assist you. Pass even extraordinary laws against the guilty; but do not suspend all law for the guiltless. This is what you are about to do. Let us consider.

In the first place, PETITIONERS are not guilty. You acknowledge that we, the unoffending part of us, have many sufferings—that we have some wrongs. How can we represent those sufferings to you, or express those wrongs? By petitions—by petitions alone! You have taken away from us all other power. We have no Legislature of our own: the Aristocracy—are Protestant—the Magistracy—are biassed against us; for religion with us has been, as it always will be where the Church is of one persuasion, and the people of another, the parent of hatred—not of love. In our own natural protectors, years of struggle and of passion have made us behold our relentless foes. We have, then, no guardians—no Court of Appeal but your Legislature. To you respectfully we

would come with our wrongs; and you are now about to cut off from us that appeal. You confess the wrongs, but you will not allow them vent;—YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE AWAY FROM US THE RIGHT TO PETITION. Does this law,—we ask you humbly,—does this law touch the guilty alone?—does it touch the guilty at all?—does it touch the Whiteboy and the robber? No; it falls upon the guiltless,—it falls upon the assailed, not the assailer,—it falls upon the farmer, the peasant, the trader, the clergy themselves. The Whiteboy does not petition; he has gone beyond that stage of complaint. The honest man petitions,—not the robber: it is not to your peaceful halls that banded marauders carry their complaints. Will you leave us no other appeal but theirs? Have we no choice between silence and the sword? Pause, then—pause, we entreat you. Discriminate between complaint and aggression; do not stifle the voice while you bind the hand. No complaint is so dangerous as that which may not speak; no wrongs *are* dangerous while they have a vent. You see, then, that the law which takes away the right to petition does not afflict the guilty alone;—it afflicts the *innocent* alone.

Pass we to your other enactments.—You propose to institute a Court-Martial in the place of a Court of Law.

Will your Court-Martial punish only the guilty?—We beg to refer you to former times, when the Insurrection Act—when the Military Law was in force. In that unhappy and awful day, were the guilty alone punished?—Do not all men who are cursed by the remembrance of those measures, recall them with a secret shudder?—Yes; even those who supported those harsh and vindictive decrees, do not support their effects—they acknowledge that the general state of society, thus robbed of its simplest laws, was that of suspicion and terror—of spies and informers—of a general confusion of innocence and guilt. I call upon the English people to imagine a whole county—its legal courts numbed and silenced—armed men, schooled in the haughty aristocracies of discipline, sitting in judgment upon offences of insubordination—Ensigns under age induing wisdom with a uniform—and Lieutenants, summoned from the grave occupations of flute-playing and billiards, to bear upon their shoulders the responsibility of epauletted justice! You tell us, these gallant men are impartial—that they are strangers in the land—that they know not one party or the other, Protestant or Catholic, Orangeman or Whiteboy:—that they are thus untinctured by local prejudices, and have no pre-

vious prepossessions to bias the weights of justice. False persuasion!—Do not the Military, wherever they are quartered, mix with the provincial gentry?—do they not necessarily associate with the Orange Protestant and the partial Magistrate?—do they not inevitably take their notions of the country, which they know not themselves, from the reports of those with whom they alone mix?—"Respectable men, our informants," they will say to each other, "who can have no interest in distorting facts or irritating their dependents." Yet these men, respectable though they be, are so partial, that even you yourselves confess the partiality, and suspend their functions partly on that very account. In vain, then, you say that these new judges will be free from bias;—they will take the bias from the very men we most dread,—because, by the rites of hospitality and the custom of our Irish courtesies, it is with those very men they come the most into contact, and by them are the most influenced. They are only the Representatives of the Magistrates, but armed with a sterner power. They are Magistrates, but with swords in their hands and soldiers by their side. Summary justice!—who ever before heard that phrase used against a people?—summary justice, dealt out by wholesale, is but another expression for undeliberating despotism! But the office of the Military is not confined to Adjudication:—recollect that they are to assist the Magistrate in quelling disturbances—they are to attack to-day the very men they may judge to-morrow!—They are thus to be at once plaintiff and accuser. Good God!—and is this to be called an impartial Tribunal?—Men, reeking with the heated passions of an armed struggle, are suddenly to be placed upon the judicial bench—and, we are told, they are cool, unprejudiced, and temperate dispensers of the law!

But this is not enough to content you,—you demand more. You ask for the power forcibly to enter houses at any hour of the night, in case you suspect the inhabitants of those houses to be—what?—*Absent from home!* My Lord Grey, human affections throb the same beneath the squalid garb of an Irish kerne, as under your gorgeous ribbon and glittering star. We have wives, sisters, daughters. At any hour of the night!—mark this!—men of coarse habits, and new to the gross superiority of vulgar power, heated with authority and liquor, may forcibly enter the houses of defenceless peasants,—and, if the man *be* absent, what protection is there for the women? We speak of no improbable horrors.

When this law existed before, we know that outrages of the most humiliating character—outrages that make the cheek burn and the heart sick, *were* perpetrated under shelter of this midnight prerogative of lust! Nay, there were instances; and we challenge examination of a fact, acknowledged in the Irish House of Parliament;—adduced without denial—but, some few days since, in your own House of Lords;—there were instances—in which the smaller gentry (men, not like the high-souled and cultured gentlemen of England but) bad with an infinite copiousness of those vices which much idleness begets upon petty power, took advantage of this very law to pander to the worst passions by the most atrocious means—instances in which the husband or the brother was *suspected*, and the price of safety was wrung from the sister and the wife;—instances in which the father was actually transported, in order that there might be no protector between the violator and his prey! These are FACTS—they are well known. Englishmen! let them not be dumb to you! These facts are known.—Tell me, then, does *this* law fall only on the guilty? *Are our women guilty?*—In what have *they* offended? Alas! this Law does worse than fall upon the innocent—it tempts the unholy desires of men *wilfully* to represent the innocent as guilty;—it does not lead justice to smite through error alone,—but it gives a motive to slander, and suborns the witness by the bribery of his own lusts.

But these are not evils enough to inflict on Ireland:—the change of the venue—the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—the—— have mercy upon us! be merciful!—What vestige, what shred, of Liberty do you leave us!—other Rulers before you have, indeed, sapped and damaged, from time to time, the Temple of our Constitution—they have pierced the wall and broken the pillar;—but you are about to tear from us the whole roof and leave us no shelter amidst the ruins. There is but one instance of a similar madness—and the man who exemplifies it was blind! My Lord Grey, you may read his fate, as well as his strength, in the Holy Book!

And now, what is the object of these extraordinary powers?—Why do you demand them?—Let us come honestly to the cause. Do not attempt to blind the English People by asserting that it is only for these predatory associations,—it is not only for the purpose of putting down a herd of rustic Carbonari—you do not suspend the law because the Whitefeet defy the law.—No! What statesman

ever took away the Constitution of a country because there were robbers in its fields and mountains! As well might you have suspended the Habeas Corpus Act in England, because of the fires of Kent—or denied the right of petitioning to Manchester because there were risings in Norfolk. No! you have a wider—a more comprehensive method in your madness. You desire to put down *Political Associations*—you desire, not so much to attack the robber, as to stifle the Question of the Repeal. You talk of Whiteboys—but your conscience whispers you, "O'Connell!" It is to quell one man that you suspend the liberties of a whole nation. Is it not so?—deny it if you can—you cannot deny it! Then confess it, and let us see how by these laws you will succeed.

Why do some of us clamour for a Repeal? Because they think that otherwise they cannot have good legislation. What is the obvious way to answer them? Prove that without a Repeal good legislation can be effected. What so easy,—so obvious. But you have begun, you say, the system of good legislation, and you point to the amendment of the Jury Laws, and your Church Reform. We grant it;—you have proposed Reforms,—now *try* them. You say that such reforms will not satisfy us. Why give them to us, then? Shall we be better satisfied by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the spectacle of a sabred Judge upon our benches? But such reforms *will* satisfy us. Give them but the trial. You do not do justice to yourselves,—you do not do justice to the experiment of conciliation. By sending us at the same time two boons of so opposite a nature, our gratitude, that would make us cheerful and contented with the benefit, is merged into indignation and dismay at the more than counterbalancing infliction. Your Church Reform,—your Jury Laws,—would be great benefits of themselves,—they would fill us with hopes for the future; we should tread lightly and with glad looks along our rough and stony ways, if at the same time you did not dash the benefit with wrong, turn the hope to fear, blacken the gratitude into—vengeance, shall we say?—no! God forbid that last extremity,—but into feelings more enduring and less to be soothed than even those of revenge. What are the redress of two grievances, to the law that forbids us even to complain to you of the million grievances that remain? What is the future removal of ten bishops, to the present removal of the Constitution itself? What is an act that amends the Jury Laws, to the act that forbids

us any jury at all? Pause, then, we beseech you,—even if you obtain these powers,—pause again before you use them. Give us, for the first time, a fair and full and free experiment of kind and paternal measures, unsullied—unthwarted—unpoisoned—by these dark and terrible companions. When—say the ancient Platonists—Chaos lay rude and formless,—when the elements warred with each other, and night was black and rayless over all,—there was one power (born before the chaos) which, breathing gradually over the shapeless void,—formed it into the beauty and the harmonies of life;—it was the power of Love. There seems to us an allegory beneath this thought more masculine and noble than may strike the vulgar. Why may it not be a type of the disorders of states themselves wrought into peace and light by the same Catholic and Universal Power?

But from whom comes this blow? We did wrong to attribute a peculiar spirit of harshness to the Secretary for Irish affairs. His offence is light beside that of his colleagues:—he is a foe, but at least he is not a deserter. Who was it, in 1801, when in the House of Lords it was debated whether or not a law, that only makes a part of these laws,—the Irish Martial-Law Bill,—should be continued—who was it that entered his solemn protest against the legality and expediency, under *any* circumstances, or at any time, of granting such an authority and passing such a law? Who was it that signed a protest—running in these words—the first name upon the record,

"DISSENTIENT!"

"Because it appears to be useless and unadvisable to attempt to provide for possible cases of extreme necessity by legislative acts, since the effect of such cases is to supersede all legal provisions. A state of things in which the ordinary course of law and justice in a civilized country must be suspended *cannot be legally supposed!*" * * * * *

"If it were true that in particular districts such terrors prevailed that juries could not be found to do their duty in the trial of offenders, and if in such circumstances it became unavoidably necessary to resort to other courts and to other forms of proceeding, it does not follow that new and exorbitant powers should be given to such courts, much less that offenders under trial, or in custody of the civil magistrates, *should be removed from thence, and brought before a Military Tribunal.*

"We will not consent to rest such dangerous and arbitrary

powers *in any hands, and least of all in Courts Martial, in the constitution of which no care is taken to exclude the effects of levity and passion.*"

Who was it signed that protest? Who poured forth his eloquent vituperatives against the proposition for Martial Law for Ireland? My Lord Holland,—it was you! You, a minister now;—you, a supporter,—an originator, perhaps, of these very laws, even a single one of which formerly seemed to you beyond even the power of circumstance to excuse!

I allow that too close a consistency may be demanded of statesmen; different times require different measures, but this inconsistency defies excuses,—its proportions are so huge that no garment can conceal them; for here you assert that *no time* would justify these measures, and, in point of fact, the present time is not comparable in danger—in political excitement—to that of 1801, when the ashes of rebellion were still warm, and when France threatened you with invasion in whatever side was unguarded. Inconsistency do I call it; its proper name is perfidy! And yet even this may be outdone by the treachery of one who, having higher powers of good, has greater responsibilities in evil. Who was it—who, in the progress of the same Bill in 1801, through the House of Commons—who was it that, now denying inquiry into the expediency of these laws, demanded inquiry then? Who was it that last week defended merciless laws, by the assurance that they would be placed in merciful hands—and vaunted the virtues of the Viceroy?—the same man who, in 1801, said thus: "The noble Lord had talked of the character of the present Lord-Lieutenant—but he would resist the general principle, that a measure was good because it was in good hands!" Who was it that last week selected from all conceivable jurisdictions a Court-Martial as the best?—the same man who, in 1801, said thus:—"Would the Noble Lord say that Courts-Martial were infallible in Ireland, and there could be no ground to censure their proceedings?—the fact was notoriously otherwise: a man had murdered a poor fellow in his mother's arms to which he had pursued him: he was tried by a Court-Martial, and acquitted." Who was it that last week demanded Martial Law for the suppressing of Whiteboys?—the same man who, in 1801, deeming such an excuse too monstrous even for a Castlereagh to propose, said—"The noble Lord talked of the inveteracy of Jacobinism; but there had been in Ireland the Whiteboys, and parties bearing

other names not less virulent. *Those* parties might as properly have been brought forward as proofs of the necessity of this measure as the Jacobin spirit the noble Lord had talked of." Who was it—we will adduce but one more of these collatings of a man's present self with his former self — who was it that allowed no policy for Ireland save concession in 1801, and demands a despotism in 1833?—the same man who in the former period said *thus:*—"If Jacobinism was licentious out of place, in place it was tyrannical in filling the country with terror and coercion." "Who," you cry, O people of England! "who," you cry, "was this rash, inconsistent"—hush! it is a man round whose venerable head the respect of England yet clings—a man in whom many virtues may atone for one offence—a man for whose conduct England must appeal as an excuse, from Philip drunk with power, to Philip sober by the abstinence from its seductions!—Yes, my Lord Grey, you are that man! At the same time that you have crowned your brilliant life with the accomplishment of your early pledges to the liberty of England, beware, lest you sully the crown with the indelible reproach of treachery to promises equally solemn, for the liberties of Ireland!—You amend the legislature of one country!—is it in order to make its first act the suspension of the law for the other?

You desire to put down the Political Associations—to stifle the voice of O'Connell—to suppress the clamour for a Repeal!—But will these laws enforce your wishes?—Not in the least!—What gives strength to the eloquence of the Agitator?—the sense of wrong. What makes Ireland demand a legislature of her own?—the conviction that she cannot obtain justice from the legislature of England. While these feelings exist, you may put down Associations, but only for the moment—the instant you remove the pressure, terrific will be the rebound! You cannot govern Ireland for ever by suspending her laws. Grant that military force silences, it will not quell, our discontents—they will break out "in some hour of treacherous calm," or, what is worse, they will go on increasing till they become universal — till palliatives and gradual remedies are in vain—till the rich and the educated will be driven from our shores, and the whole population, being one horde of desperate men, will hear no councils but those of despair.

Ministers of the Crown, who does not see through your motives

in desiring to put down Political Associations in Ireland while you allow them in England? Who does not see that you are governed (perhaps unconsciously to yourselves) by the selfishness of passion? O'Connell has offended you by his complaints,—the English O'Connells supported you by their praises. You would resort to all means to crush your enemy at Dublin, for the very same Associations that you lauded your friends for incorporating at Birmingham. Are these passions of official or individual revenge, so little worthy your great names and your high repute, to actuate the policy of statesmen? Is a people to be enslaved because a Minister has been offended? O'Connell, perhaps, did you wrong when he predicted that you would continue unjust to Ireland,—the estimation of a prophet is in proportion to the truth of his prophecies; had you falsified the last, you would have destroyed the power of the first. You will now make O'Connell more formidable than ever, for you will make it impossible to disbelieve him!

Oh! with what grace will the Right Honourable Secretary return to Ireland, preceded by the fasces of these laws:—the fasces! it is a felicitous metaphor, that emblem of the executioner and the criminal—that pomp of authority which invested the penalties of death, and which, an emblem of terror in itself, was woven from rods to scourge, containing in the centre of them an axe to destroy! Heralded by these tokens of your tenderness to Ireland, what grateful shouts—what overflowing blessings will follow your envoy through the streets of Dublin! The Right Honourable Secretary is young, his career is but commenced;—let him believe that that is no light load upon a man's heart which is amassed from the curses of a nation! These laws will be passed through the Commons,—they will receive the Royal Assent,—they will lie in the hands of the Ministers, a dread and sanguinary trust. Our voice will then be dumb—we shall have no right to petition! This is OUR LAST APPEAL. People of England! we appeal, then, from your representatives to you;—plead for us—petition in behalf of those who may petition no more—save us by your voice—by your indignant sympathy, from evils too fearful for us patiently to contemplate. Our laws suspended—our grievances silenced—our houses nightly invaded—our women outraged! Consider these things!—your representatives will not;—save us, for *you* alone can!—Your Ministers will obtain these powers:—tell them, in the

name of Humanity, Freedom, and our common God, that they shall not dare to use them !—thrust back the sword into its scabbard,—lay the irresistible and solemn weight of public opinion upon these acts which would outrage all public rights. We may have offended our rulers,—for suffering deals not in courtly phrases; but we have not offended *you*. Our representatives struggled for your Reform—without them you would not have obtained it.—Had we given our support to the Anti-reformers, where would have been your majorities? If O'Connell's voice has been loud against abuse in Ireland, it has been equally exerted against abuse in England. We have stricken the chain from you—do not, in return, heap upon us all the fetters tyranny ever forged. Our blood has been spilt for you—with you we claim a common triumph in the names of Vittoria and Waterloo. Let it not be said that you only ask us to sow in blood, that we may reap in tears; and that we are to fight for your freedom in order ourselves to be made slaves. These words will go forth through all England—they will penetrate the walls of your cities—they will be found in your Clubs—your Associations—your Institutes. Answer them by petitions to your Parliament—answer them by remonstrance to your Representatives. Upon you alone depend the liberties of Ireland—the efficacy of conciliation—the permanent consolidation of the empire! Preserve your Ministers consistent to their former selves—make your Representatives faithful to their promises, for our cause is as yet your own—we are not yet divided—*your* Legislators are OURS.—If they promised extended freedom to you, we have a right to claim that promise as a pledge also to us. To you we direct our eyes—our prayers—our sanguine hopes. Answer, and preserve us!

HORACE A-LA-MODE.

Post (*equitem*) *sedet atra Cura.*

The boat is on the shore,
The boiler puffs and steams,
Ere we embark—a bore!—
Farewell!—and pleasant dreams.

Much hath that man to bear
Who, bent on tour or trip,
Descends *Companion*-stair
To seek *Companionship.*

He of the anxious mind
Should never go on journies;
Plagues can't be left behind
To agents, or attornies.

Your hundred-horses' power,
Your winds that strain the mast,
Give not the rate, per hour,
That beats old Care at last.

Dart, Rocket, and Eclipse
With Tally-ho may vie;
But past all power of whips,
Care sticks—a forest-fly.

He trots your chesnut mare,
He's book'd in every mail,
And pays his inside fare
In coach or roads of rail.

Where soaring high is seen
That plaything of the wind,
Pray ask of *Mr. Green*,
If *he* leaves Care behind?

Our homes the caitiff dread
(Men call him there *ennui*)
His cups inflame the head,
And point the repartee.

Again he bids us quaff,
And while the heart is wrung,
Join in the joyless laugh,
And follies, said or sung.

And ever thus to each
Must life's dark current flow,
While sages vainly preach?—
My Julia, surely no!

Warm'd by thy sunny smile,
Sooth'd by thy loving breast,
By words, like thine, beguil'd
By hands, like thine, carest.

Enough—a scantier share
Of fortune, peril free,
A truce, at least, with Care,
To him who cares for thee!

POSITION OF INDEPENDENT LABOURERS UNDER THE OPERATION OF POOR LAWS IN ENGLAND.

We have obtained a copy of a selection made from the reports of the assistant commissioners sent throughout the country to inquire into the operation of the Poor Laws in England. The inquiry, though hurried and imperfect, has, nevertheless, been productive of a mass of more striking facts in a few months than was accumulated by parliamentary committees during as many years. We have space only for some short extracts illustrative of the bearing of the more cogent portions of the evidence. From this evidence it appears that the fruits of labour are given in greater quantity to those who do not labour, than can be obtained in return for labour by those who labour hard from sunrise to sunset;—and that rude, uneducated people, are expected to continue to toil from the love of toil! The rewards of industry and virtue are claimed as a right by the vicious, and as a right, are awarded to them by magistrates:—yet people are expected to undergo excessive penury, and submit during their whole lives to the restraints of virtue, though they are sure of finding themselves, at the end of their days of independent labour, in a worse situation than those who have given a free rein to every vicious propensity. A sailor may have fought in all the battles of Nelson, or a soldier may have endured all the dangers and hardships of Wellington's campaigns, and at the end of his service, he will receive from his country a pension of sixpence a day: but a thief or a vagabond, can, at any time, by the formality of declaring that he wants it, obtain from a magistrate an order for an equal pension or admission into a workhouse where there is no work; a retreat where he will often obtain better food and more comforts than those with which the veterans of Rodney or Abercrombie, in Greenwich or Chelsea hospitals, are well satisfied. The workhouses of the metropolis are proved to be the receptacles of gangs of thieves. It is stated in evidence that in one workhouse there are not less than thirty known thieves, and that in another parish not less than one hundred and fifty young thieves and prostitutes receive, under the orders of magistrates, pensions of sixpence each day from the public funds. In the rural districts, the gravel pits contain gangs of the worst of characters, thrown upon the parish by the ignorant administration of the unpaid magistrates. The following extract from the evidence contained in Mr. Cowell's report will serve to exemplify the condition in which the administrators of the Poor Laws have placed the independent labourer throughout the country:—

"Mr. Nash, of Royston, is proprietor and occupier of a farm containing 150 acres, situate a mile and a half from his residence, and in about equal proportions in the parishes of Barhway and Reed, in the county of Hertford. It is what is usually called an outfield farm, being at the extremity of these parishes, and nearly equidistant from Royston, Therfield, Reed, Barhway, and Barley. Mr. Nash entered upon the occupation in 1819, at which time it was held by a Mr. Foster, under a lease for twenty-one years (of which eleven were then unexpired), at a rent of 18*s*. an acre, tithe free. Mr. Foster employed one man, to whom he gave 9*s*. a week, two boys, and two horses; and finding it a losing concern, wished to relinquish it, and Mr. Nash took it into his own hands. Mr. Nash employed six men (to whom he gives throughout the year, 12*s*. a week), two boys, and six horses. In 1829, Mr. Clarke, the overseer of Reed (a respectable man, who occupies

half the parish, and has generally managed all its public concerns), told Mr. Nash he could no longer collect the money for poor-rates, without resorting to coercive measures, which he would not do; and that the unemployed poor must be apportioned among the occupiers of land, in proportion to their respective quantities; and that he (Mr. Nash) must take two more men. All Mr. Nash's labourers had been some years in his service, and were steady, industrious men, and he regretted the necessity of parting with any of them. The two men displaced were those who came last into his service (and for that reason only). One was a parishioner of Royston, an excellent workman at any kind of work. He lived near Mr. Nash's house (a great convenience), and his wife superintended a small school Mrs. Nash had established for the benefit of her poor neighbours. The other was John Watford, a parishioner of Barley, a steady, industrious, trustworthy, single man, who, by long and rigid economy, had saved about 100*l*. Of the two men sent in their stead, one was a married man, with a family sickly and not much inclined to work; the other a single man, addicted to drinking. On being dismissed, Watford applied in vain to the farmers of Barley for employment. *It was well known that he had saved money, and could not come upon the parish, although any of them would willingly have taken him had it been otherwise.* Watford has a brother also, who, like himself, has saved money; and though he has a family, and has been laid aside from work for six years, has received no assistance from the parish. After living a few months without being able to get any work, he bought a cart and two horses, and has ever since obtained a precarious subsistence, by carrying corn to London for one of the Cambridge merchants; but just now the current of corn is northward, and he has nothing to do, and at any time he would gladly have exchanged his employment for that of day labour, if he could have obtained work. No reflection is intended on the overseers of Barley; they only do what all others are expected to do; though the young men point at Watford, and call him a fool, for not spending his money at a public-house, as they do, adding, that then he would get work."

Mr. Chadwick, in his report, adduces the following cases as showing the operation of the same system in another part of the country:—

"The case of a man who has worked for me will show the effect of the parish system in preventing frugal habits. This is a hard-working, industrious man, named William Williams. He is married, and had saved some money, to the amount of about seventy pounds, and had two cows; he had also a sow and ten pigs. He had got a cottage well furnished; he was the member of a benefit club, at Meopham, from which he received 8*s*. a-week when he was ill. He was beginning to learn to read and write, and he takes his children to the Sunday-school. He had a legacy of about 46*l*., but he got his other money together by saving from his fair wages as a waggoner. Some circumstance occurred which obliged me to part with him. The consequence of this labouring man having been frugal and saved money, and got the cows, was, that no one would employ him, although his superior character as a workman was well-known in the parish. He told me at the time I was obliged to part with him,—'Whilst I have these things I shall get no work. I must part with them all. I must be reduced to a state of beggary before any one will employ me.' I was compelled to part with him at Michaelmas, and he has not yet got work, and he has no chance of getting any until he has become a pauper; for, until then, the paupers will be preferred to him. He cannot get work in his own parish, and he will not be allowed to get any in other parishes. Another instance of the same kind occurred amongst my workmen. Thomas Hardy, the brother-in-law of the same man, was an excellent workman, discharged under similar circumstances; has a very industrious wife. They have got two cows, a well-furnished cottage, and a pig, and fowls. Now he cannot get work because he has property. The pauper will be preferred to

him; and he can only qualify himself for it by becoming a pauper. If he attempts to get work elsewhere, he is told that they do not want to fix him on the parish. Both these are fine young men, and as excellent labourers as I could wish to have. The latter labouring man mentioned another instance of a labouring man in another parish (Henstead) who had once had more property than he, but was obliged to consume it all, and is now working on the roads.

"Such an instance as that of William Williams is enough to demoralize a whole district. I say, myself, that the labouring man who saves where such an abominable system prevails, is foolish in doing so. What must be the natural effect of such a case on the mind of a labouring man? Will he not say to himself, why should I save? Why should I diminish my present scanty enjoyments, or lay by anything on the chance of my continuing with my present master, when he may die, or the means of employment fail him, when my store will be scattered to waste, and I shall again be made a pauper like William Williams, before I can be allowed to work for my living? This system, so far as relates to the circulation of labour, I am firmly persuaded, can only be put an end to by utterly abolishing the law of settlement, and establishing a uniform national rate, so as to allow a man to be relieved at the place where he is in want, instead of his being pinned to the soil."

Notwithstanding the operation of this system, it appears that in the year 1826, there was no less than 29,000 agricultural labourers, and 8000 small farmers, depositing in savings-banks throughout the country; and that in the savings-banks for the county of Devonshire alone, there were 70,000*l.* deposited by 2000 labourers of the same class, and 41,621*l.* from 800 small farmers. Such is the admirable spirit of independence possessed by a large proportion of the labouring people, and such has been the mode in which they are dealt with by our legislators and the magistracy! Let us see some of the collections which their care has produced.

The governor of Lambeth workhouse, whose evidence is cited in Mr. Chadwick's report, states:—

"We have the worst of characters in the house, which, in fact, constantly serves as a hiding-place for thieves: we have, I dare say, thirty thieves, all of whom have been in prison for robberies and various offences, and who, we have reason to believe, do commit depredations whenever they are at large. It is a common occurrence to have inquiries made for particular characters at the workhouse, in consequence of offences supposed to have been committed by them. We also have, perhaps, about from twenty to thirty prostitutes in the house. These, the worst characters, can always speak with the best characters: and the forms of the house allow us no means of preventing it. We cannot prevent the thief speaking to the young lad, or keep the prostitute from the young girl who has not been corrupted. There is, unhappily, a strong disposition on the part of such characters to bring others to the same condition. I have overheard a prostitute say to a young girl, 'You are good-looking; what do you stay in here for? you might get plenty of money;' and point out to her the mode. Last October, as an experiment, we sent off eight girls to Van Diemen's Land: they were all brought up as workhouse children, and were incorrigible prostitutes. I have evidence that seven of these girls were all corrupted by the same girl, named Maria Stevens. Every one of these girls had been in prison for depredations. One of them had been three times tried for felonies, in having robbed the persons with whom she was in service. Such was the influence which this girl had over them, that they would not consent to go until she consented, nor would they be separated from her, and she formed the eighth of the party. The old thieves teach the boys their ways: a few months ago I took one thief before a magistrate for having given lessons to

the workhouse boys, whom he had assembled about him, how to 'star the glaze,' as they call it: that is, how to take panes of glass out of shop-windows without breaking them, or making any noise. In so large a workhouse as ours the youth are never without ready instructors in iniquitous practices. In the spring of the year many of the workhouse boys discharge themselves, and live during the year, we have reason to believe, in no other ways than dishonestly: we know it in this way, that the most frequent circumstance under which we hear of them is, of their being in prison for offences: but they do not care a rush for the prisons; for they always say, 'we live as well there as in the workhouse.'"

"Mr. Mott, the contractor, in giving evidence on the means of employing paupers in the workhouse, alleges, as one of the great obstacles, the constant liability to depredation.

"Even in these employments, however, we are subject to continual losses from mismanagement or depredation. One man we lately prosecuted at the sessions for stealing fifty-one shirts, which he was intrusted to take home, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportion, which, by the way, I may observe, was a promotion to a place where he would obtain more food, if not more comfort, than in the workhouse."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am sure, from conversations which I have had on the subject with the superintendent of convicts, that the convict receives more bread a-day than the pauper. Indeed, it is notorious at Gosport, where I have heard it descanted upon by many of the inhabitants, that the convicts receive one ounce of meat per day more than the soldiers set to guard them, I heard it as an anecdote at Gosport, that the convicts being told to do something which they did not like, one of them exclaimed, in the presence of the military guard, 'What next, I wonder! d—n it, we shall soon be as bad off as soldiers.' The convicts ridicule the soldiers; and I have myself seen a convict hold up some food to the guard, saying, 'Soldier, will you have a bit?' Yet the operation of this system in gaols and workhouses was pointed out years ago, and it still continues. The convict's labour is proportionably slight."

"Do you find this state of things, as to punishment, re-act upon the workhouse?

"Decidedly so; and most mischievously as to discipline and management. The paupers are well aware that there is, in fact, no punishment for them. From the conversation I have had with convicts, it is clear, that confinement in a prison, or even transportation to the hulks, is not much dreaded. 'We are better fed,' I have heard them say, 'have better clothes, and more comfortable lodging, than we could obtain from our labour;' and the greatest, in fact almost only, punishment they appear to dread, is being deprived of female intercourse. Some months since, three young women (well-known prostitutes) applied for relief at Lambeth workhouse; and, upon being refused, two of them immediately broke the windows. On the moment, the *three* were given into custody to the police; but recollecting that only *two* were guilty of breaking the windows, the beadle was sent to state the fact, and request from the overseer, that the innocent person might be discharged: she, however, declared that she would not be separated from her companions, and immediately returned to the house and demolished two or three more windows to accomplish her desire."

An inquiry into the relative condition of the independent labourer; the soldier, the pauper, and the delinquent, was instituted by Mr. Chadwick, who states that he invariably found the honest labourer the lowest in point of condition (though in a position from which he might fall still lower):—

"The indolent pauper the next step above him; the refractory pauper, or the petty delinquent the next step above the pauper, and even in the places most rigidly managed, nearly approaching to the condition, in

point of food to the soldier; and the convicted felon rising far above the soldier, the petty delinquent, the pauper, or the industrious labourer. But it also appears to be true, as declared by the refractory paupers, who proclaim their independence of all regulation, that if they get themselves transported for some more grievous delinquency, that they will receive even better treatment. I was informed by witnesses in Berkshire that several of the agricultural labourers who had been transported for rioting had written home letters to their friends, stating that they had never before lived so well, and soliciting that their families might be sent over to them."

"From these and several other accounts of shopkeepers as to the quantity of goods which they supply to the labouring classes, it appears that, supposing the children of the honest labourer eat meat, the quantity consumed by each individual does not, on an average, exceed four ounces each week. The excess of meat consumed in the small parish of St. Giles's beyond the full allowance to adults in Lambeth parish, has been shown to be 4500 pounds annually. From hence it appears that the excess beyond a profuse allowance—the mere waste—by 62 paupers in that small parish, would suffice as a supply of four ounces of meat each to 346 persons, or to 86 families of four persons in each."

"In the comparison of the dietaries, some allowances must be made for the want of completeness in the details, as to the strength of the beer and other liquids forming part of them; but these generally approximate to the allowances of solid food. The general effect of particular modes of living and gradation of dietaries, is proved by the declarations and conduct of those who have tried them all. Nearly all the prison dietaries are twice as good as those of the agricultural labourers; and many of them are much better than the workhouse dietaries. Although the able-bodied pauper does not generally receive so much solid food as the soldier, though he sometimes receives much more, he (the pauper) is on the whole better kept, much better lodged, and does less work. The family of the pauper is much better kept than the family of the soldier. In very few poor-houses have I found any distinction made between the diet of the males and females. In the great majority of the workhouses no distinction is made between the diet of the children and of the adults. From some of the official forms of contract for the transport of troops, it appears that females are allowed, sometimes, only one-half; but, usually, two-thirds the quantity allowed to the males; and that children are only allowed one-half the quantity of females. The latter, probably, approaches to the natural demand for food, and indicates the prevalent extent of waste in the parochial management of the workhouses.

"The following table will show more clearly, at a view, the relation or comparative condition of each class, as to food, from the honest and independent labourer, to the convicted and transported felon, as obtained chiefly from official returns:—

THE SCALE.

I. The Honest Agricultural Labourer—

According to the returns of Labourers' Expenditure, they are unable to get, in the shape of solid food, more than an average allowance of,

	oz.	
Bread (daily) 17 oz. = per week .	119	
Bacon	3	
	——	122 oz. solid food

II. The Soldier—

	oz.	
Bread (daily) 16 oz. = per week .	112	
Meat .. 8 cooked .. .	56	
	——	168 .. ..

III. The Able-bodied Pauper—

	oz.	
Bread . . . . . per week .	98	

		oz.		
Meat	per week .	21		
Cheese	.. .	16		
Pudding	.. .	16		
		151	oz.	solid food.

In addition to the above, which is an average allowance, the inmates of most workhouses have,—

Vegetables . . .	48 oz.
Soup	3 quarts.
Milk Porridge . .	3 ..
Table Beer . . .	7 ..

and many other comforts.

IV. The Suspected Thief—
(Lancaster.)

		oz.		
Bread	per week .	112		
Meat	.. .	18		
Oatmeal	.. .	40		
Rice	.. .	5		
Peas	.. .	4		
Cheese	.. .	4		
Onions	.. .	2		
		185	..	..

and 160 oz. potatoes.
(see the Gaol Returns from Winchester.)

		oz.		
Bread.	per week .	192		
Meat	.. .	12		
		204	..	..

V. The Convicted Thief—

		oz.		
Scotch Barley.	per week .	28		
Oatmeal	.. .	21		
Bread	.. .	140		
Meat	.. .	56		
Cheese	.. .	12		
		257	..	..

and 72 oz. potatoes.

VI. The Transported Thief—

	oz.		
10½ lbs. meat per week . . . . =	168		
10½ lbs. flour, which will increase, when made into bread to about }	218		
	386	..	..

This is the ladder of promotion for the adroit thief; the mal-adroit, it is true, sometimes ascend a step higher, but then all sorts of sympathy are lavished upon them, and if they repent, they are assured their reward is glorious; and the hangman, with the aid of the ordinary, despatches them, (as the newspapers declare,) "into *bliss eternal.*"

The reports bring out in strong contrast the condition of those on whom sympathy and attention are expended, by ignorant and blindly benevolent people, as compared with those independent labourers, with whose affairs they never interfere, but mischief follows. "Private individuals," says a witness,*

"Private individuals do not give more here than 12*s.* a-week to a day labourer. No distinction is made by private individuals between married and single men; they give them the same wages."

"Is the parish work here piece-work?"

"It is not."

* Mr. Chadwick's report.

"Then your paupers work less than other day-labourers, do they not?"

"Yes: they work less time, and within that time they do less work. They want a good deal of looking after: they are always on the look-out for me, or for any overseer. There is a superintendent, but he is in fact a pauper, and he is rather easy with them."

"How much less time do your labourers work than industrious labourers who maintain themselves?"

"About one hour daily, summer and winter. They have also opportunities of picking up a shilling by odd jobs in the town."

"Then a pauper with a family gets from your parish the same wages as an industrious labourer; they moreover get their rents paid; they have opportunities of picking up additional shillings, and they work less time, and do less work than the industrious labourer. And they are also relieved from the burthen of looking out for work?"

"Yes, that is the case. Formerly we used to give labourers 1*s.* 6*d.* per day, but they complained to the magistrates that it was not enough to support them, and the magistrates recommended that more should be given. The paupers always, when they have not enough, run to the magistrates, and this is a check to the strictness of the overseers."

"What is there to prevent the industrious and independent labourers who have large families throwing themselves on the parish, and placing themselves in the more advantageous situation of paupers?

"Only the sense of degradation."

"And is not this sense of degradation diminishing?"

"It is."

"What is the characteristic of the wives of paupers and their families?"

"The wives of paupers are dirty, and nasty, and indolent, and the children generally neglected, and dirty, and vagrants, and immoral."

"How are the cottages of the independent labourers as compared to them?"

"The wife is a very different person: she and her children are clean, and her cottage tidy. I have had very extensive opportunities of observing the difference in my visits; the difference is so striking to me, that in passing along a row of cottages I could tell, in nine cases out of ten, which were paupers' cottages, and which were the cottages of the independent labourers."

"And what chance do you see of dispauperizing any of the paupers?"

"None, with the present generation of them, unless with very severe measures indeed."

"Are there many charitable ladies in your district?"

"Many ladies very charitable indeed, Sir."

"Now, do these paupers, whose wages and residences you have described, receive, in addition to their other advantages of rent-free cottages, easier work for shorter times than independent labourers, and derive advantages from the attentions of charitable ladies?"

"Yes; the ladies are very charitable to them; and are cheated on all sides by them, and imposed upon by piteous stories."

Mr. Isaac Willis, collector of the poor-rates to the parish of St. Mary Stratford Bow, says,

"As a collector I am in the habit of going to the houses of rate-payers, and of seeing how they live. I can state that many of them do not live so well as the paupers in the house, and that a large proportion of them do not live better. All our paupers have good meat dinners three days in the week. Some of the poorer rate-payers have not meat dinners more than once or twice a week; they have to make a dinner of a red herring, or a small piece of bacon, with their potatoes.

"Have you had occasion of seeing the modes of living of those of the

labouring classes who receive aid from the parish, or from charities, and of those independent labourers who depend entirely on their own resources to provide for their families?—I have for many years through my district.

"Are the two classes externally distinguishable in their persons, houses, or behaviour?—Yes, they are. I can easily distinguish them; and I think they might be distinguished by any one who paid attention to them. The independent labourer is comparatively clean in his person; his wife and children are clean, and the children go to school: the house is in better order and more cleanly. Those who depend on parish relief, or on benefactions, on the contrary, are dirty in their persons and slothful in their habits. The children are allowed to go about the streets in a vagrant condition. The industrious labourers get their children out to service early. The paupers and charity-fed people do not care what becomes of their children."

Other witnesses attest this admirable foundation of virtue in a large portion of the poor and independent labourers, who have so long struggled against the corrupting influence of the bounties on indolence, improvidence, and mendicity, which the administration of the poor-laws has afforded. The Reverend H. H. Milman, (the poet,) in a letter to Mr. Chadwick, says, with relation to the poor of St. Mary's, Reading, (Mr. Milman's parish):—

"Another important question you suggested was, how far there is a marked and manifest difference between the pauper and independent part of the labouring population; between those who are habitually supported, either wholly or in part, by the parish funds, and those who maintain themselves by their own industry. How far habits of idleness, intemperance, or mismanagement may have been the original causes which have reduced the lowest of our paupers to parochial support; and how far the dependence upon such support may have formed or confirmed such habits, it may be difficult to say. With the exceptions, however, of decent persons reduced by inevitable misfortune, as is the case with some of our manufacturers, whose masters have totally failed, and who are too old or otherwise incapable of seeking elsewhere their accustomed employment, I should state, in the most unqualified manner, that the cottage of a parish pauper and his family may be at once distinguished from that of a man who maintains himself. The former is dirty, neglected, noisome; the children, though in general they may be sent to school at the desire of the clergyman or parish officers, are the least clean and the most ragged at the school: in short, the degree of wretchedness and degradation may, in most instances, be measured by the degree in which they burthen the parish: unless some few tenements inhabited by the lowest, and usually the most profligate poor—the refuse of society, the cottages in my parish which it is least agreeable to enter are those of which the rent is paid by the parish, and in which the effect of our exertions and of the liberality of the landlords to cleanse, on the alarm of cholera, was obliterated in a very few weeks. The worst consequence, however, of regular maintenance from the parish funds shows itself in the character and demeanour of the young lads who have grown up in such families. They have been accustomed to live in idleness, and in perpetual strife with the overseer, whom it is their constant endeavour either to browbeat by insolence, weary by importunity, or overreach by cunning. They have never felt, they cannot feel the shame or degradation of pauperism; they are utterly insensible of the honest pride of independence. The only security to the parish is that they are in general of dissolute habits, which in the town they can gratify, and are not so much inclined, or are not so often compelled, to early marriages as youth of a similar description in the country parishes."

In another number we shall probably resume the subject; but in the mean time we earnestly request attention to the selections from the evidence, which are printed in an accessible form.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER—HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

A Biographical Criticism.

LA VERITÉ EST TOUTE A TOUS.

It has long been my intention to devote some pages of this Journal to the manes of Paul Louis Courier, in the hope of bringing my English readers to a better acquaintance with some of the most remarkable writings, and one of the most extraordinary men that France, in her later day, has produced. Every time has its peculiar representative, and the genius of a single man is often the incarnation of the intellectual character of his cotemporaries. There was only one period in the history of France that could have produced Courier,—he is the man of that period. He gathered once more into a focus those rays of light that had been scattered into a thousand vague refractions by the violent effects of the Revolution. He is the sequel to Voltaire. What Berenger is to verse, Courier is to prose. His life is of no less singular character than his works.

Born at Paris, in 1773, the parentage of Paul Louis Courier was exactly that which was calculated to form in after times the derider of the vices of a *noblesse*. His father was a man of some literary pretensions and of competent wealth;—he was a *Bourgeois*—an able, witty, intellectual *Bourgeois*. As such he seems to have mixed in the society of the nobles, and to have very narrowly escaped death for his presumption. A certain nobleman of great rank owed our citizen a large sum of money; it was inconvenient to pay it, so he ordered his creditor to be assassinated. True that he did not allege the debt as a reason for the proposed murder. He gave a more gallant air to the proceeding, and accused the *Bourgeois* of having seduced his wife. A jealous husband in those days was not common;—but then every husband did not owe the object of his jealousy a considerable sum of money.

If M. Courier escaped death, he did not escape banishment; and he felt himself obliged to become an inhabitant of one of the cantons of Toulouse. He gave himself up to the education of the young Paul Louis. Our hero early developed his peculiar genius,—quick, facile, and impatient. He evinced no turn for the mathematics, but a vehement passion for ancient letters. In these his taste was formed on no very judicious model. He was fond of the Rhetoricians, and considered Isocrates a model. In after life his latent genius was no doubt influenced by these youthful studies. You may trace in his writings all the art of rhetoric, but he studiously avoids its language. He is the only rhetorician in whom simplicity is the most remarkable feature. Those were not, however, the times for Isocrates and rhetoric. The war against France required soldiers for the frontiers, and confined the demand for sophists to the metropolis. Paul Louis entered a school of artillery, and at the age of twenty behold the young officer hastening to join the armies of the Rhine. Never was there a more singular recruit: with considerable valour of constitution, Paul Louis had already formed a most philosophical indifference to glory. Compelled to be a soldier, he walked the stage as an actor who laughs in his sleeve at the wilful delusion of the audience. He saw the paint on the scene, and heard the voice of the prompter; and when the galleries were shouting applause

at the effects, our actor was scrutinizing the tricks which produced them. He mixed among that fiery and passionate army, with its boy soldiers and its stripling leader *, like Jaques amidst the gallant foresters of Ardens, for purposes not theirs, and feeding thoughts they could not comprehend. But he was a Jaques without melancholy.

While his young compatriots, all ardent for the new Republic, strove with each other who should advance the soonest to death for her cause,—while honours showered daily upon their adventurous emulation,—Courier, never shunning danger, but never seeking fame, pursued his separate and strange career,—his genius unknown and his courses uncheered by the triumphs of success. He studied much, but the library of a camp is confined, and it was only among the books which he had read before. His literary patience was of a peculiar sort: he preferred refreshing his knowledge in one point to extending it in others. His diligence was inexhaustible when applied to favourite models; his apathy extraordinary towards subjects which did not naturally allure him. He was conscious of this his intellectual bias, and he speaks of it without affectation. The philosophical nature of his mind made him in politics consult the future rather than the past; he had little love, therefore, for history, and he never mastered its study. The main defect of his mind was what is the rarest in men of genius—it was a lack of curiosity! He had a great tendency to that dispiriting temper which is for ever damping your ardour with the question of *cui bono?* Yet in this want of curiosity he was not consistent; and in one point all the other traits of his character seem strongly contradicted. He was passionately fond of antiquities; he would travel miles and court the most imminent dangers for a sight of some old ruin. And he wandered from the enthusiastic and ambitious soldiery that now held the territories of the Rhine and the soft Moselle, to pass long hours among the mouldering convents and shattered towers in which the dark memory of the middle ages is preserved. It is assuredly an anomaly in character that a man so indifferent to the history of the Past, should be so attached to its relics,—that one so derisive of the feudal pomps should be so wedded to their trophies,—that so little reverence for the essence of antiquity should be united with such homage to its externals. I attribute the inconsistency to early circumstances. As a boy he had been accustomed to antiquarian researches,—his mind outgrew the passion for antiquity, but retained the taste for its remains. We may add to this somewhat of the gratification of vanity; for he was not only a diligent but a learned antiquarian: he was an adept at inscriptions and the erudite mazes of hieroglyphical conjecture; so that his habits of research were probably endeared to him by the self-complacence of a triumphant ingenuity.

In this life—brave without glory, and wise without success—Courier passed two years, feeling himself, in that rapid race of honour where he who died not to-day might be a general to-morrow, distanced by his contemporaries, and growing naturally discontented with his station. In 1795 occurred the blockade of Mayence, and at that very time the elder Courier died. His mother was ill and wretched—Paul Louis left the army—left the blockade—and without leave, and with perfect *nonchalance*, returned to France. His filial affection was not, however, perhaps his sole inducement in hazarding the philosophy of desertion. The hard-

* Hoche, the commandant on the Rhine, was twenty-three.

ships endured by the French army before Mayence were exceedingly rigorous; they were by no means to the taste of a man who thought renown was no recompense. "It was wonderfully cold there," said the witty soldier; "I thought myself frozen. Never was there a slighter distinction between a man and a crystallization."

The army proclaimed Paul Louis a deserter. Meanwhile Paul Louis shut himself up, and amused his leisure with translating the oration *pro Ligario*. His friends managed to hush up the matter: the young soldier was grateful,—for it enabled him to give a better polish to his translation. The revolutionary war proceeded to its triumph. The star of Napoleon rose above the horizon: the grave melancholy that belonged to the Conventional moralities was broken up. People rushed into feasts and balls. Paul Louis caught the contagion with an avidity natural to his bold and lively temper; and behold him now the gallant and the man of pleasure! Passionately devoted to women, he gave himself wholly up to their society. Young, gay, and with a power of social wit rarely equalled, he became the rage at Toulouse. But his ill fortune pursued him from the camp to the chamber; and an unlucky intrigue made Toulouse no longer a place of security. At the age of twenty-three a man without much difficulty forgives himself these offences: I suspect that he manages to console himself with the same ease! Banished Toulouse, Courier resumed his former career, and he set out to Italy to take the command of a company of artillery.

Italy did not present to the gallant spirit of Courier, intoxicated as it was by the adoration of beauty, and the reverence for departed art, those unmingled sources of delight which earlier and later pilgrims have found amidst its ruins. The severe licentiousness of the young Napoleon was lavishly imitated by his coarser followers: the polished inhabitants of Italy met with no dainty respect from the new successors of the triumphant Gaul. Pillage and Rapine devastated the marble cities and the vine-clad plains. And what to Courier was more bitter than all, the noble relics of antique art, "the breathing canvas and the storied bust," were mangled, defaced, despoiled as the avarice or the ignorance of the hardy conquerors ordained.

Too refined and too classical for his colleagues, Paul Courier deplored these excesses in terms scarcely less eloquent than we find in his later and more elaborate writings. His letters (on this subject) to a Pole of considerable attainments, whose friendship he had acquired at Toulouse, are full of his characteristic graces. Byron's indignation at the rape of the Elgin marbles is tame beside that of Courier at the insulting spoliation of the Italian treasures,—Italy's last triumph,—her consolation in art for her degradation in history. The same cavalier and careless bravery that Courier had evinced on the banks of the Rhine, equally distinguished him among the ruins of Rome. Hated as a Frenchman, exposed day and night to the poignard of the assassin, he yet wandered alone and unguarded in the most solitary and perilous places. His love for antiquities (mingled with the growing passion for adventure, and it may be with a certain romance which his perception of the ridiculous would not allow him to own) was his sole guide. He followed it without fear. With his sabre by his side, he traversed the mountains of Italy,—explored the ruins,—braved the banditti;—Salvator Rosa himself was not more reckless of the poignards of the brigands, whom he afterwards immortalized;—if Courier was often surprised by them he invariably

escaped. He knew well the Italian language; he was never without a certain bribe to the robber; and, above all, at that happy age, and with that versatile temper, he possessed the art, better than much gold, which leads us to accommodate ourselves to all men, and supplies the absence of force by the exertion of ingenuity. In the day he sought the mountain passes,—at night he was assailed;—the next morning he pursued his labours. He never feared the robber,—he never avenged the robbery. A certain generous tone of philosophy made him lenient to these wild banditti. He was a soldier, and he murdered by art; was he to be vindictive to those who robbed by necessity?

In this eccentric manner, perfecting his mind, enjoying his life, and advancing *not* in his career, our extraordinary hero passed his Italian campaign: it nearly came to a premature termination.

Paul Louis was one of the division left by General Macdonald at Rome. The division capitulated: it was to quit Rome at a certain hour. "*A là bonne heure*," thought Courier; "a last look at the Vatican Library before I depart." What a type of the careless courage of the soldier-student! He repairs to the Vatican—plunges into study—forgets the hour of departure—and quits the Vatican when he himself is the sole Frenchman left at Rome.

It was a calm, clear, and still evening. Nursing his reveries, Courier walked slowly along the streets of Rome. He was recognized as he passed beneath a lamp. A moment more;—a bullet whizzed by him—missed him—and lodged in the body of a Roman woman. In an instant the city was alarmed—the crowd gathered—Courier dashed through the midst of the mob, and reached the palace of a Roman of his acquaintance: through his aid he escaped. He embarked at Marseilles, and arrived at Paris; but not without new disasters. On his road he was despoiled of his baggage and his money; and, what was worse, a pulmonary complaint attacked him, from which he never entirely recovered.

At Paris, however, he renewed his former career of pleasure, but pleasure of a more refined and literary cast. Time had already begun to mellow the Passionate into the Intellectual. He mixed with the learned of his day; he was welcomed by some of the more eminent amongst them. That ambition of a circle, from which no Frenchman is free, animated his powers; and he wrote some works which then were but little known to the public, but are not, for that reason, unworthy of his fame. It often happens among literary men that their best works are neglected, till some *lucky* book gains the author a name; they are then sought for, studied, and admired. Genius revives its own deceased; and the world, once taught to admire an author for one work, lifts the stone from those its neglect has already buried.

From these pursuits and these circles Courier was aroused by a summons to command a body of artillery stationed in Italy, which now lay supine, and seemingly reconciled, beneath the yoke of Napoleon. Among the softer and more poetical characteristics of Courier's mind, his passion for Italy was not the least remarkable. Not Jacopo Foscari himself loved with a more yearning and filial tenderness the bright air and the genial skies of that divine land. Courier cared nothing for the rank they gave him, and everything for the place assigned to it. He arrived, then, in Italy,—arrived in time to witness one of the most singular farces in the history of the world, and which the pen of more than one memorialist has already rendered so amusing. Buonaparte, tired

with being Consul, wanted to be Emperor;—he *was* Emperor. He wanted now to know what the army thought about the change: an order arrived for the taking the opinion of the different regiments. These strokes of policy, where it is advantageous to say "Yes," dangerous to say "No," and wise to say nothing at all, usually succeed. Shakspeare has described their effect admirably in "Richard the Third:"

> "They spake not a word;
> But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
> Stared at each other. * * *
> * * * * * * *
> When he had done, some followers of mine own,
> At lower end o' the hall, hurled up their caps,
> And some ten voices cried, 'God save King Richard!'
> And thus I took the vantage of those few:
> 'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I."

These lines explain tolerably well the nature and the result of the questions put to the French army.

The great trait of Courier's character was—(I can scarcely translate the word)—*insouciance*. We trace it everywhere—in every action. It curbed his military ardour—*tant mieux;* it chilled his patriotism—*tant pis*. He resisted not the proposal: he continued to serve under Napoleon; and he contented himself, *en philosophe et à la Française*, with a fine saying and a witticism—"*Etre Buonaparte et de se faire Sire! il aspire à descendre.*" In fact, the essence of Courier's darker and sterner nature was contempt: where he was not indifferent he despised. "Buonaparte loves his rattle; let him have it! The people will obey the puppet. Poor people!—be it so." This was the spirit with which he viewed the nascent despotism. He had the disdain of Cassius, but not his energy. If he had been a contemporary and countryman of Brutus, he would have said the best thing against Cæsar, but have struck no blow. He subscribed to the new dynasty; and amused himself with painting it in some letters of inimitable satire. His course of conduct in this has been vindicated,—I think, without success. The Directory, say his advocates, was a wretched government,—feeble and venal. The Consulship had lasted too short a time for trial. What did you lose by gaining an Emperor? The answer is obvious;—you lost *Hope*. A republic purifies itself naturally,—a monarchy only by great efforts. A republic wants but time,—a despotism wants new revolutions. What was to be hoped from a sway like Napoleon's, which crushed the Press, and resolved all the elements of knowledge into—Military Schools? Paul Courier was a philosopher,—he knew these truths;—but he was a philosopher for himself as well as for others. A better excuse for him is in his position. What could he do?—an undistinguished officer in the artillery, what was his consent to, or his rejection of, the empire of Napoleon? We judge too much in estimating the actions of men, and the good they *might* have effected, by the rank *we* attribute to their intellectual powers, without remembering that it is only when those powers have become acknowledged that their possessors can aspire to play their legitimate part. But patriotism, to be a strong passion, must be a common passion. You cannot inspire the individual, unless you first form the nation; and public integrity in France was at that time at the lowest possible ebb. Despite its false liberty, its laughable citizenship, its terrible republic, France scarcely knew one sound principle of legislation;

or, after the extinction of the eloquent Girondists, produced one honourable *corps* of men. Courier himself boasted that he was able to shew letters from the most eminent men of the empire, who followed, like dogs, the track of the times,—Republicans—Buonapartists—Bourbonists—according as a shilling was to be gained:—"Men who commence their destiny *en sansculottes*, and finish it *en habits de cour*." The success of vice is the discouragement of virtue.

In 1808, Courier, having long and vainly demanded leave of absence to revisit his home, gave in his resignation. He returned to Paris, and proclaimed an eternal renunciation of his military trade.

At this time the wild but solemn fate of Napoleon was rapidly hurrying towards its great, but unrecognized close. His destiny was at its height; and the height of some men is the main step to their fall. Scarce returned from Spain, which his presence alone had almost conquered, he now swept on to the armies gathered by the Danube, which he was to lead to the city of the House of Hapsburg. All Paris was in a paroxysm of excitement, and Courier caught something of the contagion. To understand well the character of this singular man, we must consider him as one fond of studying the peculiar phases and aspects of his kind, and scrutinizing rather than sharing their passions. He looked upon the events which engross and absorb the more vulgar, but warmer spirits, with an artist's inquiring eye. The pomp of empire, the laurels of war, the rewards of ambition, were to him but testimonials of human delusion, and food for a just, and not malevolent, satire; yet, at this period of his life, his wonted philosophy seems to have forsaken him, and he became one of the worshippers of the Echo. He had never yet served under Napoleon; he now resolved to do so. He communicated his intention to none of his friends; he repaired secretly to the army. Having once resigned, his re-admission, according to the military rules of Napoleon, was not easy. He gained access to the tent of a general of the artillery; and, without any peculiar station, became once more a French soldier.

Something—(I apprehend, in examining his character, his letters, and the common elements of human nature)—something of sore and mortified feeling, of the consciousness of great powers and a foiled career, had led him to this determination. On his late return to Paris he had found how entirely military reputation engrossed the public voice; his philosophy might, in the main, support him in his obscurity, but not perhaps at all times. *He had had his opportunities, and he had failed!* This was the sole interpretation the public could attach to his career; a bitter verdict to a man of pride and genius, who had not yet found, amidst the depths of an undeveloped intellect, the triumphant answer of self-acquittal. He had arrived too at an age in which a man is often more sensible to mortification than at an earlier period; the season of promise, at the age of seven-and-thirty, is well nigh over, and the world begins to ask for performance. The love, too, of pleasure—of women and of strange adventure—is cooled; and before we resign ourselves to a calm and obscure life, we are often willing to make one sterner attempt than heretofore at glory. Courier, perhaps too, had some sympathy with the genius, if not with the temper and fortunes of Napoleon—the higher minds are attracted toward each other. He thought (this is evident from his letters) that Napoleon might appreciate him. Mocked or slighted by inferior men, he felt his powers, and hoped the penetration

of *a great* man might avenge the neglect. Whatever were his motives, Courier joined the camp;—joined—for forty-eight hours! What scenes were crowded into that time.

Hitherto Courier had beheld war by samples, he now beheld it wholesale. Never yet had he seen whole regiments swept away beneath the deadly fires—never yet for his ear had the music of four hundred pieces of cannon rose above a soil of trampled and quivering flesh. Never yet had he fully comprehended the wide vastness of the desolation of War! He himself speaks of the horror, the pity, the disgust which seized him;—a sort of sickness closed around his senses, which were usually so keen—everything passed before him like grotesque phantasmagoria;—he sank, at last, overcome by exhaustion, at the foot of a tree—he recovered not till he was within the walls of Vienna. From that time he required no further conviction of the scourge of war. The theories of life were faint to the practical experience of those terrible hours; nay, he thenceforward even denied genius to generalship: he contended, that all was disorder, and the result chance. He laughed at the phrase—*the art of war*; a great battle conveyed to him the notion of a chaos incompatible with the providence of an intellectual design.

As he sought the campaign, so he left it—abruptly, silently, and with his usual arrogance, as a free agent. He thought to lose the bloody memory of two days in a land that Nature consecrated to love,—and he sought, once more, his favourite Italy.

He took up his abode at Florence, and renewed his studies in Greek literature. But poor Paul Louis was not born under a lucky star, and he could not even study Greek with impunity. His ill fortune led him to read the pastoral romance of "Longus" in manuscript—no trifling affliction in itself—but unhappily, this MS. which was in the Laurentine library, contained a passage to be found in no other printed edition of the tale—nay it supplied a terrible chasm well known to the learned, which has hitherto yawned in a certain part of the romance. Imagine the rapture of the student. With trembling hands he hastened to copy out the passage, and in his extacy he contrived to upset the inkstand over the precious passage. The librarians were furious—they swore that he had spoiled the Greek copy on purpose, so that he might pillage its spoils, and be the only one to arrogate the possession. The Frenchman had not perhaps that hardihood of nerve which our periodical critics ultimately bestow upon an English victim. He could not resist unburthening himself in a reply. He addressed this effusion to M. Renouard, Librarian of Paris, and he transferred all the blame from himself to his Italian accusers. His sole crime, he said, was being a Frenchman; and it was not the spilling of ink, but the spilling of blood, that rose in judgment against him. The letter made a noise—attention was riveted to the writer and his inkstand—when lo!—it came out that the copier of "Longus" was the deserter at Wagram. From two such crimes there was no easy escape—but however the constitutional dexterity of Courier carried him safe from the result of his constitutional imprudence. Ink, liable to such accidents, was nevertheless considered too dangerous for use, and he was enjoined upon no account to dip his pen into it again. He obeyed the command during his sojourn in Italy. In travel and in study the years rolled on—peace was proclaimed—Buonaparte was at St. Helena—and Paul Louis Courier was married! Two of these

events were important enough to the world, the third was not wholly unimportant to Paul Louis Courier!

From this time the wilder portion of life closed for him. The soldier—the adventurer—the wanderer—were no more. He sat himself down in his paternal vineyards, and commenced, in the beautiful seclusion of Touraine, the date of a more bright career. Inspired by the strong disdain which he felt for the rule, weak and violent, of the Bourbons after the Restoration—Paul Courier in 1816, addressed the two Chambers on behalf of the inhabitants of Luynes, in a short petition of some seven or eight pages, which sufficed, however, to produce a very considerable sensation. This petition is a narrative of the oppression and injustice committed against a village. The narrative of a village was a narrative applicable to all France. When he stated the frivolous grounds of accusation—when he stated the rigour of suspicion—the bigotry of fear—which had converted a village of honest peasants into a herd of discontented and wronged men, he was appealing to the common sense of France, and he was answered at once by the common heart. The style of this petition is simple yet elaborate; biting irony—generous complaint—severe truth—are condensed in periods that remind you of Voltaire, but without Voltaire's affectation. M. Decazes, Minister of Police, courted this new and formidable writer. Courier, in his visits to Paris, visited his salons, and obtained by that complaisance some good for his fellow villagers and himself. That done, he was no more a courtier.

M. Clavier, an Academician, died. Courier demanded admission into the Academy of Inscriptions. He was rejected—he revenged himself by a letter "A Messieurs de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres." This letter contains yet stronger evidence of his powers of irony, than his petition to the two Chambers; but the subject was less popular, and it made less noise. In 1819 he commenced his famous letters to the editor of the "Censor." The publication of these brief and stinging writings brought the name of Courier into every one's mouth—and inquiry turning, as it is wont to do, when a man begins to attract celebrity,—from the work to the author, found sufficient to interest the public in his person; and thus doubly to increase the charm and fascination of his genius.

This accomplished traveller, this profound student, lived in an obscure village, affecting and proud to affect the simple life and habits of the peasant. His vineyards and his woods were his chief occupation, and yielded him his revenue. He called himself Paul Louis *Vigneron*—he pretended to no superiority over his fellow-villagers—he was one of them in all but knowledge. His style happily united the two opposite characteristics he assumed—the scholar and the peasant—at once most classical and most familiar; style irresistible alike to the academy and the market-place. No man ever made elegance so popular, or homeliness so elegant. He polished with great labour, but the polish only rendered the diction and the sense transparent to the dullest comprehension. In 1821 appeared the *Simple Discours.* The occasion was this, it was proposed to purchase the Park of Chambord for the young Duke of Bordeaux. This proposition Courier opposed. Hence the *Simple Discours.*

"If, (he begins this incomparable pamphlet) if we had so much money that we did not know what to do with it—if all our debts were paid—our

highways repaired—our poor relieved—and our church (for God before all things) restored, and its windows glazed—I think, my friends, that the best thing we could do with the surplus would be to contribute with our neighbours to rebuild the Bridge of St. Aventin; which, shortening by one good league the distance between us and Tours, would augment the price and the produce of land throughout the neighbourhood. That in my opinion would be the best employment for our superfluous capital,—that is to say, whenever we possess it. But to buy Chambord for the Duke of Bordeaux—I cannot agree to it: no not even if we had the means. It would be but a bad scheme, in my opinion, for the Duke himself, for us, and for Chambord. If you will listen to me, I will tell you why. It is a holiday, my friends, and we have time to chat over the matter."

In this familiar manner, Paul Louis, *Vigneron de la Chavonniere*, throws off his biting truths. He confesses that the courtiers are inclined to the purchase; "but *our* sentiments," saith he, wittily, "are very different from those of the courtiers—they love the Prince in proportion to what he *gives* them—we in proportion to what he *leaves* us."

"The notion is entertained (says the government) of purchasing Chambord by the Commons of France, for the Duke of Bordeaux. The notion is entertained—by whom pray? By the Ministry? No; they would not conceal so beautiful a thought, or content themselves with the mere honour of approval upon such an occasion. By the Prince, then? God forbid that his first idea—his first gleam of reason should be of so singular a character—that the desire of our money should enter his young head, even before the passion for sugar plums and rattles! Do the Commons then entertain the agreeable notion? Not ours certainly on this side of the Loire, &c."

How happily afterwards Courier proceeds to comment on the cant anecdote of Titus!—

"A preceptor—an abbé of the Court, now teaches our young princes the science of history. Be sure he does not forget to make them admire that excellent Emperor Titus, who was so great an adept in the art of donation, that he thought every day was lost in which he did not give something away. So that one never saw him without being made happy—happy, you understand, my friends, with a pension, a sinecure—a handful of the popular money. Such a prince is sure to be adored by all those who are admitted to court, and drive about the streets in their state carriages"—"Le cour l'idolatrait—mais le peuple? Le peuple? il n'y en avait pas, l'historie né rien dit mot. . . . Voila les élémens d' histoire qu'on enseignait alors des princes."

To my taste this is the most perfect in point of union between satire and logic of all Courier's works. I know nothing like it in political literature—it is a political library in itself. For this production he was of course imprisoned. They punished him for writing truth so well by a fine of three hundred franks, and a confinement of two months. Poor Paul Louis! "Pray God for him!" cries he himself in his address *aux ames dévotes*,—"may his example teach us never to say what we think of those gentlemen who live at our expense." Courier published a pamphlet relative to his trial, which proved how indomitable wit is against persecution; and the day of his release from prison they brought him up for a new trial for a pamphlet of the most exquisite composition, called "Petition pour les Villageois qu'on empêche de danser." The peasants had been accustomed to dance every Sunday on the usual spot allotted in the French villages to that amusement. The *Prefet* forbade the dance. Courier demands the restoration of the old and harmless pleasure. Nothing can be more touching than his description of the manners, the good order, the improving morality of his poor neighbours; nothing more convincing

than his arguments on their behalf. They did not think it quite right to imprison a man for wishing the peasants to dance, so this time they let him off with a reprimand. From that date persecution begat its usual result, secrecy; and Courier contrived to publish, but under a mask—a mask which concealed his name but not his genius. I pass over his "Replies to anonymous correspondents," one of which, the second, contains more eloquent and pathetic passages than any other of his tracts. I pass over the "Livret de Paul Louis," a brilliant sketch, in which, however, the author displays the usual ignorance of a Frenchman on English history, when he observes that literary men have but little knowledge of business, and that Bolingbroke repented of having employed Addison and Steele!—Bolingbroke's bitterest opponents! I pass too over the "Gazette du Village," a polished and most subtle piece of irony. I pass over the few pages contained in the "Pièce Diplomatique," which is supposed to be a letter from Louis of France to the King of Spain, and which at least no Bourbon *could* have written. I come to the most admired—the most laboured—the last of all Courier's writings, the "Pamphlet des Pamphlets." This, I say, is esteemed in France the most perfect and matured specimen of his style. Imagine how wonderful, how expressive that style must be, when we apply the epithets elaborate—finished—even great—to writings scarcely exceeding in length the pages of a newspaper article! For my own part, I still hold to my opinion that the "Simple Discours" is the best and fullest of Courier's works—it has more thought and more wisdom than the "Pamphlet des Pamphlets;"—its wit, too, is more racy, and its diction more striking, if less pure. Anything seemingly English in sentiment was at that day sure to be popular in France; and in this pamphlet Courier supposes an English patriot, to whom he attributes a letter to himself,—excellent, indeed, but scarcely characteristic of the tone of English patriots. The merit of the work scarcely strikes upon an English ear; it consists in the eloquence with which Courier vindicates himself from being a pamphleteer—a term of disgrace in the *bon ton* vocabulary of France—a title not discreditable with us, always excepting the refined judgment of my Lord of Durham, who could find nothing worse to say of Bishop Philpotts of Exeter! To an English reader the vindication loses its charm because we feel no venom in the charge. The conclusion, however, of this tract is deeply impressive; it speaks of the shortness of human life—of the eternity of human improvement—of the feebleness of individuals—of the power of the mass. It hath in it a certain solemn and warning voice, preceding as it did the untimely and bloody end of the bold preacher. It reminds us of the deep pathos of those lines, some of the latest that Byron ever wrote, and to which we link the associations of his own death:—

> "Between two worlds life hovers like a star,—
> 'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge;
> How little do we know that which we are!
> How less what we may be! The eternal surge
> Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
> Our bubbles."

While Courier was thus occupying the mind of the public, and while he employed his more learned hours in the study of his favourite Greeks, he seems to have shared the ordinary fate of genius;—he was no prophet in his own country!

A certain fretfulness and acerbity of temper had come upon him with years; always eccentric in his habits, he became gradually morose in his humours; he quarrelled with his neighbours, and was at war with his own household. Much is to be said on his behalf, beyond the common and valid excuse for the peevishness of literary men in overwrought nerves and a feverish imagination. The mind wears the body, and the body reacts upon the temper. This is clear—it is inevitable—we require no waste of sentiment upon so plain a matter. Poor Courier had other excuses; he had done much for his village, and his villagers were ungrateful; this wounded him, and justly. He was not too, I suspect, happy in his marriage; he believed he had cause for jealousy; and to a man so proud the suspicion was no light curse. From the gloom of his obscurity went forth a burning light among the nations, but it came from the midst of discomfort, and the hearth of strife;—petty bickerings, and village annoyances disturbed the serenity once natural to his constitution. His very fame produced him but enemies. He had offended the *Valetaille* of France, and France, in his own words, was *le plus valet de tous les peuples.* But the mortification and the harassment were now drawing to a close—the triumph of genius and the exhaustion of the nerves were alike to cease. He beheld before him the apex of his fame; and he stood, while he gazed, upon the verge of the grave.

On the 10th of April, 1825, Courier left his house—he had spoken but little that day—an evident gloom had hung over him. He was borne back to his door a corpse;—within a few paces from his home he had been found, pierced by some secret bullet, and quite dead. His assassin is unknown to this day. The rash enthusiasts of liberty, often the most illiberal of men, laid the crime on the Jesuits, but without a shadow of proof. One nearest and dearest to himself was, not long since, accused of abetting in the murder, and acquitted. A man of low birth, of whom he had been jealous, was, some time after his death, murdered himself; but eight years have passed, and the sentence of life for life has had no formal record. Peace to his ashes!—they will not rest the less tranquilly, nor will the turf above them be less green, because vengeance is still left in the hands of God!

The countenance of Courier was grave and thoughtful; the brow high, broad, massive, and deeply marked; his eye somewhat sunk and melancholy—his mouth sarcastic and flexile. His manners varied at various periods of his life. I have met with some who knew him well, and considered him the most delightful of companions. I have known others who considered him the most repellent. In his later days he had transferred the graces from his habits to his style. Perhaps few men, with advantage to the temper, can begin the career of letters late in life. It requires several years to harden us to the abuse, the ingratitude, the wilful misinterpretation, and the gnawing slander we endure from our contemporaries and our rivals. In youth we have years to spare to the apprenticeship; in mature age the pride is more stubborn, and the hope less sanguine.

As a writer Courier must rank among the most classical of his language; in vigour, in wit, in logic, he defies all comparison among his contemporaries. They who would learn to what degree the polish and power of style have advanced in France since the peace, should read, not the inflated paradoxes of Chateaubriand, or the extravagant exaggerations of Victor Hugo; but those pages in which Courier has indeed

made words things, and in which the plainest truths are conveyed with the most marvellous art. To the strength of Junius he adds the simplicity and the playfulness of Pascal. He fails, however, in imagination, and his thoughts are usually more bold than profound. This is remarkable rather in his literary than his political remains, for popular political writing does not of necessity demand the profound; its merit is often to familiarise, not to invent, truth. In his preface to a new translation of Herodotus, we may especially detect the comparative want of depth in Courier's faculties—comparative, I say, to their power and versatility. He tells us, for instance, that the historical epic must cease for ever when the prose of a language has come to some perfection. He declares that the Greek literature is the *only* one not born of some other literature, but produced by instinct, and the sentiment of the beautiful,—mistakes which could not arise from a want of learning, but from a want of that reflection which stamps even the paradox of a profound intellect; yet the same piece of writing is rich in sentences of beautiful and just criticism. Nothing can be better in its way than his description of courtly translators playing the *petit maître* with the simple language of the Greek;—nothing more true than his warning to his countrymen that the language of poetry is the last to be learnt in academies and courts. "*L'imitation*," he says finely,—"*l'imitation de la cour est la peste du gout aussi bien que des mœurs.*"

Courier's style has been compared to that of the Editor of the "Examiner;" but Courier is more free and flowing—more adapted to the popular taste—more familiar and simple. On the other hand, he has not the iron grasp—the novel metaphor—the rich illustration, and the careless *depth* of remark which characterise the most standard and philosophic of our living periodical writers. He reminds us, I think, rather of Sidney Smith, but is less broad and more daring. In fact, his manner is so peculiarly and idiomatically French, that the English writer, who closely resembled him, would write ill.

Paul Louis Courier is then no more!—his bright and short race is run;—the various threads of his desultory and romantic life are prematurely and violently cut short. He has left to mankind not only the evidence of what he has achieved, but the belief of what greater results he had the capacity to accomplish. Living in a time of transition, when the people, passing from a brilliant despotism to a gloomy and imperfect freedom, scarcely knew whether to lament the one or to advance the other, his writings tended to destroy the illusion of the despotism, and to instil right notions as to the nature of the freedom. No solemn plausibilities of men or of names deceived him. His mockery respected nothing—save the truth. He incorporated, in the form of his constitutional disdain, the popular contempt for the hollowness and profligacy—the venality and the servility—which marked so strongly the character of the French court; a court of slaves and traitors—of sharpers and of cowards—a court of nobles proud without honour, and subservient without loyalty. By expressing the contempt of the people he made their sentiments known to each other; his genius was as a watchword of union, for it brought them together. The benefit effected by a bold public writer is this—he acquaints the people, by his own popularity, with the exact strength of the popular sentiment; he thus prepares the common mind, though he may not lead it;—*he* makes the impulse, and Chance the conduct!

A.

LEIGH HUNT'S POETICAL WORKS.

The collection of Mr. Hunt's poetical works is to those who love poetry for itself, or study its elements as an art, one of the most fortunate of literary events. We shall not now enter into the particulars of the author's life, or arraign that bitterness of critical persecution with which at one time he was assailed. Fortunately he has arrived at that epoch which sooner or later consoles the man of genius for the harassment and the hostilities which attend his earlier career,—that golden time when animosity slackens in its wrath, and enemies insensibly mellow into friends. There is something to all generous minds (and generosity is more common among literary men than justice) sacred in the very thought of misfortune—and we accordingly find even many who were the former assailants of Mr. Hunt's poetical fame, converted at once into its supporters—and merging all harsher recollections in their fellowship with letters, and their sympathy with affliction. In his own touching and beautiful thought, they have fought in the lists with the strong man, but they are the foremost to bind up his wounds in the suspension of the contest. Far be it from us therefore to recall hostility so nobly atoned for—be they buried for ever in this Urn, which is the best and most enduring monument to the memory of a poet whom the world will not willingly let die. One of the most beautiful passages in the eventful histories of genius may be gleaned from the perusal of the mere names attached as testimonials of approbation to this book. Men of all sects in literature—all opinions in politics—are here assembled together in one kindly and fraternal act—and a homage to the common spirit of poetry, has given rise to one of the most lovely effects of the genius of christianity. "Adversity doth best discover virtue," not in ourselves only, but in others—not in the kindness of friends, but the conversion of foes. And the world from time to time exhibits a certain nobleness which keeps alive in us our aspirations for mankind.

Mr. Hunt's "Feast of the Poets," and the "Descent of Liberty," a masque, were published in the years 1814 and 1815, and are dated from Surrey gaol. They show, at least, that imprisonment had not damped the ardour of his mind, and that, amidst every disadvantage, he could write poetry of sufficient beauty and power to entitle him to a niche among his contemporaries. The next year the public were surprised and delighted by the appearance of the story of "Rimini." This poem is now before us in a revised and corrected shape. It is a tale of impulse and power from the beginning to the end, discovering at the same time a delightful play of fancy. It perpetually reminds us of the old Italian poetry, and yet more of the muscular freedom and nerve of Dryden; now and then its revealings open to us a depth and delicacy of feeling, which prove how nobly the author is endowed with all the higher qualifications of his art. We scarcely dare commence the pleasurable task of quotation, for in gratifying ourselves we should greatly trespass the bounds allotted to this department of our work. The very first page comes upon us with all the fresh and fragrant loveliness of a clear spring morning. We extract it.

" The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear shewn towers and bay,
A morn the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the Spring—yet fresh with all its green,
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light.
And there's a crystal clearness all about,
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out.
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze,
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees.
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil,
And all the scene in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly."

What beautiful description!—at once so natural and so full of poetry! —so rich, yet so homely!

The description of Evening is scarcely inferior; and throughout the poem Nature appears as in her prime, playing at will her virgin fancies. The poet must have felt all the beauty he so exquisitely describes; but the human interest of the poem is its mightiest charm. We need not inform our readers that the tale developes the gradual progress and final accomplishment of a criminal passion, a mutual passion of wife and brother-in-law, under circumstances which exhibit the principal actors and sufferers in the tragedy rather as the victims of others' vices than of their own depravity. We know not how it was possible for Francesca, even had she been pure as Eve in innocence, not to have been captivated by the youthful Paulo, whom she was first taught to regard as her intended husband, and whom she no sooner saw than loved, especially when the character of the real husband is viewed in contrast with that of his brother. We are far, however, from palliating the guilt by which her unsuspecting nature was insnared,—which was so signally punished by the natural course of events, and which, we think, affords a most impressive moral to the story—a moral the more true to Nature, and the more worthy of her, because it is not inculcated by the poet, and, as he says, was not even thought of by him. It is in this presentment of the " two brothers," that Mr. Hunt puts forth his best powers of description and discrimination. As the interest of the tale increases, we are brought to sympathize with the heart-breaking anguish of the once innocent and happy daughter of Ravenna's lord. If there be any who doubt whether poetical justice has been inflicted upon the culprit, let them read and ponder well the following exquisite passage. It is not indeed in the Don Giovanni style of retribution; but the heart that it does not touch must be cold as marble:—

" But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—
The struggling, virtue-loving, fallen she,
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—
What could she do, unable thus to keep
Her strength alive, but sit and think and weep?
For ever stooping o'er her broidery frame,
Half blind, and longing till the night-time came;

When, worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,
She might be still and senseless till the morrow.
And oh, the morrow, how it used to rise!
How would she open her despairing eyes,
And from the sense of the long-lingering day,
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,
Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!
Then sighing, once for all, to meet the pain,
She would get up in haste, and try to pass
The time in patience, wretched as it was;
Till patience' self, in her distempered sight,
Would seem a charm to which she had no right;
And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,
She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.
Old comforts now were not at her command;
The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;
The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,
The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night:
The least noise smote her like a sudden wound—
And did she hear but the remotest sound
Of song or instrument about the place,
She hid with both her hands her streaming face.
But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,
That ever, ever such a worse could be!)
The sight of infant was, or child at play!
Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray
That heaven would take her, if it pleased, away."

Her death must close the extract—

" Her favourite lady, then, with the old nurse
Returned, and fearing she must now be worse,
Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—
O, who that feels one godlike spark within,
Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin?
There lay she, praying, upwardly intent,
Like a fair statue on a monument;
With her two trembling hands together prest,
Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.
She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,
They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—
Then suddenly be still. Near and more near
They bent with pale inquiry and close ear:—
Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—
The gentle sufferer was at peace in death."

The reader will perceive in these extracts how different the verse of Mr. Hunt is from that of his imitators—how fresh—how clear—how vigorous. There is this characteristic of his style which is common also to the Tales of Dryden; verses, that from their homeliness and familiarity seem bad if you open the page suddenly upon them—appear well-placed and felicitous when read in connexion with the rest. The seeming want of art is in Mr. Hunt often the highest proof of it, for he, more than most poets, not only of the present day but of our English

tongue, consults the whole rather than its parts; and is free from that passion for meretricious and fragmentary ornament which makes the generality of modern poems at once tawdry and unreadable.

If poetry be a quick perception of the beautiful, and a rich power to embody it, we know not any pages that we have lately read where it is to be met with in so glowing an abundance as in those before us. There seems to be in the poet's mind an exquisite persuasion of the better nature of mankind, and the undying harmonies of the world;—his attachment to liberty is enthusiasm, not acerbity,—and seems rather born from his love of mankind than his hatred against their rulers. That "wide-bosomed Love" which Parmenides and Hesiod tell us was created before all things—before the night and the day—produces in the various world of his poetry all its shadows and its lights,—it is "its first great cause."

You may apply to the colouring of his genius the sweet and most musical lines with which he has described a summer's evening.

> "Warm, but not dim, a glow is in the air,
> The softened breeze comes smoothing here and there;
> And every tree, in passing, one by one,
> Gleams out with twinkles of the golden Sun."

In the poem of "Hero and Leander" we seem to recognize Dryden himself,—but Dryden with a sentiment, a delicacy, not his own. It is in the heroic metre that the mechanical art of our poet is chiefly visible. He comprehends its music entirely: he gives to it its natural and healthful vigour; and the note of his manly rhyme rings on the ear—

> "Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

His use of the triplet, if frequent, is almost always singularly felicitous. Let us take the following lines in the "Hero and Leander" as an example:—

> "Meantime the sun had sunk; the hilly mark
> Across the straits mixed with the mightier dark,
> And night came on. All noises by degrees
> Were hushed,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees;
> *All but the washing of the eternal seas.*"

His power of uniting in one line simplicity and force is very remarkable, as in the following:—

> "Hero looked out, and, trembling, augured ill,
> *The Darkness held its breath so very still.*"

And in the strong homeliness of the image below,—

> "So might they now have lived, and so have died;
> *The story's heart to me still beats against its side.*"

The volume before us contains some translations, which are not easily rivalled in the language. The tone of the original is transfused into the verse even more than the thought is; and the poems, which, while original in themselves, emulate the Greek spirit of verse, (such as the Ephydriads,) are bathed in all the lustrous and classic beauty that cling to the most lovely and the most neglected of the Mythological creations. Nor are the domestic and household feelings less beautifully painted than the graceful and starred images of remote Antiquity.

What goes more subduingly to the heart than the author's poem to his sick child? The last stanza has something in it that belongs to that part of tenderness which borders on the sublime:—

> " Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
> This silence, too, the while;—
> Its very hush and creeping
> Seems *whispering us a smile;*
> *Something divine and dim*
> *Seems going by one's ear,*
> *Like parted wings of Cherubim,*
> *Who say—'We've finished here!'* "

From the poems that enrich this volume we go back to its preface—an elaborate and skilful composition, full of beauties of expression, and opening a thousand original views into the science of Criticism. We recommend it as a work to be studied by all who write, and all who (a humbler, yet more laborious task) have to judge of verse. In Criticism, indeed, few living writers have equalled those subtle and delicate compositions which have appeared in the "Indicator," the "Tatler," and the earlier* pages of the "Examiner." And, above all, none have excelled the poet now before our own critical bar in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others, he has softened down the asperities, and resisted the caprices, common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancour ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the depreciation which have burthened his own career: he has kept, undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart.

Those who have never read Mr. Hunt's poetry, we beseech, for their own sakes, now to read it. How many false impressions, conveyed by reviewers, of its peculiar characteristics, will be dispelled by one unprejudiced perusal! To those who *have* read it, we can only hold forth our own example. Attached, when we first chanced on his poems years ago, to other models, and imbued, perhaps, by the critical canons then in vogue, we were blind to many of the peculiar beauties that now strike upon our judgment. At certain times there are certain fashions in literature that bias alike reader and reviewer; and not to be in the fashion is not to be admired. But these—the conventional and temporary laws—pass away, and leave us at last only open to the permanent laws of Nature and of Truth. The taste of one age often wrongs us, but the judgment of the next age corrects the verdict. Something in the atmosphere dulls for a day the electricity between the true poet and the universal ear; but the appeal is recognized at last!

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* Earlier, because Mr. Leigh Hunt has now no connexion, we believe, with the "Examiner." Among the few who have equalled him in critical acumen, but of a very different species, is his successor in that admirable journal.

LIFE IN DEATH.

[The ground-work of this tale will be recognized by the reader.]

"Who shall deny the mighty secrets hid
In Time and Nature?"

"But can you not learn where he sups?" asked the dying man, for at least the twentieth time; while the servants again repeated the same monotonous answer—"Lord, sir, we never know where our young master goes."

"Place a time-piece by the bed-side, and leave me."

None was at hand; when one of the assembled group exclaimed—"Fetch that in Mr. Francis's room."

It was a small French clock, of exquisite workmanship, and a golden Cupid swung to and fro,—fitting emblem for the light and vain hours of its youthful proprietor, but a strange mockery beside a death-bed! Yet the patient watched it with a strange expression of satisfaction, mingled, too, with anxiety, as the glittering hands pursued their appointed round. As the minutes passed on, an ejaculation of dismay burst from Mr. Saville's lips: he strove to raise his left hand with a gesture of impatience; he found it powerless too; the palsy, which had smitten his right side, had now attacked the left. "A thousand curses upon my evil destiny—I am lost!"

At this moment the time-piece struck four, and began to play one of the popular airs of that day; while the cord on which the Cupid was balanced moved, modulated by the fairy-like music. "He comes!" almost shrieked the palsied wretch, making a vain effort to rise on his pillow. As if the loss of every other sense had quickened that of hearing seven-fold, he heard the distant tramp of horses, and the ring of wheels, on the hard and frosty road. The carriage stopped; a young man, wrapped in furs, sprang out, opened the door with his own key, and ran up the stairs, gaily singing,

"They may rail at this earth: from the hour I began it,
I have found it a world full of sunshine and bliss;
And till I can find out some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this."

"Good God, sir, don't sing—your father's dying!" exclaimed the servant who ran to meet him. The youth was silenced in a moment; and, pale and breathless, sprang towards the chamber. The dying man had no longer power to move a limb: the hand which his son took was useless as that of the new-born infant; yet all the anxiety and eagerness of life was in his features.

"I have much to say, Francis; see that we are alone."

"I hope my master does not call this dying like a Christian," muttered the housekeeper as she withdrew. "I hope Mr. Francis will make him send for a priest, or at least a doctor. People have no right to go out of the world in any such heathen manner."

The door slammed heavily, and father and son were left alone.

"Reach me that casket," said Mr. Saville, pointing to a curiously

carved Indian box of ebony. Francis obeyed the command, and resumed his kneeling position by the bed.

"By the third hand of that many-armed image of Vishnu is a spring, press it forcibly."

The youth obeyed and the lid flew up, within was a very small glass phial containing a liquid of delicate rose colour. The white and distorted countenance of the sufferer lighted up with a wild unnatural joy.

"Oh youth, glad beautiful youth, art thou mine again, shall I once more rejoice in the smile of woman, in the light of the red wine cup, shall I delight in the dance, and in the sound of music?"

"For heaven's sake compose yourself," said his son, who thought that his parent was seized with sudden insanity. "In truth I am mad to waste breath so precious!—Listen to me, boy! A whole existence is contained in that little bottle; from my earliest youth I have ever felt a nameless horror of death, death yet more loathsome than terrible: you have seen me engrossed by lonely and mysterious studies, you knew not that they were devoted to perpetual struggle with the mighty conqueror—and I have succeeded. That phial contains a liquid which rubbed over my body, when the breath has left it seemingly for ever, will stop the progress of corruption, and restore all its pristine bloom and energy. Yes, Francis, I shall rise up before you like your brother. My glorious secret! how could I ever deem life wasted in the search? Sometimes when I have heard the distant chimes tell the hour of midnight, the hour of others' revelry or rest, I have asked, is not the present too mighty a sacrifice to the future; had I not better enjoy the pleasures within my grasp? but one engrossing hope led me on; it is now fulfilled. I return to this world with the knowledge of experience, and the freshness of youth; I will not again give myself up to feverish studies and eternal experiments. I have wealth unbounded, we will spend it together, earth holds no luxury which it shall deny us."

The dying man paused, for he observed that his son was not attending to his words, but stared as if his gaze was spell-bound by the phial which he held.

"Francis," gasped his father.

"There is very little," muttered the son, still eying the crimson fluid.

The dews rose in large cold drops on Saville's forehead—with a last effort he raised his head, and looked into the face of his child—there was no hope there; cold, fixed, and cruel, the gentleness of youth seemed suddenly to have passed away, and left the stern features rigid as stone; his words died gurgling in the throat, his head sank back on the pillow, in the last agony of disappointment, despair, and death. A wild howl filled the chamber, and Francis started in terror from his knee; it was only the little black terrier which had been his father's favourite. Hastily he concealed the casket, for he heard the hurrying steps of the domestics, and rushing past them, sought his own room, and locked the door. All were struck by his altered and ghastly looks.

"Poor child," said the housekeeper, "I do not wonder he takes his father's death so to heart, for the old man doated on the very ground he trod upon. Now the holy saints have mercy upon us," exclaimed she, making the sign of the cross, as she caught sight of the horrible and distorted face of the deceased.

Francis passed the three following days in the alternate stupor and

excitement of one to whom crime is new, and who is nevertheless resolved on its commission. On the evening of the fourth he heard a noise in the room where the corpse lay, and again the dog began his loud and doleful howl. He entered the apartment, and the two first men he saw were strangers, dressed in black with faces of set solemnity; they were the undertakers, while a third in a canvass apron, and square paper cap, was beginning to screw down the coffin, and while so doing was carelessly telling them how a grocer's shop, his next-door neighbour's, had been entered during the night, and the till robbed.

"You will leave the coffin unscrewed till to-morrow," said the heir. The man bowed, asked the usual English question which suits all occasions, of "Something to drink, sir?" and then left young Saville to his meditations. Strange images of death and pleasures mingled together; now it was a glorious banquet, now the gloomy silence of a church-yard; now bright and beautiful faces seemed to fill the air, then by a sudden transition they became the cadaverous relics of the charnel-house. Some clock in the neighbourhood struck the hour, it was too faint for Francis to hear it distinctly, but it roused him; he turned towards the little time-piece, there the golden cupid sat motionless, the hands stood still, it had not been wound up; the deep silence around told how late it was; the fire was burning dead, the candles were dark with their large unsnuffed wicks, and strange shadows, gigantic in their proportions, flitted round the room.

"Fool that I am to be thus haunted by a vain phantasy. My father studied overmuch; his last words might be but the insane ravings of a mind overwrought. I will know the truth."

Again his youthful features hardened into the gladiatorial expression of one grown old in crime and cruelty. Forth he went and returned with the Indian casket; he drew a table towards the coffin, placed two candles upon it, and raised the lid: he started, some one touched him; it was only the little black terrier licking his hand, and gazing up in his face with a look almost human in its affectionate earnestness. Francis put back the shroud, and then turned hastily away, sick and faint at the ghastly sight. The work of corruption had began, and the yellow and livid streaks awoke even more disgust than horror. But an evil purpose is ever strong; he carefully opened the phial, and with a steady hand, let one drop fall on the eye of the corpse. He closed the bottle, replaced it in the casket, and then, but not till then, looked for its effect. The eye, large, melancholy, and of that deep violet blue, which only belongs to early childhood, as if it were too pure and too heavenly for duration on earth, had opened, and full of life and beauty was gazing tenderly upon him. A delicious perfume filled the air; ah, the old man was right! Others had sought the secret of life in the grave, and the charnel-house; he had sought it amid the warm and genial influences of nature; he had watched the invigorating sap bringing back freshness to the forest tree; he had marked the subtile spring wakening the dead root and flower into bloom—the essence of a thousand existences was in that fragile crystal. The eye now turned anxiously towards the casket, then with a mute eloquence towards the son; it gazed upon him so piteously, he saw himself mirrored in the large clear pupil; it seemed to implore, to persuade, and at last, the long soft lash glistened, and tears, warm bright tears, rolled down the livid cheek. Francis sat and watched with a cruel satis-

faction; a terrible expression of rage kindled the eye like fire, then it dilated with horror, and then glared terribly with despair. Francis shrank from the fixed and stony gaze. But his very terror was selfish.

"It must not witness against me," rushed into his mind. He seized a fold of the grave clothes, crushed the eye in the socket, and closed the lid of the coffin. A yell of agony rose upon the silent night. Francis was about to smite the howling dog, when he saw that it lay dead at his feet. He hurried with his precious casket from the chamber, which he never entered again.——Years have passed away, and the once gay and handsome Francis Saville is a grey and decrepit man, bowed by premature old age, and with a constitution broken by excess. But the shrewd man has been careful in his calculations; he knew how selfish early indulgence and worldly knowledge had made himself, and he had resolved that so his children should not be corrupted: he had two, a boy and a girl, who had been brought up in the strictest ignorance and seclusion, and in the severest practices of the Catholic faith. He well knew that fear is a stronger bond than love, and his children trembled in the presence of the father, whom their mother's latest words had yet enjoined them to cherish. Still the feeling of dutiful affection is strong in the youthful heart, though Mr. Saville resolved not to tempt it, by one hint of his precious secret.

"I cannot bear to look in the glass," exclaimed Mr. Saville, as he turned away from his own image in a large mirror opposite; "why should I bear about this weight of years and deformity? My plan is all matured, and never will its execution be certain as now. Walter must soon lose his present insecure and devout simplicity, and on them only can I rely. Yes, this very night will I fling off the slough of years, and awake to youth, warm, glad, and buoyant youth."

Mr. Saville now rang the bell for his attendants to assist him to bed.

When comfortably settled, his children came as usual to wish him good night, and kneel for his blessing; he received them with the most touching tenderness. "I feel," said he, "unusually ill to-night. I would fain, Edith, speak with your brother alone."

Edith kissed her father's hand, and withdrew.

"You were at confession to-day when I sent for you," continued the invalid, addressing the youth, who leant anxiously by his pillow. "Ah, my beloved child, what a blessed thing it is to be early trained to the paths of salvation. Alas! at your age I was neglected and ignorant; but for that, many things which now press heavily on my conscience had, I trust, never been. It was not till after my marriage with that blessed saint your mother that my conscience was awakened. I made a pilgrimage to Rome, and received from the hands of our holy Father the Pope, a precious oil, distilled from the wood of the true cross, which, rubbed over my body as soon as the breath of life be departed, will purify my mortal remains from sin, and the faith in which I die will save my soul from purgatory. May I rely upon the dutiful obedience of my child to the last wishes of his parent?"

"Oh, my father!" sobbed the youth.

"Extinguish the lights, for it is not fitting that humanity should watch the mysteries of faith; and, by your own hope of salvation, anoint the body the moment life is fled. It is contained in this casket,"

pointing to the little ebony box; "and thus you undo the spring. Leave me now, my child. I have need of rest and meditation."

The youth obeyed; when, as he was about to close the door, he heard the voice of Mr. Saville, "Remember, Walter; my blessing or my curse will follow you through life, according as you obey my last words. My blessing or my curse!"

The moment he left the room Mr. Saville unfastened the casket, and from another drawer took a bottle of laudanum: he poured its contents into the negus on his table, and drank the draught!—The midnight was scarce passed when the nurse, surprised at the unwonted quiet of her usually querulous and impetuous patient, approached and undrew the curtain: her master was dead! The house was immediately alarmed. Walter and his sister were still sitting up in the small oratory which had been their mother's, and both hastened to the chamber of death. Ignorance has its blessing; what a world of corruption and distrust would have entered those youthful hearts, could they have known the worthlessness of the parent they mourned with such innocent and endearing sorrow.

Walter was the first to check his tears. "I have, as you know, Edith, a sacred duty to perform; leave me for awhile alone, and we will afterwards spend the night in prayer for our father's soul."

The girl left the room, and her brother proceeded with his task. He opened the casket and took out the phial; the candles were then extinguished, and, first telling the beads of his rosary, he approached the bed. The night was dark, and the shrill wind moaned like a human being in some great agony, but the pious son felt no horror as he raised the body in his arms to perform his holy office. An exquisite odour exhaled from the oil, which he began to rub lightly and carefully over the head. Suddenly he started, the phial fell from his hand and was dashed to atoms on the floor.

"His face is warm—I feel his breath! Edith, dear Edith! come here. The nurse was wrong: my father lives!"

His sister ran from the adjacent room, where she had been kneeling before an image of the Madonna in earnest supplication, with a small taper in her hand: both stood motionless from terror as the light fell on the corpse. There were the contracted and emaciated hands laid still and rigid on the counterpane; the throat, stretched and bare, was meagre and withered; but the head was that of a handsome youth, full of freshness and life. The rich chestnut curls hung in golden waves on the white forehead, a bright colour was on the cheek, and the fresh, red lips were like those of a child; the large hazel eyes were open, and looked from one to the other, but the expression was that of a fiend,—rage, hate, and despair mingling together, like the horrible beauty given to the head of Medusa. The children fled from the room, only, however, to return with the priest, who deemed that sudden sorrow had unsettled their reason. His own eyes convinced him of the truth: there was the living head on the dead body!

The beautiful face became convulsed with passion, froth stood upon the lips, and the small white teeth were gnashed in impotent rage.

"This is, surely, some evil spirit," and the trembling priest proceeded with the form of exorcism, but in vain.

Walter then, with a faltering voice, narrated his last interview with his father.

"The sinner," said the old chaplain, "is taken in his own snare. This is assuredly the judgment of God."

All night did the three pray beside that fearful bed: at length the morning light of a glad day in June fell on the head. It now looked pale and exhausted, and the lips were wan. Ever and anon, it was distorted by sudden spasms,—youth and health were maintaining a terrible struggle with hunger and pain. The weather was sultry, and the body showed livid spots of decomposition; the beautiful head was still alive, but the damps stood on the forehead, and the cheeks were sunken. Three days and three nights did that brother and sister maintain their ghastly watch. The head was evidently dying. Twice the eyes opened with a wild and strong glare; the third time they closed for ever. Pale, beautiful, but convulsed, the youthful head and the aged body,—the one but just cold, the other far gone in corruption,—were laid in the coffin together!

TO AN INCONSTANT.

I LOVE thee not as once I did!
Thy bloom of beauty is not gone;
The same soft languor droops the lid
Of eyes too sweet to look upon;
The pearly light, that loved to play
Amid the darkness of thine hair,
Still loves with lustrous change to stray
And sparkle radiantly there;—
And yet, my love is lessen'd so,
I love thee not as I could do!

There is not less of angel grace
In every aspect of thy form;
The smiling sunshine in thy face
Might still make wintry deserts warm;
Thy honied words,—no music lives
Is sweet enough thy voice to wed,—
The eager ear its sound receives,
And loves the tone, whate'er is said;—
And yet, my love is lessen'd so,
I love thee not as I could do!

And must I tell the reason why,
And shade the brow where shines my day?
Thy heart is mine while I am by,
Another's if an hour away!
Thy beauty 's constant, but thy mind,
Oh nothing is so prone to change;—
The eagle's wing—the wandering wind
Have not so wide and wild a range!—
This—this my love has lessen'd so,
That I love not as I could do!

C. W.

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"I NEVER spent an hour with Moore (said Byron) without being ready to apply to him the expression attributed to Aristophanes, 'You have spoken roses;' his thoughts and expressions have all the beauty and freshness of those flowers, but the piquancy of his wit, and the readiness of his repartees, prevent one's ear being cloyed by too much sweets, and one cannot 'die of a rose in aromatic pain' with Moore, though he does speak roses, there is such an endless variety in his conversation. Moore is the only poet I know (continued Byron) whose conversation equals his writings; he comes into society with a mind as fresh and buoyant as if he had not expended such a multiplicity of thoughts on paper; and leaves behind him an impression that he possesses an inexhaustible mine equally brilliant as the specimens he has given us. Will you, after this frank confession of my opinion of your countryman, ever accuse me of injustice again? You see I can render justice when I am not forced into its opposite extreme by hearing people overpraised, which always awakes the sleeping Devil in my nature, as witness the desperate attack I gave your friend Lord —— the other day, merely because you all wanted to make me believe he was a model, which he is not; though I admit he is not *all* or *half* that which I accused him of being. Had you dispraised, probably I should have defended him."

"I will give you some stanzas I wrote yesterday (said Byron); they are as simple as even Wordsworth himself could write, and would do for music."

The following are the lines:—

TO ———.

"But once I dared to lift my eyes—
To lift my eyes to thee;
And since that day, beneath the skies,
No other sight they see.

In vain sleep shuts them in the night—
The night grows day to me;
Presenting idly to my sight
What still a dream must be.

A fatal dream—for many a bar
Divides thy fate from mine;
And still my passions wake and war,
But peace be still with thine."

"No one writes songs like Moore (said Byron). Sentiment and imagination are joined to the most harmonious versification, and I know

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* Continued from p. 222, No. cxlvi.

no greater treat than to hear him sing his own compositions; the powerful expression he gives to them, and the pathos of the tones of his voice, tend to produce an effect on my feelings that no other songs, or singer, ever could. —— —— used to write pretty songs, and certainly has talent, but I maintain there is more poesy in her prose, at least more fiction, than is to be met with in a folio of poetry. You look shocked at what you think my ingratitude towards her, but if you knew half the cause I have to dislike her, you would not condemn me. You shall however know some parts of that serio-comic drama, in which I was forced to play a part; and, if you listen with candour, you must allow I was more sinned against than sinning."

The curious history that followed this preface is not intended for the public eye, as it contains anecdotes and statements that are calculated to give pain to several individuals, the same feeling that dictates the suppression of this most curious episode in Byron's London life, has led to the suppression of many other piquant and amusing disclosures made by him, as well as some of the most severe poetical portraits that ever were drawn of some of his supposed friends, and many of his acquaintances. The vigour with which they are sketched proves that he entered into every fold of the characters of the originals, and that he painted them *con amore*, but he could not be accused of being a flattering portrait painter.

The disclosures made by Byron could never be considered *confidential*, because they were always at the service of the first listener who fell in his way, and who happened to know anything of the parties he talked of. They were not confided with any injunction to secrecy, but were indiscriminately made to his chance companions,—nay, he often declared his decided intention of writing copious notes to the Life he had given to his friend Moore, in which *the whole truth* should be declared of, for, and against, himself and others.

Talking of this gift to Mr. Moore, he asked me if it had made a great sensation in London, and whether people were not greatly alarmed at the thoughts of being shown up in it? He seemed much pleased in anticipating the panic it would occasion, naming all the persons who would be most alarmed.

I told him that he had rendered the most essential service to the cause of morality by his confessions, as a dread of similar disclosures would operate more in putting people on their guard in reposing dangerous confidence in men, than all the homilies that ever were written; and that people would in future be warned by the phrase of "beware of being *Byroned*," instead of the old cautions used in past times. "This (continued I) is a sad antithesis to your motto of *Crede Byron.*" He appeared vexed at my observations, and it struck me that he seemed uneasy and out of humour for the next half-hour of our ride. I told him that his gift to Moore had suggested to me the following lines:—

"The ancients were famed for their friendship, we're told,
Witness Damon and Pythias, and others of old;
But, Byron, 'twas thine friendship's power to extend,
Who surrender'd thy life for the sake of thy friend."

He laughed heartily at the lines, and, in laughing at them, recovered his good-humour.

"I have never," said Byron, "succeeded to my satisfaction in an epigram; my attempts have not been happy, and knowing Greek as I do, and admiring the Greek epigrams, which excel all others, it is mortifying that I have not succeeded better: but I begin to think that epigrams demand a peculiar talent, and that talent I decidedly have not. One of the best in the English language is that of Rogers on ———; it has the true Greek talent of expressing by implication what is wished to be conveyed.

'——— has no heart they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it.'

This is the *ne plus ultra* of English epigrams." I told Byron that I had copied Rogers's thought, in two lines on an acquaintance of mine, as follows:—

"The charming Mary has no mind they say;
I prove she has—it changes every day."

This amused him, and he repeated several epigrams, very clever, but which are too severe to be given in these pages. The epigrams of Byron are certainly not equal to his other poetry, they are merely clever, and such as any person of talent might have written, but who except him, in our day, could have written Childe Harold? No one—for admitting that the same talent exists, (which I am by no means prepared to admit) the possessor must have experienced the same destiny, to have brought it to the same perfection. The reverses that nature and circumstances entailed on Byron, served but to give a higher polish and a finer temper to his genius. Circumstances, in marring the perfectibility of the man, had perfected the poet, and this must have been evident to all who approached him, though it had escaped his own observation. Had the choice been left him, I am quite sure, he would not have hesitated a moment in choosing between the renown of the poet, and the happiness of the man, even at the price of happiness, as he lived much more in the future, than in the present, as do all persons of genius. As it was, he felt dissatisfied with his position, without feeling that it was the whetstone that sharpened his powers; for with all his affected philosophy, he was a philosopher but in theory, and never reduced it to practice. One of the strangest anomalies in Byron, was the exquisite taste displayed in his descriptive poetry, and the total want of it that was so visible in his modes of life. Fine scenery seemed to produce little effect on his feelings, though his descriptions are so glowing, and the elegancies and comforts of refined life he appeared to as little understand as value. This last did

not arise from a contempt of them, as might be imagined, but from an ignorance of what constituted them; I have seen him apparently delighted with the luxurious inventions in furniture, equipages, plate, &c. common to all persons of a certain station or fortune, and yet after an inquiry as to their prices, an inquiry so seldom made by persons of his rank, shrink back alarmed at the thought of the expense, though there was nothing alarming in it, and congratulate himself that he had no such luxuries, or did not require them. I should say that a bad and vulgar taste predominated in all Byron's equipments, whether in dress or in furniture. I saw his bed at Genoa, when I passed through in 1826, and it certainly was the most gaudily vulgar thing I ever saw; the curtains in the worst taste, and the cornice having his family motto of "Crede Byron" surmounted by baronial coronets. His carriages and his liveries were in the same bad taste, having an affectation of finery, but *mesquin* in the details, and tawdry in the *ensemble;* and it was evident that he piqued himself on them, by the complacency with which they were referred to. These trifles are touched upon, as being characteristic of the man, and would have been passed by, as unworthy of notice, had he not shown that they occupied a considerable portion of his attention. He has even asked us if they were not rich and handsome, and then remarked that no wonder they were so, as they cost him a great deal of money. At such moments it was difficult to remember that one was speaking to the author of Childe Harold. If the poet was often forgotten in the levities of the man, the next moment some original observation, cutting repartee, or fanciful simile, reminded one that he who could be ordinary in trifles, (the only points of assimilation between him and the common herd of men,) was only ordinary when he descended to their level; but when once on subjects worthy his attention, the great poet shone forth, and they who had felt self-complacency at noting the futilities that had lessened the distance between him and them, were forced to see the immeasurable space which separated them, when he allowed his genius to be seen. It is only Byron's pre-eminence as a poet, that can give interest to such details as the writer has entered into; if they are written without partiality, they are also given in no unfriendly spirit, but his defects are noted with the same feeling with which an astronomer would remark the specks that are visible even in the brightest stars, and which having examined more minutely than common observers, he wishes to give the advantages of his discoveries, though the specks he describes have not made him overlook the brightness of the luminaries they sullied, but could not obscure.

"You know —— of course, (said Byron,) every one does. I hope you don't like him; water and oil are not more antipathetic than he and I are to each other; I admit that his abilities are great, they are of the very first order, but he has that which almost always accompanies great talents, and generally proves a counterbalance to them. An overween-

ing ambition, which renders him not over nice about the means, as long as he attains the end; and this facility will prevent his ever being a truly great man, though it may abridge his road to what is considered greatness—official dignity. You shall see some verses in which I have not spared him, and yet I have only said what I believe to be strictly correct. Poets are said to succeed best in fiction, but this I deny; at least I always write best when truth inspires me, and my satires, which are founded on truth, have more spirit than all my other productions, for they were written *con amore*. My intimacy with the —— family (continued Byron) let me into many of ——'s secrets, and they did not raise him in my estimation.

"One of the few persons in London, whose society served to correct my predisposition to misanthropy, was Lord Holland. There is more benignity, and a greater share of the milk of human kindness in his nature than in that of any man I know, always excepting Lord B——. Then there is such a charm in his manners, his mind is so highly cultivated, his conversation so agreeable, and his temper so equal and bland, that he never fails to send away his guests content with themselves and delighted with him. I never (continued Byron) heard a difference of opinion about Lord Holland; and I am sure no one could know him without liking him. Lord Erskine, in talking to me of Lord Holland, observed, that it was his extreme good-nature alone that prevented his taking as high a political position as his talents entitled him to fill. This quality (continued Byron) will never prevent ——'s rising in the world; so that his talents will have a fair chance.

"It is difficult (said Byron) when one detests an author not to detest his works. There are some that I dislike so cordially, that I am aware of my incompetency to give an impartial opinion of their writings. Southey, *par exemple*, is one of these. When travelling in Italy, he was reported to me as having circulated some reports much to my disadvantage, and still more to that of two ladies of my acquaintance; all of which, through the kind medium of some good-natured friends, were brought to my ears; and I have vowed eternal vengeance against him, and all who uphold him; which vengeance has been poured forth, in phials of wrath, in the shape of epigrams and lampoons, some of which you shall see. When any one attacks me, on the spur of the moment I sit down and write all the *mechanceté* that comes into my head; and, as some of these sallies have merit, they amuse me, and are too good to be torn or burned, and so are kept, and see the light long after the feeling that dictated them has subsided. All my malice evaporates in the effusions of my pen; but I dare say those that excite it would prefer any other mode of vengeance. At Pisa, a friend told me that Walter Savage Landor had declared he either would not, or could not, read my works. I asked my officious friend if he was sure which it was that Landor said, as the *would not* was not offensive, and the *could not*

was highly so. After some reflection, he, of course *en ami*, chose the most disagreeable signification; and I marked down Landor in the tablet of memory as a person to whom a *coup-de-pat* must be given in my forthcoming work, though he really is a man whose brilliant talents and profound erudition I cannot help admiring as much as I respect his character, various proofs of the generosity, manliness, and independence of which has reached me; so you see I can render justice (*en petit comité*) even to a man who says he could not read my works; this, at least, shows some good feeling, if the *petit* vengeance of attacking him in my work cannot be defended; but my attacking proves the truth of the observation made by a French writer,—that we don't like people for the merit we discover in them, but for that which they find in us."

When Byron was one day abusing —— most vehemently, we accused him of undue severity; and he replied, he was only deterred from treating him much more severely by the fear of being indicted under the Act of Cruelty to Animals!

"I am quite sure (said Byron) that many of our worst actions and our worst thoughts are caused by friends. An enemy can never do as much injury, or cause as much pain; if he speaks ill of one, it is set down as an exaggeration of malice, and therefore does little harm, and he has no opportunity of telling one any of the disagreeable things that are said in one's absence; but a friend has such an amiable candour in admitting the faults least known, and often unsuspected, and of denying or defending with *acharnement* those that can neither be denied nor defended, that he is sure to do one mischief. Then he thinks himself bound to retail and detail every disagreeable remark or story he hears, and generally under the injunction of secrecy; so that one is tormented without the power of bringing the slanderer to account, unless by a breach of confidence. I am always tempted to exclaim, with Socrates, 'My friends! there are no friends!' when I hear and see the advantages of friendship. It is odd (continued Byron) that people do not seem aware that the person who repeats to a friend an offensive observation, uttered when he was absent, without any idea that he was likely to hear it, is much more blameable than the person who originally said it; of course I except a friend who hears a charge brought against one's honour, and who comes and openly states what he has heard, that it may be refuted: but this friends seldom do; for, as that Queen of Egotists, La Marquise du Deffand, truly observed—'Ceux qu'on nomme amis sont ceux par qui on n'a pas à craindre d'être assassiné, mais qui laisseroient faire les assassins.' Friends are like diamonds; all wish to possess them; but few can or will pay their price; and there never was more wisdom embodied in a phrase than in that which says—'Defend me from my friends, and I will defend myself from my enemies.'"

Talking of poetry, (Byron said) that "next to the affected simplicity of the Lake School, he disliked prettinesses, or what are called

flowers of poetry; they are only admissible in the poetry of ladies, (said he,) which should always have a sprinkling of dew-gemmed leaves and flowers of rainbow hues, with tuneful birds and gorgeous butterflies." Here he laughed like a child, and added, "I suppose you would never forgive me if I finished the sentence, sweet emblems of fair woman's looks and mind." Having joined in the laugh, which was irresistible from the mock heroic air he assumed, I asked him how he could prove any resemblance between tuneful birds, gorgeous butterflies, and woman's face or mind. He immediately replied, "have I not printed a certain line, in which I say, the music breathing from her face, and do not all, even philosophers, assert, that there is harmony in beauty, nay that there is no beauty without it? Now tuneful birds are musical; *ergo*, that simile holds good as far as the face, and the butterfly must stand for the mind, brilliant, light and wandering. I say nothing of its being the emblem of the soul, because I have not quite made up my mind, that women have souls; but, in short, flowers and all that is fragile and beautiful must remind one of women. So do not be offended with my comparison.

"But to return to the subject, (continued Byron) you do not, cannot like what are called flowers in poetry. I try to avoid them as much as possible in mine, and I hope you think that I have succeeded." I answered that he had given oaks to Parnassus instead of flowers, and while disclaiming the compliment it seemed to gratify him.

"A successful work (said Byron) makes a man a wretch for life: it engenders in him a thirst for notoriety and praise, that precludes the possibility of repose; this spurs him on to attempt others, which are always expected to be superior to the first; hence arise disappointment, as expectation being too much excited is rarely gratified, and in the present day, one failure is placed as a counterbalance to fifty successful efforts. Voltaire was right (continued Byron) when he said that the fate of a literary man resembled that of the flying fish; if he dives in the water the fish devour him, and if he rises in the air he is attacked by the birds. Voltaire (continued Byron) had personal experience of the persecution a successful author must undergo; but *malgré* all this, he continued to keep alive the sensation he had excited in the literary world, and while at Ferney, thought only of astonishing Paris. Montesquieu has said 'that *moins on pense plus on parle.*' Voltaire was a proof, indeed I have known many (said Byron), of the falseness of this observation, for who ever wrote or talked as much as Voltaire? But Montesquieu, when he wrote his remark, thought not of literary men; he was thinking of the *bavards* of society, who certainly think less and talk more than all others. I was once very much amused (said Byron) by overhearing the conversation of two country ladies, in company with a celebrated author, who happened to be that evening very taciturn: one remarked to the other, how strange it was that a person

reckoned so clever, should be so silent; and the other answered, Oh! he has nothing left to say, he has sold all his thoughts to his publishers. This you will allow was a philosophical way of explaining the silence of an author.

"One of the things that most annoyed me in London (said Byron) was the being continually asked to give my opinion on the works of contemporaries. I got out of the difficulty as well as I could, by some equivocal answer that might be taken in two ways; but even this prudence did not save me, and I have been accused of envy and jealousy of authors, of whose works, God knows, I was far from being envious. I have also been suspected of jealousy towards ancient as well as modern writers; but Pope, whose poems I really envy, and whose works I admire, perhaps more than any living or dead English writer, they have never found out that I was jealous of, nay, probably, as I always praise him, they suppose I do not seriously admire him, as insincerity on all points is universally attributed to me.

"I have often thought of writing a book to be filled with all the charges brought against me in England (said Byron); it would make an interesting folio, with my notes, and might serve posterity as a proof of the charity, good-nature, and candour of Christian England in the nineteenth century. Our laws are bound to think a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but our English society condemn him before trial, which is a summary proceeding that saves trouble.

"However, I must say, (continued Byron,) that it is only those to whom any superiority is accorded that are prejudged or treated with undue severity in London, for mediocrity meets with the utmost indulgence, on the principle of sympathy, 'a fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind.' The moment my wife left me, I was assailed by all the falsehoods that malice could invent or slander publish; how many wives have since left their husbands, and husbands their wives, without either of the parties being blackened by defamation, the public having the sense to perceive that a husband and wife's living together or separate can only concern the parties, or their immediate families; but in *my case*, no sooner did Lady Byron take herself off than my character went off, or rather was carried off, not by force of arms, but by force of tongues and pens too; and there was no crime too dark to be attributed to me by the moral English, to account for so very common an occurrence as a separation in high life. I was thought a devil, because Lady Byron was allowed to be an angel; and that it formed a pretty antithesis, *mais hélas!* there are neither angels nor devils on earth, though some of one's acquaintance might tempt one into the belief of the existence of the latter. After twenty, it is difficult to believe in that of the former, though the *first* and *last* object of one's affection have some of its attributes. Imagination (said Byron) resembles hope—when unclouded, it gilds all that it touches with its own bright hue; mine

makes me see beauty wherever youth and health have impressed their stamp; and after all I am not very far from the goddess, when I am with her handmaids, for such they certainly are. Sentimentalists may despise 'buxom health, with rosy hue,' which has something dairy-maid like, I confess, in the sound, (continued he)—for buxom, however one may like the reality, is not euphonious, but I have the association of plumpness, rosy hue, good spirits, and good humour, all brought before me in the homely phrase; and all these united give me a better idea of beauty than lanky languor, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and bad health, and bad humour, which are synonymous, making to-morrow cheerless as to-day. Then see some of our fine ladies, whose nerves are more active than their brains, who talk sentiment, and ask you to 'administer to a mind diseased, and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' when it is the body that is diseased, and the rooted sorrow is some chronic malady; these, I own (continued Byron), alarm me, and a delicate woman, however prettily it may sound, harrows up my feelings with a host of shadowy ills to come, of vapours, hysterics, nerves, megrims, intermitting fevers, and all the ills that wait upon poor *weak* women, who, when sickly, are generally weak in more senses than one. The best dower a woman can bring is health and good humour; the latter, whatever we may say of the triumphs of mind, depends on the former, as, according to the old poem—

'Temper ever waits on health,
As luxury depends on wealth.'

But mind (said Byron) when I object to delicate women, that is to say, to women of delicate health, *alias* sickly, I don't mean to say that I like coarse, fat ladies, *à la Rubens*, whose minds must be impenetrable, from the mass of matter in which they are incased. No! I like an active and healthy mind, in an active and healthy person, each extending its beneficial influence over the other, and maintaining their equilibrium, the body illumined by the light within, but that light not let out by any 'chinks made by time;' in short, I like, as who does not, (continued Byron,) a handsome healthy woman, with an intelligent and intelligible mind, who can do something more than what is said a French woman can only do, *habille*, *babille*, and *dishabille*, who is not obliged to have recourse to dress, shopping and visits, to get through a day, and soirées, operas, and flirting to pass an evening. You see, I am moderate in my desires; I only wish for perfection.

"There was a time (said Byron) when fame appeared the most desirable of all acquisitions to me; it was my 'being's end and aim,' but now—how worthless does it appear. Alas! how true are the lines—

'La Nominanza è color d'erba,
Che viene e va; e quei la discolora
Per cui vien fuori della terra acerba.'

And dearly is fame bought, as all have found who have acquired even a small portion of it,—

'Che seggendo in piuma
In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre.'

No! with sleepless nights, excited nerves, and morbid feelings, is fame purchased, and envy, hatred, and jealousy follow the luckless possessor.

'O ciechi, il tanto affaticar che giova?
Tutti tornate alla gran madre antica,
E il vostro nome appena si ritrova.'

Nay, how often has a tomb been denied to those whose names have immortalized their country, or else granted when shame compelled the tardy justice. Yet, after all, fame is but like all other pursuits, ending in disappointment—its worthlessness only discovered when attained, and

'Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.'

"People complain of the brevity of life, (said Byron), should they not rather complain of its length, as its enjoyments cease long before the halfway-house of life is passed, unless one has the luck to die young, ere the illusions that render existence supportable have faded away, and are replaced by experience, that dull monitress, that ever comes too late? While youth steers the bark of life, and passion impels her on, experience keeps aloof; but when youth and passion are fled, and that we no longer require her aid, she comes to reproach us with the past, to disgust us with the present, and to alarm us with the future.

"We buy wisdom with happiness, and who would purchase it at such a price? to be happy, we must forget the past, and think not of the future, and who that has a soul, or mind, can do this? No one (continued Byron), and this proves, that those who have either, know no happiness on this earth. Memory precludes happiness, whatever Rogers may say or write to the contrary, for it borrows from the past, to imbitter the present, bringing back to us all the grief that has most wounded, or the happiness that has most charmed us; the first leaving its sting, and of the second,—

'Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nulla miseria.'

Let us look back (continued Byron) to those days of grief, the recollection of which now pains us, and we shall find that time has only cicatrized, but not effaced the scars; and if we reflect on the happiness, that seen through the vista of the past seems now so bright, memory will tell us that, at the actual time referred to, we were far from thinking so highly of it, nay, that at that very period, we were obliged to draw drafts on the future, to support the then present, though now, that epoch, tinged by the rays of memory, seems so brilliant, and renders

the present more sombre by contrast. We are so constituted (said Byron) that we know not the value of our possessions until we have lost them. Let us think of the friends that death has snatched from us, whose loss has left aching voids in the heart never again to be filled up; and memory will tell us that we prized not their presence, while we were blessed with it, though, could the grave give them back, now that we had learnt to estimate their value, all else could be borne, and we believe (because it is impossible) that happiness might once more be ours. We should live with our friends, (said Byron,) not as the worldly-minded philosopher says, as though they may one day become our enemies, but as though we may one day lose them; and this maxim, strictly followed, will not only render our lives happier while together, but will save the survivors from those bitter pangs that memory conjures up, of slights and unkindnesses offered to those we have lost, when too late for atonement, and arms remorse with double force because it is too late." It was in such conversations that Byron was seen in his natural character; the feeling, the tenderness of his nature shone forth at such moments, and his natural character, like the diamond when breathed upon, though dimmed for a time, soon recovered its purity, and showed its original lustre, perhaps the more for having been for a moment obscured.

BANKING IN ENGLAND.

*** We cannot pledge ourselves to a concurrence with the opinions expressed in the following article upon a subject that seems to us beset with numerous difficulties, and demanding the maturest deliberation; but the great knowledge of our correspondent on the question, and the great talent evinced in his remarks, cause us not only to insert his communication, but to recommend it to the especial notice of our readers.—Editor.

Every trade was called a "mystery" in the days of Elizabeth. The diffusion of correct information in modern times has removed the veil from most of the occupations by which men seek a livelihood or court the sunshine of fame. The experiments of the laboratory are no longer looked upon as magical operations. Every boy knows, or may easily become acquainted with, the process by which the steam-boat is urged on the waves against wind and tide, and the heaviest carriages are impelled along the rail-road with the speed of the arrow. Mr. Babbage has disclosed to the world the secrets of the factory and the printing-house, the foundery and the mine. But there is one very obvious subject which he has not touched—the production of money. We are most of us in the habit of frequently receiving and paying away coin and notes, either of the Bank of England, or of some private establishment; yet it may be affirmed with truth, that we are all, with few exceptions, ignorant of the elements of the currency, of which coin and notes constitute the principal ingredients. The trade which supplies those instruments of general circulation is to us still a "mystery;" money may

be said to be so far like the wind, since no one knoweth whence it comes, or whither it goes.

The ignorance that prevails upon this subject is not, however, to be wondered at, when we consider that it has been hitherto treated by writers whose sources of information were of necessity extremely imperfect. The real influence, for example, of a new issue of notes by the Bank of England upon a mass of mixed currency already in operation, can only be judged of by the results of a variety of minute inquiries regulated by the strictest conformity with facts and dates. If the commercial transactions of the country be, at the period of that issue, rapidly augmenting, it will be as rapidly absorbed without leaving any decided trace behind it. But if the enlarged issue be coincident with a marked decline in trade, it will probably be felt injuriously throughout many branches of industry. In order to ascertain the precise extent of the evil, the state of the markets must be known up to the moment preceding the issue, and then it must be seen whether such issue was voluntary on the part of the bank, or rendered inevitable by the demands of the public. The exchanges, and the state of the bullion and deposits in the hands of the bank, are thus necessarily introduced into the investigation, before a proper decision can be made; and it may happen that an enlarged issue of bank notes which injures one class of the community shall be beneficial to another. Such an inquiry as this shows the great extent and variety of detail, over which an author treating of the currency must travel, before he can arrive at sound conclusions upon most of the questions which must pass under his review.

No man, perhaps, in this country, has thought more profoundly upon every topic connected with the currency than Mr. Thomas Tooke. It may be said to have occupied almost all the leisure hours of his long and honourable mercantile life. His early treatises upon it were received as authorities until he himself discovered in them numerous inaccuracies, which arose, almost wholly, from his having been imperfectly informed as to *dates*. In his evidence given last session before the Committee on the Bank Charter *, he confesses his mistakes with a frankness that does him great credit. Mr. Mushet's tracts upon the currency have also been received with implicit confidence for several years. But Mr. Tooke demonstrates † that, however conversant Mr. Mushet may have been with the amount of the bank circulation at different periods, he "absolutely knew nothing at all of the commercial circumstances" by which that circulation was occasionally contracted or enlarged.

It was not, in fact, until the Report of the Committee on the Bank Charter was published, that we possessed an authentic collection of data with reference to the subject of the currency, as well as the peculiar trade by which it is chiefly supplied. The volume in which that report, and the minutes of evidence appended to it are contained, is one of the most valuable publications that ever emanated from a committee of either House of Parliament. Abilities of the most distinguished order are displayed throughout every page of it, as well by those members who undertook the examinations, as by the witnesses who answered them. The reader has the benefit of sifting a great variety of opinions upon every topic connected with the circulation, and of comparing them with

* Bank Report, 3832. † B. R. 3840–43, *et seq.*

a series of accounts printed in the appendix, in which the real condition of the Bank of England is now, for the first time since its establishment, unreservedly disclosed. Several country bankers, and directors of joint-stock banking companies, who were examined by the committee, entered into copious details as to the mode in which their business is managed, and from the whole evidence we may derive a complete insight into the trade of banking in England and Wales—a branch of industry of great national importance, concerning which no information equally clear and satisfactory had ever before been submitted to the public. We conceive that we shall perform a duty not unacceptable to our readers, if we state in a familiar way a few of the leading points, which the weight of the evidence appears to us to establish.

It is admitted on all hands that our immense commercial transactions could not be carried on with convenience, even for a single day, through the medium of a circulation exclusively metallic. It is also a position, no longer to be disputed, that if the currency were purely metallic, it would be in no degree more exempt from the alternations of rise and fall in value, as compared with articles which form the materials of commerce, than if it consisted partly of gold, and partly of paper convertible into gold at the option of the holder. The value of the circulating medium, whatever that medium may be, is the creature of the general state of trade. If goods be in great request, prices rise; and a greater proportion of the currency is demanded for the purchase of those goods, which is a proof of the comparative depreciation of its value. The contrary takes place when prices fall, and thus the state of trade is the immediate agent of the alternation in either instance.

It cannot, however, be denied, that if banks be permitted to issue their paper *ad libitum*, and if that paper be accepted by the public, cases may occur in which the value of the currency may be materially affected by circumstances not legitimately linked with the general operations of commerce. Examples of this serious evil were numerous in the years 1824 and 1825, when the Bank of England, and many (though by no means the whole) of the country banks, issued to excess—reproducing those disasters against which the history of speculation in this country was supposed to have furnished the most striking warnings. But no experience seems capable of teaching prudence to new generations, save that which they acquire during their own career. Even that dearly bought precaution is not at all times proof against strong temptation, and it will therefore become the duty of the legislature to provide a permanent safeguard against a power of this description—a power which enables banks of issue to confound the most reasonable calculations of commercial men, and to plunge them into ruin.

A distinction is to be carefully taken between banks which issue their own paper, and banks which merely take deposits from their customers, and circulate the notes of the Bank of England or of other issuing establishments. As to banks of mere deposit, the public should be left to deal with them or not as they may think fit. A depositor selects his banker, and the affair does not differ from a transaction between two persons in any other trade whatever. But the moment a banker begins to issue notes of his own manufacture, it is the province of the legislature to take care that he shall not inundate his neighbourhood with paper, which may not be really convertible into gold. Persons engaged in trade have not always, practically speaking, the option of refusing a country bank

note. A customer gives it perhaps in exchange for goods, and the trader cannot disoblige those who deal with him by asking questions as to the solvency of the banker whose note is placed on his counter. Therefore the public should be protected, as far as it is possible, not only from spurious paper, but also from those excessive issues by which imprudent bankers sometimes endanger and destroy a degree of credit which would have been sufficiently safe if restrained within proper limits.

It is manifest from the evidence, that the country banks, many of which belong to gentlemen of high character and great property, have been productive of incalculable advantages to several interests within the range of their respective localities. In the agricultural districts they frequently lend money to farmers and drovers upon mere personal responsibility, and a knowledge of their characters and circumstances. To those establishments also thousands of manufacturers are indebted for the means, that have enabled them to contend successfully against difficulties which pressed upon them in consequence of the combinations of workmen, and of violent alterations in the market of the world. If the country bankers were to be all deprived of the power of issuing their own notes, many of them would of necessity cease to afford the accommodation by which they have hitherto frequently sustained the trade and agriculture of their neighbourhood. Besides it appeared that during our "three days" of interregnum in May last, the notes of more than one country banker were preferred by the people to those of the Bank of England. It is not necessary to do violence to the habits from which preferences of this description arise, or to impair the usefulness of country banks by preventing them from creating their fair portion of the currency, provided only that their issues be placed under efficient control.

With this view some of the witnesses proposed that those country bankers only should be allowed to issue notes, who should give security for them to the state by lending to it at a certain rate of interest an adequate sum of money. Such an arrangement as this would put an end altogether to the existence of country paper. It would in fact impose upon a banker the necessity of providing doubly for the payment of his notes: first, he would have to pay them by the deposit of security with the state, and, secondly, he must pay them whenever the holder chooses to present them for cash. This is not reasonable; neither is it necessary. It would be much the preferable mode to place the whole banking trade of the kingdom (so far as the issue of notes is concerned) under the supervision of a "board of currency," as suggested by several of the witnesses. To this board returns should be made weekly of all issues, and it should be empowered to publish those returns at its own discretion. The returns should embrace the state not only of the "circulation," but also of the "deposits" and "assets" in the hands of each bank of issue, and we have no doubt that, without giving the board any further control, or enabling it to act in any shape with an inquisitorial character, the mere prospect of regulated publicity, without injuring sound establishments, would soon separate the chaff from the grain. The actual publication would inform the note holders and depositors of each banker of the precise value of his credit, and it would then be in their power to decide for themselves both as to circulating his paper, and permitting their property to remain in his possession.

It would be an essential part of the duty of the board to communicate to each bank weekly, the state of the whole bank circulation of the kingdom. They would thus enable each establishment to regulate its issues by a principle common to all, and they would moreover keep the stream of the currency full, at the same time that they would tend to confine it within its natural limits, and to prevent the dangers of an overflow.

Whatever may be thought of some ingredients in the joint-stock bank system, which was authorized under the act of 1826, it is not to be doubted that in some towns in the manufacturing districts, establishments founded by the authority of that act have been productive of advantages. These advantages have been rendered, however, peculiarly apparent in Manchester and Liverpool, in neither of which places do they issue notes of their own. They transact their business entirely through the medium of Bank of England paper, having found that the general dislike to local notes, which has for many years prevailed throughout Lancashire, was an insuperable obstacle to their success, had they attempted, as they originally intended, to make a struggle against it. So long as they do not issue notes, the public can be in little danger from those, or from similar, institutions. As the law now stands, each individual partner is responsible for the liabilities of the company to the whole extent of his fortune, not only while he remains a member of the firm, but even during a certain period after he has sold his shares, and ceased to have an interest in the concern. This is a circumstance which cannot be very generally known, otherwise much fewer persons would have been disposed to risk their entire dependence for the sake of obtaining a dividend of six or eight per cent. upon a few thousand pounds. It might be expedient to alter the law in this respect, and to grant charters to joint-stock companies with responsibility limited to the shares, or even double the amount of the shares of each partner—provided that such companies be absolutely precluded from issuing local notes. Where such notes are issued, the responsibility should remain, as it now is, co-extensive with the means of every individual included in the company.

Another material provision should be added to the law, with a view to prevent the directors of joint-stock banks from making loans to their co-partners, upon the security of their respective shares. It is declared by some of the witnesses, that it is the practice with most of these establishments to lend back to individuals the whole of the sums subscribed by them towards the capital of the bank. With reference to banks of issue, no practice can be more pernicious or unjust than this; for while it exists, an institution, which apparently possesses a large paid up capital, may in reality have scarcely any capital at all. The subscriptions become fictitious under such a system; but the official representation of their aggregate amount may nevertheless so far impose upon the public as to induce them to take its notes, and thus enable it in fact to trade upon borrowed funds. When a shock comes, the truth is soon discovered, but the consequences will fall upon the public, and upon those members of the company who had no occasion to borrow from it, and whose fortunes will be sacrificed to the schemes of mere adventurers. This should by all means be prevented.

The privileges appertaining to the Bank of England are of a very important character, and one of the main objects of the committee was to

inquire, whether or not it would be conducive to the general interest of the country that those privileges should be renewed. The first in point of value is, that the Bank are the only joint-stock-company consisting of more than six partners, authorized to issue cash notes in London, and within a circle drawn around it whose radius extends sixty-five miles. Their next material privileges are that their notes are received exclusively in payment of revenue; that they pay the dividends upon the public stocks; and that they are the bankers of government, whose deposits seldom fluctuate below four millions upon the average. It is obvious that all these privileges combined tend to give so great a degree of credit and of circulation to Bank of England notes, as to make them the source of very considerable profit. But this is not all. The immense wealth which the bank have accumulated, amounting to a sum of nearly nineteen millions sterling, over and above assets sufficient to meet all their liabilities, added to their long connexion with the state, have procured for the establishment so high a character for solvency in the eyes of the country, that although they pay no interest upon deposits either private or public, they hold very large sums of money in their hands which are entrusted to their custody by individuals. A due proportion of these deposits, as well as of those belonging to the public, they of course invest in discounts and other securities; and it is said, though no return has been made on this point, that their income from their various investments, including those which consist of their own property, exceeds the profits which they derive even from their immense circulation. It is a fact worthy of observation that their annual gains, after the payment of all expenses, and after laying by a sum of about 35,000*l.* every year to be added to their "rest" capital, amounts at present to about one million two hundred thousand pounds, a sum exactly equal to the whole of their original capital.

Upon the first blush of this statement the most unprejudiced reader is inclined to ask, why should any commercial company be allowed to engross to itself such vast profits as these? If the manufacture of notes be so lucrative, why should they not be created by the state for the benefit of the public at large? Monopolies, as Mr. Huskisson said, have grown out of fashion in all trades, and why should an exception be made in favour of the governor and company of the Bank of England? The answers to these questions are by no means obvious; the materials which furnish them are to be found only in the results of patient and dispassionate investigation.

As to the idea of a state paper circulation, we may dispose of it at once by a reference to the history of every state bank that has yet been established. Not one of them ever succeeded in any country to gather around it any considerable credit for any period worth mentioning. The moment that political alarm arises—the very moment at which an accredited circulation is especially necessary in order to prevent that alarm from becoming revolution—the paper of the state would be reduced to the condition of the celebrated French assignats—that is to say, if they were negotiable at all, it would be at a discount of two or three hundred per cent. It is a well-known fact, mentioned by Mr. Easthope in his evidence before the committee *, that for a few hours towards the

* B. R, 5824.

close of the year 1825, cash could not be obtained for Exchequer bills, or for stock. Besides, in this country, the attribute of creating money would be a weapon in the hands of government which might be made use of to the prejudice of liberty. It would be an innovation upon the constitution, which no ingenuity of legislation could harmonize with the ever-active spirit of jealousy by which that constitution is pervaded. If we cannot entrust the government with an arbitrary power in levying taxes, it would be still more difficult for us, looking to our personal rights and privileges, to commit to it the faculty of creating money, the production of which is the very object of taxation.

But then, it is said, the Mint coins money, and why should it not also coin paper? The answer is upon the surface. The Mint does not create the ingots, from which sovereigns are made; nor do those ingots belong to government. The Mint is merely a manufactory of coin, open to all persons who wish to have bullion melted down into sterling money. The manufacture is properly retained in the hands of the state, in order that no gold or silver should be converted into coin which is not of the requisite standard as to freedom from base alloy. There is therefore no parallel between the two cases.

Then, it may be asked, why should not other companies be allowed to issue notes in London and within sixty-five miles of it, as well as the Bank of England? There is certainly no reason why they should not be permitted to trade in the issue of notes as they do in the manufacture of silk, if there were any real similarity between the two pursuits. The peculiarity of paper issued for circulation is, that by law it must be convertible into gold at the option of the holder, and the question to be really discussed is this—whether, if there were an unlimited number of joint-stock banks of issue in London, they could uniformly keep in their hands a sufficient supply of that metal in order to meet their liabilities?

No objection is made to the Bank of England in this respect. It is not denied that, since the resumption of cash payments, they have uniformly discharged all their engagements. It is true that they were very nearly drained of their gold in 1825, and the recurrence of such an evil is one of the things against which it is the duty of the legislature to provide. But the great objection to the Bank is that they have a monopoly. Let us see then if the existence of monopoly could be destroyed by allowing several joint-stock banks of issue in London.

As we have no gold mines in England, all our bullion comes from abroad, where we purchase it by our domestic manufactures and our colonial produce. But we are not paid by our foreign customers wholly in gold for what we sell them. We are paid in raw silk and cotton and wool, in wine, fruits, and a thousand other articles, which minister to necessity or luxury. In point of fact, we are paid only the excess of the value of our merchandise over theirs in gold bullion, which we bring home. When the balance of trade is in our favour, the ordinary store of our bullion increases *pro tanto;* when the balance, or, in other words, the *exchange*, is against us, we must remit gold abroad to adjust the account.

In order therefore that a number of issuing banks in London should be able to retain in their coffers a sufficient reserve of gold to meet their liabilities, it would be absolutely necessary that they should *all* have an

incessant and intimate knowledge of the state of the exchanges. It is obvious that if any one of them were ignorant in this respect, he might be exhausted of his gold in a single day, and gazetted the day following. He cannot, according to the present law, which nobody we presume will succeed in altering, refuse gold for his notes; and if the exchanges be adverse, the merchants who hold his notes have no alternative; they must get them converted into gold, or lose their own credit.

Now it would not be possible for any number of bankers in London to be promptly and uniformly made acquainted with the state of the exchanges, unless bullion was brought to them all by the merchants in equal portions, or was abstracted from them, in exchange for notes, in equal quantities, which cannot be supposed likely to be done by a number of merchants, each of whom would have his own banker. The only way in which the bankers would gain the requisite knowledge would be by establishing a system of confidential intercourse amongst themselves. The Bank of England are in the habit not only of watching the exchanges, but also of influencing them sometimes *, that is to say, *rectifying* them in favour of this country. Their operations for that purpose have been carried on necessarily with strict secrecy, and have generally been successful. It would be sometimes incumbent upon the proposed new banks of issue in London to carry into effect similar operations; but in order to accomplish their object, they would be under the necessity of acting in co-operation. All idea of competition between establishments confederated for that or for any other purpose would, of course, be then out of the question. But competition between several banks is the main object which those persons contemplate, who seek to dissolve what is called the monopoly of the Bank of England.

Is it to be supposed that such banks, if they were established, would not also enter into an understanding with each other for the purpose of rendering their bullion reserves, which are unprofitable, as small as possible? Would they not further concur in putting down any new rivals, who might attempt to interfere with their trade? Both these results have actually taken place in Scotland and the United States, where there has not been for many years any restriction as to the number of partners in banks of issue. The consequence is that, after having worked their paper into an extensive credit with the public, they have established for themselves a *de facto* monopoly; and they at present retain but a very small proportion of gold, compared to their liabilities, in either country. So much is this the case, that whenever the Scotch bankers are pressed for gold they are obliged to resort for it to the Bank of England; and as to the American bankers, who still survive the general ruin that was brought upon them some years ago by their deficiency of bullion, they have been obliged to enter into an understanding with their customers that gold is never to be demanded from them to any considerable extent.

It is obvious, therefore, that if gold must be retained in the country, it can only be kept by a process which necessarily leads to monopoly; and the question is, whether it would be more expedient to divide that monopoly, if we may so express ourselves without a solecism, among many banks, or to continue it in the hands of the single establishment which has now exercised it for nearly a century and a half?

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* B. R. 213, 223.

It cannot be doubted that great convenience arises in London, where all the transactions of the world are finally settled, according to the testimony of Mr. Rothschild, from there being one approved paper currency in which those transactions might be arranged. But even if that convenience did not exist, it may be asked what good reason can be produced for making an alteration in this respect? Why break up the monopoly of the Bank in order to confer it upon a number of other banks? The currency has more than once already been sufficiently tampered with. Is there any reason why, for the sake of a mere speculative chance of amelioration, which may end in failure, the interests of the whole country, which are materially involved in this question, should be exposed to new hazards, to fresh panics, perhaps to another 1825? The London bankers, who are all wealthy enough to issue notes if they please, unanimously state that they prefer the present system to any other that could be substituted for it. Those gentlemen are perhaps, of all others, the most competent to express sound opinions on the subject, and they are all adverse to any change, except that which we have already mentioned, of periodically subjecting the affairs of the Bank, as well as of all other banks of issue, to the scrutiny of the public.

We shall only add another observation. The proprietors of the Bank of England amount to about 3150, including several public companies and charities. The stock belonging to these numerous holders is constantly changing hands, and hence the corporation may be said to be open to any person who, possessing property, chooses to embark it in that establishment. It is difficult, therefore, to associate the idea of monopoly, in an odious sense of the word, with a company of which any person may become a partner, whether he be a British subject or a foreigner. If several joint-stock banks were established in London, it would be impossible that they could be more open to the public than the Bank of England

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THE DEATH OF HOFER.

"*Florence, Jan.* 20.*

"DEAR LADY * * * * * * *

"Do not you already begin to repent that you commanded me to write to you on my return to Italy? I passed two entire months in Germany, and like the people. Of the country you know as much as I do—people who paid more attention to it have described it better than I could. In passing I saw Waterloo—an ugly table for an ugly game, played badly both by loser and winner. At Innspruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight tens against thousands—they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder—therefore they are heroes! My admiration

* We need scarcely say that we have the eminent writer's permission to publish this letter.

of these works of art was soon satisfied,—which, perhaps, it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro—(I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine)—the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man—the only great man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciusko. By the order of Bonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumb-screwed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian, who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them,—most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them—when, stopping on the ground which was about to receive his blood, they heard him, with unfaltering voice, commend his soul and his country to the Creator,—and, as if still under his own roof, a custom with him after the evening prayer, implore a blessing for his boys and little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood,—finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer,—many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Bonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as, indeed, of all his atrocities, the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before, and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity—he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

"Believe me,

"Dear Lady * * * * * *

"Your very obliged and obedient servant,

"WALTER S. LANDOR."

THE FORSAKEN TO HER FATHER.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Oh, name him not, unless it be
In terms I shall not blush to hear:
Oh, name him not, though false to me,
Forget not he was once so dear.
Oh, think of former happy days,
When none could breathe a dearer name;
And if you can no longer praise,
Be silent, and forbear to blame!

He *may* be *all* that you have heard;
If proved, 'twere folly to defend:
Yet pause ere you believe one word
Breathed 'gainst the honour of a friend.
How many seem in haste to tell
What friends can never wish to know!
I answer—*once* I knew him well,
And *then*, at least, it was not so.

You say, when all condemn him thus,
To praise him leads to disrepute:
But, had the world censured us,
Father! *he* would not have been mute!
He may be changed, and he may learn
To slander friends, as others do:
But if *we* blame him, *we* in turn
Have learnt that hateful lesson too!

Desertion of myself, his worst,
His *only* crime perhaps may prove;
Shall he of all men be the *first*
Condemned for being false in love?
The world has never yet denied
Its favour to the falsest heart;
Its sanction rather seems to guide
The hand again to aim the dart!

You hate him, Father, for you know
That he was cruel to your child.
Alas! I strove to *hide* my woe,
And when *you* look'd on me, I smil'd:
But on my faded cheek appears
An evidence of all I've felt:
I pray'd for strength, but falling tears
Betray'd my weakness as I knelt.

Oh! hate him not: he must have seen
Some error, that was never meant!
And love, you know, hath ever been
Prone to complain, and to resent!
Hate him not, Father! nor believe
Imputed crimes, till they are *proved*;
And *proof* should rather make us grieve
For one who once was so beloved.

CORPORATION REFORM.

Two circumstances point equally to the necessity of the application of new principles to Corporations;—first, the evils into which the old system has fallen; and, secondly, the institution of municipal forms of government where new societies have, as it were, been created by the boroughs erected under the Reform Bill. That ministers are prepared to admit this necessity has already appeared in Lord Althorp's judicious motion for a Committee of Inquiry.

There exist, in England and Wales, at this moment something more than one hundred and sixty corporations. These are variously elected, —variously conditioned by charters bearing all dates, from John to James II., and consequently the peculiar impressions of the times and occasions under which they were granted. They are most of them more or less connected with the choice of members of parliament, some having possessed (until the passing of the Bill) the entire power, others enjoying, in connexion with this greatest result, the right of electing new members when vacancies occur. The franchise is conferred in many ways; some can, moreover, increase at will the number of voters, or, on the contrary, delay or suspend the admission of persons justly entitled to their freedom;—all of them have one common property; they are elective in some shape or other; their powers of jurisdiction are alike various. All have more or less judicial power—some can try even cases of life and death; upon most of them devolve the care of the local police and the trust of the local charities. We are now reduced to speak rather of the powers delegated to these authorities before than since the passing of the Reform Bill. But, whatever alterations may have been effected by this measure, they touch only the choice of members of parliament, and, though infinite were the abuses that belonged to that privilege, the evils which remain,—moral, social, and political,—are certainly not less extensive.

In discussing these powers and differences, the principles may perhaps be reduced to five:—

1. The exercise of the franchise in the choice of representatives in parliament;
2. The mode of electing or constituting the corporate body itself;
3. The local jurisdiction;
4. The local police.
5. The management of charities, together, in some instances, with the distribution of the poor-rate.

The circumstances of the times have stimulated and directed public opinion far more perhaps towards the connexion between corporate powers and franchises and parliamentary elections, than to the other points. For this is the more general concern—the remaining considerations are local. And it might be laid down as a rule, that wherever there is corporation influence, that influence is unfairly exercised; by which we mean to say, it is exerted either to favour the individual interest of the candidate, or the personal interest of those who wield the power of the corporation, or both, in utter oblivion, or in direct violation, of the principles and objects for which the representation of the people, and the franchise which determines that representation, are bestowed. This has been proved in

numberless cases of petitions against the returns of members; but to put the matter beyond dispute, we shall cite some of the most curious and amusing, through the last seventy years, embracing so long a period of time with a view to demonstrate how complete and inevitable is the tendency towards corruption,—how rooted the practice.

The petition against the return of Sir Thomas Rumbold and Sir Francis Sykes for the borough of Shaftesbury was presented after the election of 1774. "Evidence was given," says the reporter, that "money, to the amount of several thousand pounds, has been given among the voters, in sums of twenty guineas a man; and the persons who were intrusted with the disbursement of this money, and who were *chiefly the magistrates of the town*, devised very singular and very absurd contrivances in hopes of being thus able to conceal through what channel it was conveyed to the electors. A person concealed under a ludicrous and fantastical disguise, and called by the name of *Punch*, was placed in a small apartment, and, through a hole in the door, delivered out to the voters parcels containing twenty guineas each: upon which they were conducted to another apartment in the same house, where they found a person called Punch's Secretary, who required them to sign notes for the value received; these notes were made payable to an imaginary character, to whom was given the name of *Glenbucket*. Two of the witnesses swore that they had seen Punch through the hole in the door, *and that they knew him to be Mr. Matthews, an alderman of the town!* and, as the counsel for the petitioner had endeavoured to prove, an agent for the sitting members."

"The counsel for the sitting members proposed to call Matthews himself to prove an *alibi;* but the committee resolved not to admit the evidence.

"On the part of the petitioner several witnesses were called to prove declarations of voters, who, at the poll, had taken the bribery oath, that they had received Punch's money.

"Many discussions on the whole have passed during the sessions of 1775 and 1776; the writ was suspended—resolutions were passed to the effect that there was the most notorious subornation of perjury practised, and the most corrupt and wilful perjury committed; also resolutions against Sykes and Rumbold, and six others, as the promoters and suborners; and a bill to disfranchise certain persons, and for preventing bribery and corruption in the borough was brought in; yet, strange to say, a subsequent motion for a prosecution of the two first named gentlemen by the Attorney-General was negatived. All the orders for the bill, prosecution, &c. were afterwards discharged, although Mr. Mortimer, the member declared to be duly elected, had obtained verdicts for penalties against Mr. Sykes for twenty-six acts of bribery to the amount of 11,000*l.* at the Dorchester assizes in 1776."

A petition was presented to the House of Commons against the return of Mr. Gowland for the city of Durham, on the ground that the mayor and confederate aldermen (residing at a distance from the city, and most of them unknown to the wardens and companies), even after the teste of the writ of election, and during the very time of the poll, unduly admitted a great number of persons to the freedom of the said city, in order to procure, at any rate, a majority of votes for Mr. Gowland; and that, notwithstanding repeated applications were made to the mayor

by the petitioner and his agents, for an inspection of the corporation guild book, and for a list of the pretended freemen so made and admitted as aforesaid, he, the said mayor, refused both; and that, at the late election, which began on the 7th of December last, the aforesaid mayor illegally, and contrary to his duty as returning officer, admitted the votes not only of the occasional freemen above-mentioned, but also of many other persons who offered and ought to have been admitted to vote for the petitioner; and that, notwithstanding the number of such occasional voters amounted to upwards of two hundred, yet the pretended majority for the sitting members upon the close of the poll was no more than twenty-three: and that, to complete the design of these unwarrantable practices, the aforesaid mayor hath unjustly, and contrary to the duty of his office, returned the said Mr. Gowland as duly elected as representative for the said city. The votes thus made and the election were both set aside.

In the midst of this career of iniquity, an anecdote stands upon record not less honourable to an individual than generally illustrative of our subject. It occurs in the history of the elections of Newport:—

"On the death of Lord Holmes, an attempt was made by Sir William Oglander and some other gentlemen to deprive his Lordship's nephew and successor, the Rev. Mr. Troughear Holmes, of his influence over this corporation. The number of the body was at that time twenty-three, there being one vacancy amongst the aldermen, occasioned by the recent death of Lord Holmes. Eleven of them continued firm to the interest of the nephew, and the same number was equally eager to transfer that interest to Sir William Oglander and the Worsley family. A Mr. Taylor of this town, one of the burgesses, withheld his declaration, and, as his vote would decide the balance of future influence, it was imagined that he only suspended it for the purpose of private advantage. Agreeably to that idea, he was eagerly sought by the agents of each party. The first who applied is said to have made him an offer of 2000*l.* Mr. Taylor had actually made up his mind to have voted with his party; but the moment his integrity and independence were attacked, he reversed his determination and resolved to give his suffrage on the opposite side. That party, however, like their opponents, being ignorant of the favour designed them and of the accident to which they owed it, assailed him with a more advantageous offer. He informed them that he had but just formed the resolution, in consequence of a similar insult from their adversaries, of giving them his support; but since he had discovered that they were both aiming at power by the same means, he was determined to vote for neither of them; and to put himself out of the power of future temptation, he resolved to resign his gown as a burgess of the corporation, which he did the next day."

Even the bodies corporate of our great seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge, have not been quite pure.

In 1767, the then mayor of Oxford, and some of his corporate brethren, proffered by letter to re-elect the sitting members for a certain sum of money, and declared, on the contrary, that, unless this stipulation was agreed to, the members certainly should not have the support of these worthies. The letter was read in the House of Commons, the writers taken into custody, committed to Newgate, and, previous to their discharge, severely reprimanded on their knees by the Speaker.

The case of Cambridge is more recent and not less notorious. One of the aldermen contrived to obtain the power of appointing a large body of electors, and by this means threw the borough into the hands of the

Duke of Rutland. The individual in question once contrived to be returned himself, and by his management the members for Cambridge Town were, up to a very late period, solely and entirely the nominees of his Grace.

But such instances of corruption, so openly profligate, so utterly disdainful of moral rectitude and public opinion, are at an end, and they are quoted merely to show the natural and inevitable event of intrusting power to such bodies, where even the worthiest individual in his own private life and circumstances is but too apt to take shelter under the general coverture. We may, however, adopt the summary laid down in the work from which we have extracted the facts already related.

"It appears almost through every case which has come before the House of Commons that corruption prevails, and that the influence of magistrates and corporations is generally exerted to destroy the freedom of elections,—that freemen and burgesses are admitted or refused their admission by corporations with little or no regard to claims legally and justly founded, but merely to suit the purposes of whatever party the leading men in each city or borough may find it their interest to espouse;—and even the poor-rates in scot-and-lot boroughs are corrupted into engines of despotism. The taxing a number of persons who have no right, and omitting another description who possess or occupy rateable houses, has been the means of giving a colourable majority in many elections."

Proceed we to present effects, which will be found to be included under the other heads above recited.

In our last Number * we noticed a pamphlet published by Mr. Bacon, the editor of the Norwich Mercury, under the title of "A Letter to Lord Stormont and Sir James Scarlett," by which a strong light has been thrown upon the motives and the end of the exercise of corporation powers. What is therein stated of Norwich applies to most other corporate bodies. The personal consequence and interest of the corporators connected in the last resort with the return of the members of parliament, are the incentives to all the civic contentions, all the moral depravation which obtain through such influences. *The root of the evil, it is shown, lies in the nature of the constituency, and, above all, in the frequency of municipal elections.* In the city above-named, it should seem, there are always three elections for corporate offices (common councilmen, sheriff, and mayor) every year; and one more, upon the average, from the death or secession of any of the twenty-four aldermen. The results have been a constant antagonist array of political opposition, the continual excitement of party virulence, and a struggle for power supported by corruption of every sort,—bribery, direct and indirect, and even the misapplication of the public charities and the poor-rates to the purposes of election patronage,—general and public objects neglected or compromised,—individual and party feuds perpetuated, to the injury alike of the interests of the city and the intercourse of the citizens. Mr. Bacon supports these strong allegations by the evidence of facts that seem indisputable; and one or two of his anecdotes, while they carry the proof up to its very source, will illustrate the matter as well as amuse the inquirer:—

"I was standing in the road of the village where I lived, about twenty years ago, when I saw a man personally known to me approaching at the

* See "Lion's Mouth."

head of between thirty or forty of as ragged a crew as ever I beheld. The man accosted me civilly. 'Who are your friends,' said I, 'G———?' —'My chickens, Sir,' said the fellow; and it appeared these were honest freemen of the city, from a neighbouring coop, where, under the custody of this keeper, they had been feasted for nearly three weeks, lest they should be lured away and taken into keeping by the opposite party. This practice has been regularly resorted to, as the publicans of Horsford, Drayton, Mulbarton, and other villages adjacent to Norwich well know. I can also state positively, that powerful opiates have been frequently administered in their drink, to drench the senses of these poor wretches, (one man was put to sleep during the entire day of election and the night succeeding,) and even their clothes taken away whilst they were asleep, to secure their adhesion. The story of the sleeper involves a curious complication of ingenious device and of want of principle in the high, and the adherence to it in the low. The wretched object was a poor old man, whose party and personal attachment to Mr. Foster could not be shaken. But as he was eternally tormented and beset, it was no difficult matter, especially as the poor love good eating and drinking almost as well as their betters, to persuade this man 'to go to a friend's house in the country'—the common phrase for cooping. The opposite party accordingly lured him away under this false pretence. On the morning of the election, a man with a blue and white cockade drove up, and announcing himself as Mr. Foster's brother, took the poor devil, who was in an agony of delight at the honour, to Norwich. Just before they arrived at the gates, it was proposed that they should have a little refreshment before going to poll. To this there could be no objection. They stopped at the first public-house. The posset was drugged with sufficient potency, and W. F. slept till next morning on the seat he first sat down on. Upon awaking, he inquired for Mr. Foster's brother, and said he wished to go up and vote, when he was turned out of the house, with the comfortable assurance that he had been cooped by the opposite party and put to sleep during the whole day of the election. I could recite I know not how many instances of similar deceptions, effected, however, by various devices. The drunkenness, the force, the infamy of every sort that has been in continual employment, it is impossible to exaggerate. The death of men during these Saturnalia has been no uncommon event. It has now grown into a set phrase; and if one of them die, the partizans coolly inform each other that 'a chicken has dropped off his perch.' Can anything more plainly declare the heartless recklessness of such demoralizing practices?

"I was in a party of volunteer officers many years ago, when one came in and related the following occurrence, in which he had just been engaged. Passing over St. Miles' Bridge, he found two opposing bodies of partizans at high despite, (this was on the night before the election,) contending for the drunken carcass of a voter. The person in question, looking over the bridge, discerned by the lamp-light a dyer in a boat, whom he knew to be attached to his own side. Without the slightest hesitation he mingled in the press, and, while the rest were engaged in the affray, dropped the insensible man over the bridge into the boat, and returned to enjoy the confusion that arose when the victors in the strife discovered that the body for which they had been fighting was gone. It is well known that men have, at no very remote date, been seized and confined in wherries on the broads of Norfolk; and the late Alderman Crisp Brown was only rescued from such an act of violence by making his escape into the house of a gentleman in the street in which he resided.

"I shall cite one more anecdote, which a living leader of your own party can, if he pleases, confirm. A ward election was about to take place on the eve of an expected election for member of parliament. The nominees of the ward considered the most important, waited upon the relation of one of the sitting members, and assured him in the strongest terms that to win the

ward election was indispensable to his relation's success in the coming contest.* Upon this assurance a cheque for twelve hundred and forty or fifty pounds (I do not exactly remember which) was handed over to the party. The member was ousted by a great majority, and the gentleman who advanced the money was told with the utmost nonchalance by the very same persons, that his relation never had the slightest chance of being re-elected."

If it be asked how all this mischief we have described is accomplished, the details are thus to be made out, not alone as relates to Norwich, but to most corporate towns. The local jurisdiction is committed to the hands of the magistrates, who are, and must be, in some measure bound up with these subjects of dispute brought before them. A. is charged with an assault upon B. The one or the other belongs to the same or to the opposite party with the magistrate, or he works for the friends or connexions of the municipal judge. He has obliged or offended, or may oblige or offend, the party with whom the magistrate acts. In places where the recurrence of elections affecting not only the party, but the personal interests and feelings of those who sit upon the judgment-seat, there must always be, and therefore there is, a constant leaning to the complainant or the defendant. In multitudes of cases servants have been tried at sessions for stealing the goods of some of the magistrates upon the bench, their relatives and friends, or their partners in trade. Such anomalies are contrary to the spirit of justice and the laws, and they hold out no safe and no ordinary temptation. The choice of the officers of the police, and their direction, vests also in the magistracy. It is notorious that, in general, these offices are bestowed for party services and from party motives; and when the power, petty as it appears, tremendous as it is, over the poor wretches who are its objects is considered, it is quite clear that such feeling ought never to enter into or attach to such a choice or such an office. Now it is no less certain that the causes which have led to the elevation of the officer will supply motives for his conduct. He is always a zealous, often a violent partizan. He trades upon party spirit,—it is the aliment upon which he subsists; and he employs his official power leniently, or severely where it can be safely done, with a view to conciliate the further favour of his employers. In many instances the most active instruments in administering the bribery at municipal and general elections are known to be the officers of the corporation. Nor does this objection appertain to the lower classes of officers alone. When legal appointments belong to the corporation, recorder and stewardships, town-clerks, chamberlains, and treasurers, the same motives prevail in the choice. It is a fact that, in some instances, these places are the subjects of a pecuniary speculation. As thus:—An office under the court is worth 300*l.* per annum, and is granted for life. "I can only obtain it," says a keen young lawyer, "by supporting my party. If I disburse 1500*l.* in party contests, I shall realize 20 per cent. upon my outlay, and the present incumbent is declining in years or health." If his decision is made, his purse opens to the demands of party, and he becomes personally first

* We can state, from other sources of information, that, at all Norwich elections, municipal and general head-money, under the pretext of lost time, varying from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 1*l.*, is uniformly paid; and, if refused, would compromise the party for ever. It is a no less curious fact that, in this large constituency, not fewer than three-fourths of the whole apply for this douceur.

the active and interested, and at last the violent and reckless instrument of all the corrupt enterprises of party purposes. These are not fancy portraits, they are drawn from life, and from many more than a single subject.

In like manner, the charities and poor-rates of a corporate city are liable to misapplication. The highest and basest branch is, perhaps, the treasurerships and charities. The corporators of the greatest influence have these posts of honour and emolument. The profit is ordinarily derived from the interest upon the balances they hold. Hence it becomes an object to obtain possession of the annual proceeds of the rents and other funds as soon and to retain them as long as possible. We have known an annuity from 200*l.* to 400*l.* per annum, the property of a single hospital for the aged, remain in a family during nearly a century. We have known balances of 1000*l.*, 2000*l.*, and even larger sums belonging to public charities, employed by treasurers in their own trades, and even banktupts who have been permitted to remain aldermen retaining large sums in their possession without security.

The introduction of the objects of charitable foundations into these last and most comfortable retreats is also a political engine of no slight effect. Mr. Bacon states, and we can confirm his relation by other instances, that promissory notes have been given for weekly allowances for a vote till a vacancy occurred in these institutions. And this leads to the developement of the manner in which parochial relief may be, and often has been, misapplied. The pauper, if he be a known, thorough-going partizan, is relieved with more readiness and to a greater extent than an opponent. In large towns, where vast sums are raised for such purposes, it is *not* easy to calculate the influence this practice confers; for it acts not only directly upon the individual pauper, but upon his fellows, and those who fear to be his fellows, through his report and through the contrast. A, a Tory, is relieved instantly: B, a Reformer, is first visited, and then perhaps scantily assisted, or *vice versâ*. What is the natural, the necessary inference? Why, that the applicant takes the easiest and readiest passage to the favour of those who sit in judgment upon his case, and who, in truth, inflict upon him and his family or spare them a certain degree of privation and suffering.

A similarly partial exercise of patronage runs through the public works executed under the supervision of such courts. There are proofs of corporations furnishing articles of consumption to workhouses, though expressly forbidden, by the private acts of their constitution, under heavy penalties. Jobs have been made for master workmen of all descriptions, who employ large numbers of persons—especially on the eve of an election. All this is perfectly natural. Persons entrusted with power will use it in general according to their impulses and interests; and stretch to their own ends the strict rule of right.

"For," says the pamphlet we have quoted, "it is of little moment which party possesses corporation power, but it is of the utmost that party purposes should not be sustained by public means and authority. If justice is to be administered only by one party, it is but too possible that it may be granted only to one party."

And this brings us to the remedy. A mind of extraordinary patience, research, and learning, has been recently engaged on this inquiry. Sir Francis Palgrave has put forth a tract upon Corporate Reform, wherein,

after an argument upon the case, in more than one form, he has drawn up and inserted a bill for the prevention of these evils, and the uniformity of Corporation government. We have already said, "*the root of the evil lies in the nature of the constituency, and in the frequency of municipal elections.*" This doctrine, we find, is confirmed by Sir Francis :—

"It is scarcely possible," he says, "to offer any argument in favour of a reform of our existing corporations more cogent and convincing than that which results from the idea usually suggested by the term corporation, an idea wholly at variance with the original intent of the word. Consult the charters incorporating the borough of *Dale*,—you will find that the king intended to give a legal existence to one united community of 'mayor, bailiffs, common council, and burgesses,' the latter including all the substantial householders of the town. The law seeks to incorporate them all into one 'body politic,'—all having similar interests,—all drawing the same way,—all working together for the preservation of the borough's peace, and the promotion of the prosperity of all the inhabitants. Such was the pristine theory of incorporation; and, for many ages, the practical effect of our corporate institutions corresponded with their theory. The privileges of the citizen were his pride and his delight. But now the idea suggested by the word 'corporation' is wholly changed. If any one speaks of the corporation of the borough of *Dale*, he thinks only of the *governing body*. The word, as people usually receive it, describes only the mayor, bailiffs, and common council, who are assumed to be *always opposed to the main body of the burgesses, and still more to the main body of the inhabitants.* Pray mark this; the two portions of the community,—the ruling classes and the ruled classes,—incorporated by law, but *disunited by interest and feeling, are always drawing different ways, and disturbing the peace and tranquillity of the borough by their mutual dissensions and animosities.*

"These sources of discord do not afford any reason for attempting to subvert a system productive, on the whole, of the greatest advantage to our country. But they do suggest the necessity of speedily rectifying abuses which occasion much uneasiness and some danger to the whole community. Whatever places the people in opposition to their local authorities deprives those authorities of the power of administering efficient justice. The very foundation of the state is undermined, and the legislature should meet the evil without delay, by declaring on the statute roll that 'great and manifest abuses have arisen in the government and administration of municipal corporations, by which their efficacy has been diminished and their stability endangered.'

"The first step towards a reconciliation of interests between the rulers and the community would be to declare that every inhabitant householder (under such regulations as may be thought advisable) should, as such, be entitled to his freedom."

Here the real principle is mooted, and the true question arises; namely, whether, under the altered forms and opinions of men, these early modifications of society can be efficaciously revived? Whatever may have been the deserts of corporations in producing the results described by Sir Francis Palgrave in his letter to Mr. Hallam, whether "the constitution has or has not been upheld by these local and independent administrations," it appears there is now no need of any such championship, the constitution is protected by a wider and more powerful advocacy.

Neither can we disagree in the general principle with Sir Francis Palgrave, when he says, "Give respectability to municipal institutions,

render corporate rights a test of character, and you will always secure a supply of candidates for the stamp which the institutions afford." But how to effect this? Experience emphatically declares, that all the suggestions and arrangements, which during ages of experiment have been tried, are ineffectual—nay, worse, they have corrupted alike "the rulers and the ruled" in almost every instance—an unshunned consequence which proves the universal nature of the causes by the very same processes. For the same reasons we cannot coincide either in his details or in some of his inferences. Sir Francis says, "Municipal institutions, local jurisdictions, properly organised, and for these our ancient popular courts supply the best models, afford the only practicable method of satisfying the demand for cheap justice now so loudly urged." There is reason to doubt, in spite of the paradox, whether justice can be administered so cheaply by the agency of an unpaid, as by a stipendiary magistracy. To all corporate bodies is attached a host of lawyers and officials in the shape of recorders, stewards, town-clerks, chamberlains, chief-constables, mayor's officers, mace-bearers, and numberless other titles, all of which, except perhaps the very highest, receive emoluments, and large emoluments, from the corporation funds, to say nothing of perquisites. In some corporations the nominal salary of these officers is comparatively very low, while large amounts are drawn from fees. We can name one where the town-clerk is paid a guinea for each attendance at every meeting of the trustees of every charity; four such sometimes take place in one morning from eleven to two o'clock. He commonly sends a deputy, who has also a salary from the court, and pockets his four guineas, which are deducted from the funds of the charities. It is scarcely possible to obtain a knowledge either of the income or the expenditure of bodies corporate, and especially of the real proceeds of such offices. These, indeed, are but the staff of the generals; but they are not only more expensive, probably, but less compact,—under less control,—and ever infinitely more ready for party purposes than paid and legally responsible moveable police. In most cases, all these officers, who are engaged in the lower but most active departments for the protection of the persons and property of the burgesses, are removable at the pleasure or on the assumption of office, when they are frequently removed by the new chief magistrate for mere party reasons. Hence the continuity of the man's habits and dependences is broken; hence party supersedes principle; the constable chosen is the most zealous partizan at an election, local or general; and (a circumstance of no slight importance) two bodies of expectants are created in absolute hostility to, and ever upon the watch to contravene, each other. The more direct and palpable facts and arguments which show the tendency there must always be to give a bias to the decisions of magistrates interested for or against prosecutors or criminals; the intimate ties and connexions of commerce, relationship, acquaintance, and, above all, party opinions, which prevail in comparatively small societies, have been already set forth. They do not certainly show themselves often, in great violations of public or personal rights, but that they continually act to produce partial judgments, no one who has studied the workings of human passions will ever be disposed to question.

We will admit, fully admit, the justice of Sir Francis Palgrave's

position, that "if you in any wise injure the moral character, the influence, or the respectability of the ruling portions of society, those below them immediately receive a corresponding detriment and harm." This is true, but how does it apply to the question before us? In a manner directly the reverse of the sense in which he wishes it to be understood. Corporators ("the ruling portions of society") *have* injured, and must probably continue to injure, their own "moral character, influence, and respectability" *de facto*, by the means they must employ (adhesion to a party) and their contingent depravation in order to obtain office and to preserve it peacefully and pleasurably to themselves. It was sufficiently notorious, before the publication of Mr. Bacon's letter to Lord Stormont, though not perhaps so universally understood, that seats in corporate assemblies are always obtained, according to the rule, for the contrary is the rare exception,—namely, by corrupt means. Mayors and aldermen, bailiffs and councils, are distinguished in their localities by their party associations; they demean themselves to all sorts of party strife, party intrigue, and party bribery, for the sake of this rank and its attendant privileges, and they must do so or go without them. All this is as well known to the inhabitants of corporate towns as the way to the town-hall, and it is no exaggeration to say that such offices are now held "in unutterable contempt." How often do we hear complaints that the inhabitants of the highest worth cannot be induced to support the respectability of corporations by taking office? In truth such complaints are almost universal. And why? Because the degradation, the animosities, the expenses implied in reaching office deter most men of honourable notions from the attempt.

Sir Francis assumes, that because the last parliament rejected the Clause of the Reform Bill, which by gradually rescinding the franchise by birth and servitude, would "have prepared the way for the abolition of corporate privileges, the legislature has pronounced its solemn decision in favour of the conservation of these bodies." We speak from authority when we say, that the framers of the Reform Bill regret that decision. They repent their own subsequent concession of the clause, and esteem it amongst the most fatal errors. The matter is formally argued in a late number (CXII.) of the "Edinburgh Review," and in an article to which report attaches an author of the highest exaltation.

"The worst part of the Bill," says the Reviewer, "was all along felt to be the continuance of the *Freeman's* right of voting. That class is, beyond doubt, the very worst to which the franchise could have been entrusted: more especially that portion of it that obtains the right by inheritance; those who become free by apprenticeship are, generally speaking, of a better description; being persons of industrious habits, and some substance. But those who have the right, merely because their parents had earned it, are as little likely to deserve it, as the descendants of men ennobled for their merits are to possess the same qualities: this is, indeed, the worst form of hereditary title; it has none of the few safeguards which exist in those of a higher description, while it has all their drawbacks. It must be recollected, that in the old boroughs, the habit of receiving bribes had become general and inveterate. All sense of shame was extinguished by its prevalence; the whole caste of freemen deemed it part of their privileges to be bought and sold; and men, even in other respects of reputable character, were often found accessible to this customary corruption, at least in its more mitigated form of head-money. When the body of freemen generally

were habituated to such practices, a great number of them were sure to be found in each place sunk in the lowest state of venality and corruption—selling themselves for a price, or, like cattle, bartered by wholesale dealers in the crime. It is beyond all question clear, that the late elections have exhibited instances of bribery among the freemen, on a scale that would have done credit to the worst days of the old system."

Mr. Bacon's pamphlet confirms this by instances, and indeed the fact cannot be denied. But how then was the legislature blinded? The legislature is composed of men of the same feelings and the same interests that belong to us all. They were about to return to a constituency in a greater degree consisting of these very freemen, and they looked forward to the consequences. It is believed that one of the present members for York, who was thrown out in the former contest by a brother reformer, when every thing favoured his election, owes his seat to having voted against the clause which his quondam successful adversary supported.

Proceeding to the details, the apparatus through which Sir Francis Palgrave proposes to regenerate corporations appears much too complicate and elaborate for the occasion. The question resolves itself, in our mind, into far simpler principles and far simpler means. Three purposes are to be answered—local police, charitable trusts, and the management of the poor. These are separate and separable offices and duties, and they ought to be separated, because they require entirely different attributes of character and attainment. We do not say that the same individual may not make a good police magistrate and an honest guardian of the public money; but the two things have no necessary or even implied connexion. The first of these offices, we maintain, is to be executed more impartially, more firmly, more consistently, and lastly, even more cheaply, by a stipendiary magistrate than by a corporation, with its attendant train of officials.* The second should be entrusted to the burgesses most respected for probity, intellect, and property. The third to men of action and energetic minds, and whose ways of life lead them to an immediate acquaintance with the occupations and habits, the industry and idleness, the honesty, or the deceit of the applicants for relief. Opulent men will seldom sacrifice their ease or consent to harass their feelings to the extent that attendants on such duties demand. It is true, Sir Francis has, in his bill, invented very minute subdivisions of inspection and control. But is his plan practicable? Is it not destroyed by its very subtilization? He takes it for granted that

"The mischievous power hitherto possessed by the ruling bodies of corporations, the power of misapplying the corporate funds for the purpose of defraying the electioneering expenses of a favourite candidate, is at length restrained. And no real valid reason can be given why these bodies should not be wholly prohibited from managing the common stock of the community, otherwise than for the benefit of the community."

We have shown that he is in error. This mischievous power is still in full, though (to a certain extent) in *covert* action; nor is it easy to invent

* A return of the expenses attending the maintenance of the police, and the business of the corporate body itself, should have been ordered together with the inquiries made in the late circular from the Home Office; these are very material, if not the most momentous items in the consideration of the propriety of resuscitating the old and creating new bodies corporate.

any means of precluding its misapplication * to the purposes of those in whose hands it is lodged. It can be extinguished by removing (the Reform Bill does it) all paupers from the franchise; so far as relates to that class. But the influence given by the distribution of charitable funds, by the power of appointing to offices of emolument, and by the employment of tradesmen, it is next to impossible to subvert so long as it is vested in permanent corporations.

"If, instead of viewing corporations as vital portions of the commonwealth, all parties of the legislature have considered these institutions merely as the convenient depositories of parliamentary interest," the mischief is done: ages must revolve before a pure animus can be instilled. The frequent recurrence of municipal elections and their baneful consequences seem to have escaped the view of our learned author, and indeed of most other people. Yet this is amongst the greatest evils; and its pernicious agency would of course be augmented, should the duration of parliament be shortened, all the corruption of municipal being referable to the root of general elections. In support of this opinion, we need only recur to the state of the city of Norwich; nor does Norwich stand alone. These contests train the more affluent inhabitants of boroughs to eternal hostility, eternal intrigue, eternal animosity; the lower classes to eternal demoralization.

Having thus ended our irksome but important task of objection, it will be inquired what we have to propose? Our answer is to simplify the administration of the several duties we have classified, and to adapt them to the objects.

First for the police: it appears to us that a responsible stipendiary magistrate answerable to and amoveable by the government on any well-supported evidence of the abuse of authority, is the most likely to be at once impartial and efficacious, both as regards the prevention and the punishment of the misdemeanors and crimes which legitimately fall under such jurisdiction. Secondly, in regard to charitable funds,—trustees chosen from the most respectable citizens for stated periods, say three or five years, by householders paying a certain rent, appear to be most likely to stand above all temptation. And these should be restrained from the receipts of any emolument, directly or indirectly, arising out of the proceeds of the charities, either by treasurerships, the performance of work, or any other sinister methods. Auditors ought in all cases to be superadded, not elected, from persons not belonging to the body; the accounts ought to be published in the local journals.

Thirdly, the levy and distribution, and poor-rates would be most

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* Many charitable foundations are restricted with respect to the objects, for example, the candidate for admission into an hospital we could point out, must be of a certain age, a certain trade, and an inhabitant of a certain quarter of the town. A man was recently admitted merely on party grounds, who could conform to no one of these qualifications; objection was taken by a corporator. You are probably right, said the dons; but such appointments have been often made, and we shall make this; if you can set us right legally, pray do. You know the course in such a case; the corporation funds would be employed to defend the parties against an individual, who, of course, would not incur the expense of an application to the Court of King's Bench. This is a great, a frequent, and a crying evil; it is the most effectual mode of deterring those who seek justice from its pursuit.

properly entrusted to a board consisting of one or more inhabitants of each parish, according to the numbers of its population, to be elected annually at the vestry, by those parishoners who contribute to the rates: this would secure a locally informed and an active court of administrators.

To such simple divisions and regulations would we reduce municipal government. Nothing short of the positive abolition of bodies corporate can rectify the various abuses which have arisen from their present constitution, and from the misapplication of the property submitted to their direction.

And to set the matter in the plainest light, we shall finally recapitulate our principles and our inductions.

1st. The original design of these institutions having passed away, and their universal tendency having been found to be the corruption of those holding or electing to corporate offices, they now exist under the total loss of public estimation.

2d. To endeavour to revive this estimation is perfectly useless, because the progress of manners has entirely changed the notions of society; because the pageantry has become absurd, and the election and administration corrupt; and lastly, because it is next to impossible to continue the form, without subjecting it, in the execution, to the same obstacles.

3d. A classification of duties appears to be desirable, and it is especially important to adopt the functionary to the function.

4th. A division of powers seems most likely to obtain the end, the simplest, readiest, and most impartial government.

5th. A constituency, whose elective competency should be based upon higher degrees of property, and embrace a wider extent of numbers, and must form the foundation of an improved representation; elections to be less frequent where the duties, such as the distribution of charitable funds, can be placed under strict laws and effectual control, annual where trusts, like the distribution of the poor-rates, are implied.

By means, even so simple, might be avoided that admixture of municipal elections with general representation, which acts so fatally upon the society, the interests, and the morals of corporate towns. The grand object of desire and of contest, if not absolutely removed, would be at least resolved to its own elements, passions, and temptations.

PECCHIO AND PUDDING.

"The plum pudding is a sweet compound of flour, eggs, milk, sugar, raisins, brandy, and beef-suet, which is easily digested by means of a ride of twenty miles on a high-trotting horse."—*Pecchio's Observations in England*, p. 355, note.

Only ride twenty miles on a hard-trotting horse,
And you'll eat a plum-pudding, though greasy and coarse;
Go fourscore miles more on a frisky Welsh pony,
And you'll swallow a sirloin, rank, stringy, and bony;
With a cool hundred more, (which just fifty times four is,)
You'd bolt Pecchio himself, with his wonderful stories.—IGNOTUS.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."*

We have received these volumes somewhat too late to afford them and their gifted writer so prolonged a criticism as we could wish. The time has gone by for us to criticise the former works of Mr. D'Israeli; to point out the faults and beauties of "Vivian Grey"—the racy and felicitous satire of "Poponilla," (a work to which the world has not yet done justice)—or the various errors which marred the excellent conception of the "Young Duke." Of "Contarini Fleming" we have, within the last few months, recorded our opinion; it is the highest and the most matured of Mr. D'Israeli's novels; a work in which he has begun to learn that an author is an artist. The novel before us is not without glaring faults, but it is full of all sorts of beauties. The Tale of Alroy is a kind of prose opera; the same gorgeousness of scene—the same floridity of sentiment—the same union of music, pageantry, and action, that allure us at the King's Theatre—dazzle, and sometimes almost fatigue us from their very brilliancy, in the volumes now before us. Debarred the stage in its present state, for which the talents of the author are peculiarly suited, Mr. D'Israeli embodies stage effects in a romance. Hence much of a certain startling and meretricious abruptness of style, which we cannot persuade ourselves to admire; hence, too, much of a poetical rhythm—evidently *intended* by the author (and not the result of negligence)—which, in the midst of a prose work, runs with a displeasing sweetness on the ear. Many of the sentences glide into "regular metre," as the following, (we break the words printed as prose into blank verse)—

> "Or sail upon the cool and azure lake
> In some bright barque, like to a sea-nymph's shell,
> And followed by the swans."
>
> "There is no lake so blue as thy blue eye,
> There is no swan so white as thy round arm."
>
> "Or shall we lance our falcons in the air,
> And bring the golden pheasant to our feet?" &c.

Such instances occur perpetually, and often the verse is really so fine that it is a thousand pities it should be mistaken by that Mons. Jourdain, the Public, for prose; still more is it a pity when what would be a beauty in verse becomes a fault in prose. Mr. D'Israeli has, we know, his own opinions in this respect, and denies that it *is* a fault. We cannot at present spare the space for a dispute—we adjourn the question. A very little additional trouble would have concocted these prose volumes into a tale in verse, and verse of no ordinary power, melody, and diversitude; and perhaps ten years ago we should have been criticising the poem—as fifty years ago we should have been crowding to the tragedy—and this day we are reviewing the romance—of Alroy, the ambitious aspirant to the Eastern Thrones. The subject is conceived with great boldness—the plot is perfectly original—it is essentially and even superbly dramatic. An Israelite of the name of David Alroy, who

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* Printed for Saunders and Ottley, 3 vols. 8vo.

existed in the middle ages, assumed to himself the ambition of a king, and the sanctity of a Messiah. Assembling the Jewish tribes inhabiting the vicinity of the Mount of Chophta, he taught them to obey, to believe, and to make war. It is the career of this bold impostor that the author has traced. The dullest reader will perceive how rich are the materials he has employed—how full a scope the narrative presents for stirring adventure and for gorgeous description. The author, too, is no fireside delineator of fancied pictures. He has visited the vast plains and the mighty ruins, the burning deserts and the mystic rivers he describes; he assists his imagination by his memory. In selecting extracts from the work, we are made the more susceptible of its genius and its defects; it is too *achingly* brilliant—it wants repose; every page of the narrative is loaded with poetical adornment. We make extracts at random, sure to chance upon a passage characteristic of the work, and manifesting the powers of the author.

THE JACKAL, THE MARTEN CAT, AND THE LION.

"Night brings rest; night brings solace; rest to the weary; solace to the sad. And to the desperate night brings despair.

"The moon has sunk to early rest; but a thousand stars are in the sky. The high mountains rise severe in the clear and silent air. In the forest all is still. The tired wind no longer roams, but has lightly dropped on its leafy couch, and sleeps like man. Silent all but the fountain's drip. And by the fountain's side a youth is lying.

"Suddenly a creature steals through the black and broken rocks. Ha, ha! the jackal smells from afar the rich corruption of the courser's clay. Suddenly and silently it steals, and stops, and smells. Brave banqueting I ween to-night for all that goodly company. Jackal, and fox, and marten cat, haste ye now ere morning's break shall call the vulture to his feast, and rob ye of your prey.

"The jackal lapped the courser's blood, and moaned with exquisite delight. And in a moment, a faint bark was heard in the distance. And the jackal peeled the flesh from one of the ribs, and again burst into a shriek of mournful extasy.

"Hark, their quick tramp! First six, and then three, galloping with ungodly glee. And a marten cat came rushing down from the woods; but the jackals, fierce in their number, drove her away, and there she stood without the circle, panting, beautiful, and baffled, with her white teeth and glossy skin, and sparkling eyes of rabid rage.

"Suddenly, as one of the half-gorged jackals retired from the main corpse, dragging along a stray member by some still palpitating nerves, the marten cat made a spring at her enemy, carried off his prey, and rushed into the woods.

"Her wild scream of triumph woke a lion from his lair. His mighty form black as ebony, moved on a distant eminence, his tail flowed like a serpent. He roared, and the jackals trembled, and immediately ceased from their banquet, turning their heads in the direction of their sovereign's voice. He advanced; he stalked towards them. They retired; he bent his head, examined the carcass with condescending curiosity, and instantly quitted it with royal disdain. The jackals again collected around their garbage. The lion advanced to the fountain to drink. He beheld a man. His mane rose, his tail was wildly agitated, he bent over the sleeping Prince, he uttered an awful roar, which woke Alroy."

This description is full of poetry and power. But the finest scene in the book, perhaps, and a scene full of a very high and dark order of imagination, is to be found in Alroy's successful enterprise for the

sceptre of Solomon. To obtain this treasure, he braves the power of the Afrites, those terrible genii of the eastern superstition. And here the author exerts all the power, and calls in all the aid of imaginative poesy.

"In the range of mountains that lead from Olivet to the river Jordan is the great cavern of Genthesma, a mighty excavation formed by the combined immemorial work of nature and of art. For on the high basaltic columns are cut strange characters and unearthly forms, and in many places the natural ornaments have been completed by the hands of the sculptor into symmetrical entablatures and fanciful capitals. The work, they say, of captive Dives and conquered Afrites, for the great king.

"It was midnight; the cold full moon showered its brilliancy upon this narrow valley, shut in on all sides by black and barren mountains. A single being stood at the entrance of the cave.

"It was Alroy. Desperate and determined, after listening to the two spirits in the tomb, he was resolved to penetrate the mysteries of Genthesma.

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"A small and bright red cloud seemed sailing towards him. It opened, discharged from its bosom a silvery star, and dissolved again into darkness. But the star remained, the silvery star, and threw a long line of tremulous light upon the vast and raging rapid, which now, fleet and foaming, revealed itself on all sides to the eye of Alroy.

"The beautiful interposition in his favour re-animated the adventurous pilgrim. A dark shadow in the fore-ground, breaking the line of light shed by the star upon the waters, attracted his attention. He advanced, regained his former footing, and more nearly examined it. It was a boat, and in the boat, mute and immovable, sat one of those vast, singular, and hideous forms which he had observed sculptured on the walls of the gallery.

"David Alroy, committing his fortunes to the God of Israel, leapt into the boat.

"And at the same moment the Afrite, for it was one of those dread beings, raised the oars, and the boat moved. The falling waters suddenly parted in the long line of the star's reflection, and the bark glided through their high and severed masses.

"In this wise they proceeded for a few minutes, until they entered a beautiful and moonlit lake. In the distance was a mountainous country. Alroy examined his companion with a feeling of curiosity not unmixed with terror. It was remarkable that Alroy could never succeed in any way attracting his notice. The Afrite seemed totally unconscious of the presence of his passenger. At length the boat reached the opposite shore of the lake, and the Prince of the Captivity disembarked.

"He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, which extended far as the eye could reach, and which ascended the side of the mountain, which was cut into a flight of magnificent steps. The easy ascent was in consequence soon accomplished, and Alroy, proceeding along the avenue of lions, soon gained the summit of the mountain.

"To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly-marked locality could not be mistaken: at his feet were Jehosaphat, Kedron, Siloah: he stood upon Olivet; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon, a few days back, for the first time! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates and pillars, and gardened terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns

of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the otus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine.

"And in the front a mighty temple rose, with inspiration in its very form, a Temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence! * * * * * * * * * * *

"The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings; and, as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, 'All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother king. Thy crown awaits thee!'

"The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had a little recovered himself, and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were reseated; and, from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced.

"And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch in spite of his discrowned head.

"And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the king was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love, and thanksgiving, and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

"And farther on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne, one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre.

"And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and, without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step.

"The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things, but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy.

"Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires, and all his labours. But he thought of his country, his people, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and, with a gentle firmness, grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor.

"And, as he seized it, the whole scene vanished frem his sight!

These extracts will suffice to give the reader a notion of the power of

langurge, and the glowing fancy, which are exhibited in the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy." It is a work far more adapted for popularity than "Contarini Fleming." It is full of incident—of stir and passion—of wild and melodramatic adventure. It will doubtless be adapted to the stage, for which it is eminently well suited. Its faults we have already hinted at; viz. a diction too often rhythmical—a brilliancy too often meretricious—an imagination too often exaggerated. But there is always metal beneath its exuberant floridity—the sword of the thyrsus as well as the flowers. To the Tale of Alroy, which occupies about two volumes and a half, is added a story of simpler and less elaborate materials, but upon one of the noblest subjects that ever flashed on the conception of the romance-writer or the poet—viz. the "Rise of Iskander." The two tales form a consistent and harmonious whole—there is a connexion as well as a contrast—between the fall of an impostor, and the rise of a patriot.

We cordially recommend these remarkable volumes to the attention they will doubtless receive: to the common reader, their exciting narrative and glowing diction will be their best charm—to a more examining and critical reader, we beg to observe that to us it seems necessary, in order fairly to judge the *degree* of merit to which they attain, to compare them to no every-day standard of romantic fiction. It will not be fair to apply to writings evidently written upon poetical models, the canons only of prose.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

New Literary Association—Pleasures intended for the Poor—On Grand Christian Names—Church Property—The Danger of Tea-drinking—Dr. Lardner on Style—Manners of the South Sea transferred to Cornhill—The Prevalence of Lying—Tout est Perdu—Earl Fitzwilliam and Eorlderman Waithman.

New Literary Association.—Some subscriptions lately started will surely suggest to authors some system of self-relief more satisfactory than an appeal to public charity. Individually there is nothing to be done, corporately much. The relief of bad writers is not intended: the only relief such persons can expect is to be driven into some other mode of gaining a livelihood. What would be said of a shoemaker who could fit no foot, and whose handywork was slovenly and misshapen,—simply that something of a temporary nature should be done for him till he could find another line in which he might be useful. We would speak of authors of acknowledged talent,—men whose works are in request, and who are capable of acquiring a sufficient income. There are many causes why even such men frequently fall behindhand; and, once embarrassed, such is the nature of their profession, that it is highly improbable that they should retrieve themselves. The causes may be indicated thus: literary gains are both uncertain in amount and in time; uncertainty leads to anticipation, debt, and overshooting: it is not always that men are capable of intellectual work; the results of their inspiration are not always lucky; it is not always that an author can safely say what he intends to produce: in the course of moulding his genius will take its own way. Again,

men always calling upon their imagination, will find it come when uncalled for,—it will intrude upon calculations; literary men are sanguine; persons like them, too, living much in the ideal world, or, on the other hand, holding the pen of national instruction, are apt to forget somewhat their mundane condition, and order their conduct by intellectual rather than social rank; they are sensitive—nay, quarrelsome; and often far more haughty in their dealings than they can afford. All this must be forgiven them; it comes of their occupation, just as consumption comes of polishing and pointing needles. The question is, whether by any system of mutual assistance literary men may be relieved of their consequences. Take any case—suppose the one of a man of undoubted talent, like Leigh Hunt, who never could be at a loss for employment if the proceeds of the whole year be taken into account. And yet, coming in as the incomes of literary men do, certain we are that a sure annuity, or a dividend from the funds of half the amount of their gains, would be more serviceable; and glad would he, or, if not he, many others, be to exchange an equal and certain income for one of much larger apparent value. If he had capital to fall back upon in case of temporary cessation—not so—but as he and most other literary men are without any capital save the landed property that lies under the *pia mater*, such an arrangement would be in the highest degree beneficial. If such individual were in arrears, the difference between his certain and his uncertain incommight be reserved for their payment;—if happily unencumbered, then the difference would pass to his account, and be laid up a store for that time when the eyes grow dim and the fingers wax stiff. Now this being true in one case, it is true of a thousand, according to their means. The bottom of it all is, that capital is wanting individually, and the problem to be solved is, whether that which is wanted individually can be supplied corporately.

The sketch of a plan has occurred to us.

Let a literary loan and life insurance society be formed; other professions have their peculiar life insurance societies; in this case a new feature is to be added. It is the insurance of incomes under certain circumstances.

Suppose an author comes to the secretary of the society, and shows him that for the last few years he has been in the receipt of five, six, seven, or eight hundred per annum; that his engagements are of such and such a nature, promising a continuation of the same income; and makes it further appear that, falling in as it does, it prevents his accumullating anything, and, in fact, leads him into debt, or, at least, to require credit; and we all know that five pounds ready money is worth full ten in uncertain expectancy. Life being insured in the office, the secretary would have no difficulty in saying, Well, you must live on so much—you shall receive it here monthly, stipulating that you refer every payment, be it of a pound, to your account here. This stipulation is liable to evasion; but the proceeding must be, not a merely legal, but an honourable one: the word of honour would be more binding than a bond among the persons for whose relief we are planning; the penalty, expulsion from the society and exposure of name. Gamblers and stockbrokers get on well together by the aid of honour, surely authors may. Well then, suppose the arrangement made—the literary bank pays the monthly income, and receives the general proceeds and earnings;—five per cent. would be

charged on all advances, and, at the end of the year, a portion, say five per cent. be withdrawn for the covering of all losses, and the expenses of the establishment, or for accumulation, to be given as bonuses, or for sick allowances, as might be arranged.

We have mentioned expulsion from the society as a check—this implies a society—yes; the business of the Secretary and the Board would be greatly lightened, and the security of the institution greatly promoted, by excluding all from the advantages of the establishment, who were not members of the society: admission to it being secured only on certain conditions, viz., an entrance fee, an annual subscription,—and, more important than all, proof of having gained a certain sum or income by literary labour.

The grand purpose of such an institution is to relieve the essential cares of a literary life; it might however, be made to contribute to its pleasures. A club might be associated with it—a corresponding association—a library—lectures;—the Athenæum was got up under an idea of bringing literary men together, and of contributing one way or other to the advancement of literature: it is a mere club; its founders never understood the wants of professional literary men, or had grown above them. The Literary Union consists, we believe, more exclusively of authors, but we are not aware that they congregate to any useful purpose: still these clubs might be made useful in the erection of our Literary Bank; and, if patronized by them, it would at any rate stand a chance of being tried.

The approval of such a club as the Athenæum, consisting very much as it does of the wealthier lovers of literature, would assuredly greatly assist in setting the subscription for the capital afloat; though, were the scheme in the hands of good managers, we firmly believe there would be no difficulty in raising two or three hundred thousand pounds, or more. Five per cent. is not easily had for money, and more capital would not be called for than paid that interest, besides a great many collateral advantages that shareholders would possess, or might be made to possess.

This is a plan that requires development and arrangement, such as it is impossible to give it in this form; but it is quite capable of being put in a shape that would stand the examination of a man of figures, besides containing elements that appeal to other organs than those of number.

Pleasures intended for the Poor.—There has been a good deal of sympathy shown of late for the poor;—some are for providing them with play-grounds, others are standing up for their foot-paths;—the Ten Hours' Bill is a step to the abolition of the white slave trade; the Sabbath is to be held sacred for the sake of the labourer; and it might be thought, if it were not for the bishops and the beer-shops, that the powerful were about to lead the poor into an earthly Paradise. They are to have walks built by river sides, and open spaces are to be reserved for their exercises,—their ancient paths, by stile and brook and copse, are to be no longer closed against them; their children are not to be permitted to work too long, and they are not to be held to labour too many days of the week. This is all very well, and we find no fault with it; but what poor man has the heart to play as he returns from receiving parish pay: with animal food once or twice a-week, it is well

if the labourer has strength to get through his work, much less to play. What cares he for footpaths when they only lead to ill-paid work? if want drives him to poaching, he makes his own way and asks no man's leave. The beauties of nature have no charms for the father who has to keep a family on ten shillings a-week; the hay does not grow for his horse, and the corn is cut for bread almost too dear to buy; he has no cow to feed upon the pasture that looks so bright and green to well-fed eyes. His pleasures are mightily few; one however he has,—the beer-shop,—for there he can go and grumble. Hence it is we suppose that of all the delights spread out and to be spread for the poor man, the only one exactly suited to his wants—the grumbling-shop—is the only one against which there is an almost universal outcry.

Instead of plotting play-grounds for those who are too sad to sport, or preserving bye-paths for those who are almost too weary to go any way but one,—the cut across to the church-yard,—take off taxes, relieve labour from its burthens; let us contrive to make the poor man's home happier, his food more plentiful, his family better clothed and better taught, he will then for himself soon find a nice play-ground for his little ones; and he himself, provided his shoes be good, will hardly care much if he is obliged to trudge by the road rather than the field-path.

On Grand Christian Names.—Nothing will satisfy the Negroes in the West Indies, when they are christening their children, but a long name; the longer the name, the greater the honour: John and George are despised; and a traveller tells us, that he made one poor woman happy, by standing godfather to a little black pudding, to whom he gave the name of Chrononhotonthologos. The Americans, on the Western borders, have a fancy to give what are called fine names. Mr. Stuart tells us, that the appellations of all the young ladies in one district end in *a*.

"I remonstrated with Mr. Picket upon the Minerva names of the female part of his family. He defended himself on the ground, that it was now the universal custom of the country, that the Christiau names of ladies should end in A. His defence is, I believe, generally well founded, but it is singular, that such a custom should prevail in a new country, professing perfect simplicity of manners, or that *new* families in England, of recently acquired wealth, should almost invariably abandon the far more beautiful and simple names of Mary, Jane, &c., and adopt the fanciful and romantic names of Theodosia, Constantia, &c., which, in nine cases out of ten, only serve to make the nominees ridiculous.

"If the parvenus of England knew how the Newcastles and the aristocracy of England, whose manners they try to imitate, laugh at this practice, they would infallibly abandon it."—*Stuart's America.* p. 376. vol. II.

Mr. Stuart is far from shewing his usual good sense here. His remonstrance was quite out of place: Mr. Picket had quite as much right to consult his taste, and make all his daughters end in A as the Duke of Gordon to give all his greyhounds names beginning with Z; or the Duke of Grafton all his race-horses with W. We dare say, no Yankee ever remonstrated with them on the occasion. The beauty and simplicity of names are altogether arbitrary: Mary and Elizabeth, and Judith, may suit a taste formed on the Puritan model, that is to say, an English and a Scotch taste: the French consider Victoire, Adele, Adriane, or any other such "fanciful and romantic" names, quite as simple, and perhaps as beautiful, as Mr. Stuart does Mary and Jane. In

England, our constant adherence to the Puritan names is a proof rather of want of taste and information than anything else. If the aristocracy have more than others indulged in a variety of names, it is because their connexions have been more various, often foreign, and frequently with persons who could afford to please their fancy. Mr. Stuart seems to think that the laughter of the class he indicates by the Newcastles is a thing to be dreaded: it may certainly be so to those who endeavour to imitate them, if there are such. The aristocracy is undoubtedly powerful, but surely it is not quite so strong as to be able to make the people change their system of names,—and by a laugh too. They who call their girls Constantia, Alathea, &c., because some of the nobility may own them, deserve to be ridiculed; but they who choose to travel from Jewish to Greek and Latin sounds, because they admire them, or because they call up pleasant associations, we hope would never turn to the red-book, or the pension-list, to see whether the great or the fashionable have had similar tastes. Surely a man may do what he likes with his own!

Church Property.—Church robbery has begun: we hope it will be followed by corporation robbery next, and then by school robbery. Church property should provide for the wants of religion,—corporation property for those of police,—school property for the necessities of education. There are few things better known than that the present disposition of church property is injurious to religion,—that corporation funds go to feed, instead of to catch thieves; and that in those schools where the endowments are the richest, there the education is the poorest. If we cannot have a national church so as to embrace all, after the charitable plan of Dr. Arnold, we can take all our thieves in one net, and teach all our boys out of one book: we may have, in short, a general police and a universal education.

When the municipalities are properly formed, every district will have its little capital; this capital will contain its head police-office, its head school, its library, and its museum. Education comes of more things than books: one of the causes of the superior humanity of townsmen is their greater familiarity with works of art and the specimens of their fellow-man's ingenuity. The French people receive a good deal of this education in their museums and collections of curiosities, to which people of all ranks have admission. Mrs. Strutt, in her "Six Weeks on the Loire," speaking of the museum at Angiers, says, "A regiment had marched into Angiers that morning, and, before two hours had elapsed, there were at least a dozen private soldiers at the Musée looking at the pictures in respectful silence, and with a discriminating attention which showed that it was not the first time they had been in an exhibition of the kind." Where would they have been in England?—at the public-house; and had there been a museum in the town it would have either been shut against them, or money which they could not pay, would have been demanded at the entrance. As far as books are concerned, the lower orders of France are not better educated than in England; but they have far more self-respect, and receive a sort of education from their museums, collections of natural history, their humanizing dances, and the amusements of their *jours de fêtes*.

If all that aldermen of corporate towns eat and drink on their festival days,—if all the snug little sinecures in their gift,—if all the jobbing

which goes to make the fortune of the town-clerk, and the mayor's nephews and nieces,—had been spent for the public good, then not a town of the size of Reading or Doncaster that might not have possessed at this moment a capital collection of pictures, a good scientific museum, all sorts of astronomical and other instruments, an excellent library, a botanic garden, and others of those means of public improvement and enlightenment. In this case our artists would not now be pining by dozens; and the authors of good books would at any rate always be sure of a certain quantity of sale. At present they are taxed, —otherwise robbed,—they, of all people in the world!—to the amount of eleven copies of each work,—by such institutions as we possess now under the old system of abuse,—that is to say, by Sion College,—a dungeon in the city of London,—by St. Andrew's, ready to sell her share of the plunder for 500*l.* per annum,—by the libraries of Cambridge and Oxford, for the sole use of the monks of either place,—and other similar and far less deserving institutions.

What would not be the humanizing influence of these little capitals of art and civilization? What have we in their stead? A heap of aldermen,—perhaps a dean and chapter, with a cathedral library never entered; a wealthy foundation-school with three charity scholars and four-and-twenty boarders, each paying a hundred a-year; and another large school without any endowment of either wealth or learning, where nothing is learnt because nothing is taught, and the only purpose of which seems to be to consume so much of life. What little art or science or literature such towns possess may be discovered in their secret pining, struggling, dissatisfied talent,—working its way under all kinds of difficulty, and ultimately either escaping to the metropolis, or sinking into the grave. The crime of both our schools and our corporations is, that they not only fail in doing what they attempt, but they prevent the institution of better things. We would put the church money in one heap, the school money in another, the corporation money in another, and apply it according to the lights of this age. The donors did the same in their time; but their ideas are outgrown; the plans of the institutions they founded differ as widely from the wants of their times as their garments they wore, and how the fashion of them would suit our notions of beauty and utility may be seen in the robes of the boys of Christ's Hospital. Their long blue coats, yellow stockings, and shallow caps are as well fitted to their outward as Latin and Greek to the inward man.

The Danger of Tea-Drinking.—The South Carolinians are famous for their fervid eloquence: the Tariff, combined with the heat of the climate, is the source of much inspiration. General Hamilton, at a late meeting at Charleston, made a speech which was received with rapturous applause. Among other things, he said, "He had himself made an importation, having made a shipment of rice to the Havanna, and ordered a return cargo of sugar. He would allow his importation to go into the Custom-house stores, and wait events. He would not produce unnecessary collision; but, if our hopes of a satisfactory adjustment of the question were disappointed, he *knew that his fellow-citizens would go even to the death with him for his sugar.*"—[He was interrupted by an unanimous burst of accord.] "Go to the death for sugar!" In the beginning of the Revolution, the quarrel with England was about

tea. The Bostonians went even to the death for tea! It is now a tax on sugar that is to produce a further split in this great continent. It is curious to think, that that great country should always be going to loggerheads about a cup of tea. Tea must be a very combustible material: *We* have had some ill-temper shown on the subject at home, and have put it under a Board of Control. In the shape of slavery, it has kept this country, and its tea, in hot water for thirty years. Pope speaks of a lady who never took a dish of tea without a stratagem; and it seems she was in the right, for it appears a very dangerous thing. America has fought and bled for its cup of tea first, and is now likely to do the same for sugar to put into it; while the ill-blood that has been made here, and the black blood that has been spilt in the colonies, altogether proves a cup of tea to be a beverage brimming with strife and disunion. Its effects may be observed on old maids: tea and scandal are always coupled together: but when nations get to their cups the consequences are more serious. The Bostonians threw some hundreds of chests into the sea, and after having made that enormous cup of tea in the bay with salt water, peace was unknown for many years. Now we shall have a series of combats among hogsheads of sugar, more inflammatory than barrels of gunpowder.

Dr. Lardner on Style.—In awarding the prize to the member of the Mechanics' Institute for the best essay on steam, Dr. Lardner paid the candidates what he considered, no doubt, a high compliment: Dr. Lardner said he had had the pleasure of examining the five essays proposed for the prize, and he could safely say, from a pretty large experience in examining manuscripts, from persons of the highest pretensions, that the very worst of them exceeded the ordinary standard, even in purely literary qualities. Dr. Lardner's experience in examining MSS. from persons of the highest literary pretensions, dates, we presume, from his editorship of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia." The eminent persons who write for that work will hardly be pleased with the Doctor for his unhandsome allusion to the state of their manuscripts. It is to be presumed that the Doctor is speaking of scientific authors, and not of his co-operators, the late Sir James Mackintosh, Messrs. Southey, Moore, and Macaulay; and it is an undoubted fact, that some of the very worst writers in England are men of the greatest science. A good style is not merely an affair of phrase: the imagination, where there is one, colours every word even of a plain style, and it is the presence or the absence of this faculty which often makes the difference between a good or a bad writer. The cultivation of the exact sciences indisposes the imagination to any other work than the arrangement of quantities; and thus diverts it from all those occupations which invariably tend to fertilize the composition of a writer. The old belles-lettres professors seem to think, that style is to be obtained by studying models of phraseology. This is a mistake: style comes from the mind; the study of models may teach the writer to prune and arrange, but can no more produce good composition, than the gardener can cause a good crop of fruit with his hammer and nails, and bits of scarlet cloth.

The Manners of the South Sea transferred to Cornhill.—The attempt to assassinate Mr. Mellish, the wealthy contractor, in open day, in the middle of the city, when taken in conjunction with the apparent

sanity and coolness of the perpetrator, who never made any attempt at escape, nor yet denied his object for an instant, has been the cause of some surprise and perplexity. The motive seems almost trivial,—a civil injury, such as in great dealings necessarily often occurs between agents and principals, servants and masters. Peaceful people, who value life and never risk it beyond the hazards of a Hackney or Brixton stage, cannot think how, except for the very blackest causes, a man will either shed blood or encounter an ignominious death. The mystery is, however, out when we learn that this individual, who is named Foulger, has been long a master of one of those South Sea whalers,—a species of occupation in which it is almost impossible to engage without acquiring habits of violence and recklessness, or becoming indifferent to life. These vessels go out nominally to the South Sea for oil; but this is the least part of their labour: they trade and barter in every part of the Eastern and Southern world, and very frequently are six or seven years absent. The crew are sharers in the profits, and are, down to the cabin-boy, interested in them. Whether this circumstance contributes to destroy discipline, or whether this effect arises from their long removal from any public opinion but their own,—from their being so long shut up together that they hate each other's very countenance, or to their mixing with so many half-savage nations, and thus becoming habituated to the violent manners and sudden passions of the East; the fact is, that these ships are frequently little else than Pandemoniums. Incessant quarrels take place, the crew is of every nation, and of many where the knife is the natural weapon of revenge; the pistol snaps across the table for an offensive word,—and confusion reigns till, in some way or other, vengeance is satisfied and order restored. In this sea-republic the master has often to fight, and sometimes to slaughter, for the maintenance of his authority: he has not only mutiny to put down,—he has his cargo to exchange and barter for, and his crew to provide for; and his means of payment are frequently bills on London, which sometimes it is vexatious enough to negotiate; and all this time the natural dangers of the sea, of storms, and shoals, and rocks are not mentioned. After all, these vessels often return with profits on their various merchandize, for the owners alone, of 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* One of them belonged to this Mr. Mellish which he had named after a daughter, and the proceeds of which were promised to her as a dowry. Now fancy one of these men in Cheapside or Cornhill, buffeted about by a crowd more careless of him than the waves of the sea have been—suppose him, money spent, no employment expected, character denied, and suffering under a sense of fancied injury; what is his most obvious remedy? He boils under a temper hotter than Timor, and breathes words more mephitic than Java,—his head turns as if he were reeling in his own cabin,—he grasps his pistol or his knife and goes in chase of his owner, the overgrown contractor, whom he deems to be fattening on his earnings. For a moment the stones of Threadneedle Street and the Poultry burn like the Philippine Islands,—the smell of powder is sweeter than their aromatic gales;—he sees his prize and fires;—it is only a shot:—the skipper was in liquor;—wipe up the blood and put the patient to bed. The Exchange thinks differently about the attempt to assassinate a man worth a million of money. The city is in a hubbub; and such a fuss is made about it that even the skipper says he supposes his pop at the owner will be the death of him.

The Prevalence of Lying.—Respectable people are much more given to lying than might at first be supposed. There are great numbers of very honourable people who tell a number of lies every day of their lives, and who would not only be shocked at thinking so, but would propose the punishment of death to any one who dared to say so: it is nevertheless most true—in the metropolis, especially true, that not one word is to be believed in ten. Politicians are egregious liars,—sporting men the same; but men do most of all lie when either wine or women are concerned. The passage of a female name through many men's mouths is the foulest of all ways; defilement is the sure fate of the whitest robe and the prettiest feet. Truth is rarer in a great capital than in the country, for the responsibility is less; persons may—or may pretend to—forget their author in the multifarious communication of London or Paris; not so in either country town or country side: a circumstantial lie which passes here from hand to hand without examination would there collect a crowd, and assuredly be fathered on its originator. Here nobody expects you to remember who told you, and whether it be truth or invention no one inquires, for in either case it answers the purpose of the moment equally well. Among the disgusting falsehoods, those that were lately set afloat about the Duchesse de Berri in Paris, and which have produced so many duels, have been the most profligate. There is no horror that can stain the female character that has not been attributed to her, and that simply because her name was in the dirty mouths of men. We do not even give the inventors credit for political animosity. The universal habit of lying, to speak plainly, and more especially about women, when once their name becomes current coin, is quite enough to account for a quarto volume full of enormities. The man seems to have made a law that the woman shall not share with him any public honour: let her but appear beyond the pale of domestic life, and he instinctively drives her back with obloquy and foul charges. It is an unmanly proceeding; but there is no hope of remedy. With regard to lying in general, much good may be done by simply pointing out the habit, of which many are almost unconsciously guilty.

Tout est Perdu.—The newspapers tell us that several members of parliament decline the Speaker's invitations to dinner on account of the dress and etiquette usual on that occasion. This is a very bad symptom: we all know what the chamberlain said when Rollin entered the Tuileries with shoe-strings,—"Tout est perdu;"—the revolution was unavoidable. If this innovation is yielded to, it will be a proof of the unfinal nature of the Reform Bill. The next thing will be that lawyers will plead causes in their own hair, and gentlemen go to court in shooting-jackets. Conservatives must make a stand here or never. We now see the wisdom of the choice of Mr. Sutton for Speaker: it was clearly designed that his love of forms and old usages should be placed in the breach to resist this vile conspiracy against all order and decorum.

Earl Fitzwilliam and Eorlderman Waithman.—The prince and the shopkeeper: what a difference there was a month ago between these two men—each eminent in his way—and now the distinction is but small! If it were desired to pick out of all known men of the last age

the two individuals who had run a kind of parallel career of distinction, and were yet the most contrasted,—where could better names be hit upon than those of the two who are just now deposited several feet below the bustle of humanity? The distance established in an old society like ours between individual and individual is enormous; nature is altogether controlled, and artificial distinctions are set up of a force stronger even than nature. Had these two men been put together in a republic, Waithman would have been the tyrant of his tribe, and Fitzwilliam would never have moved from the respectability of a steady and amiable citizen. Had they been born under some old monarchy, such as that of Louis XIV., Fitzwilliam, by the force of his rank and birth, would have shone a court star, and might at any one moment have had Waithman bastiled or bastinadoed for a look of impertinence. England is the *juste milieu:* we give each the opportunity of a distinguished career, and yet in all things personal hold them as far as the poles asunder. Publicly, that is to say in controlling the tide of events, there is no doubt that Waithman has played even a more important part than the distinguished nobleman; and yet how high in society the Yorkshire prince has always stood over the Fleet-Street shopkeeper!

How tenderly was the now dead earl nurtured!—what tutors awaited his opening intellect—what grooms, what masters,—what doctors watched the development of his limbs—what youthful pleasures were laid at his feet—what a succession was promised!—how he travelled!—into what capitals he was ushered!—and then he reigned as viceroy over a kingdom—became beloved—was suddenly recalled, and the nation went into mourning!—on the day of his sailing out of the bay of Dublin all the bells of Ireland were muffled: it was a national funeral, and they buried their best hopes. He then came home to his Yorkshire palace; to his wide domains; his stud which kings might envy; to tenantry who followed, and met him, and attended in town and country, like retainers of old; and then he had his public day, and, in short, his court, where we have seen a numerous and yet chosen band of the representatives of the richest and oldest country aristocracy of England. In revenue, in power, in worship, in dignity of person, character, and bearing, Earl Fitzwilliam was a prince! he was a prince in bounty, too; tempered benevolence was the daily habit of his mind. He was the regal steward of enormous revenues, which he administered for the good of that portion of the public over which he presided. In this high and equable career he moved with order and reverence for upwards of fourscore years. Had he been formed in a stronger mould, he might have gone on for a score or two of more years, for no vice or passion ever hurried or rendered turbid the fine stream of blood that circulated in his noble frame.

Now look on this picture:—Waithman, a somewhat younger man, was cradled in hardship; education he snatched; nay, he grappled and wrestled with circumstances for grammar and spelling; he walked into London and bore his burthen as a linendraper's porter; by saving and shrewdness, and by demonstration of strong character, he worked his way to a sort of booth-shop, and secured a fair average of passing custom. The bread and cheese being provided for, he turned round to look at his position in reference to his fellow-men: he found that the city was the prey of a privileged class, and that the hogs did not know how they were cheated of their food. He was a member of the livery, and had the right of speech before an assembly—the most invaluable of privileges, before

which no abuse can last very long; he spoke out of the honest conviction of his heart, for he had sense and passion, and a deep impatience of wrong: he persuaded a few moulded of the same cast-iron as himself; but from the multitude, the hopers from the present, the meanly doing-well, the timid and the peaceable,—not to mention the bold gainers by the old Pitt system,—from these he drew upon himself an intensity of obloquy, that none could have stood that was not by nature formed for controlling and enjoying the storm. He went on from municipal to national wrongs,—taking a strong vulgar view of our country's evils; and partly by the aid of an old rump of Beckford whigs, and Wilkes-and-liberty adherents, but principally by his own broad and highly-coloured denunciations, which created partizans, he succeeded in making and keeping up a party powerful in speech, from the days of the French revolution to the days of doctrinal reform,—which we think we are right in saying superseded the old Burdett school of politics about the time of the establishment of the "Westminster Review,"—a work that has had more to do with recent changes than many suppose.

In the meantime, Waithman's business throve,—for his strong sense and sharp dealing was as applicable to Manchester goods as to Manchester politics,—and he spoke himself into the Common Council; and his prosperity seemed to justify the shrievalty; and hence the mayoralty, and the membership, and, in short, all the honours the city can bestow; and how dearly earned, by shouldering the world both in public and private affairs! Many are the nights and days of deep chagrin, and stern anxiety, and struggling will, that this man must have gone through in the course of his fight, first against the difficulties of life, and next against the bitter hostilities of the political contests of those days. It was then a supposed struggle *pro aris et focis.* Men had been so completely mystified by the authorities of this country, that it was pretty generally deemed that the sacrifice of such an agitator as Waithman would have been a civic virtue. This was our reign of terror. Waithman was, in fact, the city agitator; and amongst his brother citizens he had all the capacities of an agitator. He lived hard, like them, and yet with a sort of rule and mastership over apprentices and journeymen. He loved, too, a social union; was absolute and even sublime, in a sort of broad, overwhelming joke, which gagged and suffocated his opponent; and then he would come down with a common-sense view of a question which overwhelmed both sides as ignorant as himself, but neither half so clever.

His presence was impressive, and yet there was something repulsive in it; he spoke well, for he never appeared to be thinking of speech-making, but of hammering his own notions into a public body. Waithman was honest: he was too proud to be otherwise; he was scarcely liked, for the weapon with which he used to slay his enemies, he used to swing it about in joke, and it gave rude hits. He was not rich, for in order to make wealth—wealth must be the god, and only god. Waithman, on the contrary, thought a great deal more of the machine the Creator had set a-going, and whom men called Waithman, than of any thing the said Waithman could put into a recess the tailor had fabricated in his coat of West of England cloth. No wonder he died under seventy; adamant would have worn out sooner: deduct the tare and tret from this man's constitution, and the result would have given a continuity of life equal to that of the patriarchs of old.

We have sat with both these men at the table, where character shows itself; and conclude as we began, with saying, that nature never made two more different men, and that society, while it made both eminent, yet contrived that their distinctions should be a thorough contrast.

We recommend the consideration of these two different walks in life to our friends in America, as a curiosity, at least to those who will take the pains to consider it: to most thoroughgoing republicans, the idea of a Lord Fitzwilliam will appear a fable.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

ODE TO THE STONE PILLAR

NEAR CARLTON TERRACE.

THOU longitudinally great,
And perpendicularly straight,
And hard and hollow thing! why stand'st thou here?
Is it to teach some *lesson* thou dost rear
Thy lofty head, "commercing with the skies?"
In *what* would thy stone sternness make us wise?
Are we to soar, like thee, *above the base*,
Yet aye be stedfast in our stated place?
Still growing less, as more thou dost aspire,
Say, dost thou speak of pride than merit higher?
Art thou a teller of deeds which greatness deck, or
A mere *post mortem* "*Teller* of the *Exchequer*?"
Is it *a public debt*, or *private debts*,
That thy recording truth before us sets?
On which theme is 't thy moral voice discants—
Is it on sterling worth, or *sterling wants*?
Thou art, I fear, but Flattery's handywork,
Being a tribute unto "Royal York."
Thy "royal highness" (ah! too like to *his*)
Prompts us somewhat to stare, somewhat to quiz.
Railing surrounds, above, thy lofty brow,
And passers-by do likewise *rail* below!
That mortal Prince, whom thou to the Cherubim
Would'st raise, what record canst thou give of *him*?
Of his *great deeds* few words the Muse can dish up—
But, for his *virtues*,—was he not a Bishop?*
He made a credit, though with some few slurs;
He also made such *things* as *creditors*.
He, scorning, *dukefully*, thrift's paltry *frenum*,
For his own ease contracted "*æs alienum*."
He was a man, "take him for all in all,"
Who *paid in part* (that part, albeit, small!)

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* Bishop of Osnaburgh.

He was—but words are wanting to tell what—
His creditors can tell what he *was not*.
Those hungry souls, to thee, alas! they turn,
To thee, proud Pillar! and, beholding, burn.
Thou, cruelly responsive to their groan,
For *money columns* show'st them *thine* of stone!
On thee they gaze, in heart and pocket riven;
Thy summit, preaching *patience*, points to heaven!
Let others praise thee—*they* can only hate—
Let others vaunt thy form, and cloud-capped state,—
Still, still thou art, to *their* impoverish'd view,
Nought but a huge, insolvent I O U!—
But hold! why bear'st thou not e'en now on high
His figure whom thou art bound to glorify?
Dost thou dislike the company of *bronze?*
Or, art thou to those impecunious ones,
(If, after all, thy granite sides *can* feel,
And some few grains of *softer* stone conceal)
Those hungered creditors, compassionate?
And so dost wait till they shall *cease* to wait?
If it be so, maintain the just delay,
Till empty hopes shall change to solid pay;
Nor let the statue on thy top be planted,
Until the public voice cry, "York, you're wanted!"
Do so, good Pillar! do as I have said—
So shall my blessing be on thy *bald head*!

G. D.

Philadelphia, January 4, 1833.

* * * * *

Sir,—Doubtless, before this time, the papers and magazines of your metropolis have given place to the rumours and disquisitions afloat in our newspapers about the resistance of South Carolina, in relation to the Tariff Laws. I perceive by the "Westminster Review,"—whose liberal tone is very acceptable to intelligent Americans,—that fears are entertained that the union of these states will come to a *split*. These fears are entirely premature. One circumstance which tends greatly to mislead a foreign *quid-nunc* with regard to American matters, is the enthusiastic manner in which our political discussions are carried on. Numerous questions have arisen during the existence of this republic, which have portended a *dénouément* far more solemn than this question of nullification, and which have easily been settled. South Carolina is the only state which entertains any such design; and there, I pray you to remember, there is a strong party called *The Union Party*, which is equal, if not superior, in moral power, to the Nullifying sect. There is no fear that any evil will result from the discussion of this topic,—though it is fervently agitated, both by the friends of the union, and the little distracted band of *nullificators*, as some of your journals call them; at the head whereof stands a man named Cooper,—an Englishman, by the way,—who has never been fairly inoculated with American sentiments, and who has been for some time in bad odour by reason of his ultra-infidel opinions. Some of his colleagues are clever men, but they are lukewarm in comparison with their Magnus Apollo. Congress will doubtless take such measures, and pass such acts, as will comport with their dignity and honour. I am constrained to believe—and I am happy in so doing—that no *concession* on the part of the Confederacy will be made to the belligerent state, or rather the impotent party of a loyal member of the union. The Tariff Laws will doubtless be repealed—it is but just they should be; as our national debt is on the verge of extinction, and we shall

soon have surplus millions in the public treasury. The country, moreover, is in a state of unexampled prosperity; agriculture, commerce, and the arts flourish luxuriantly, and they will continue to flourish, should the system of protection be reduced one-half below the present standard. Let not your full-fed oligarchs lay to their souls the flattering unction that our republican fabric is crumbling into dissolution—or that the form of government which this country has adopted is likely to be broken and laid waste. The entire absence from that glorious instrument, *the Federal Constitution*, of all complexity,—the unadorned features which it presents denying all misconstruction,—will preserve it unsullied for ages. Of this I feel honestly assured, from its peculiar adaptation to the condition of every quarter of the Republic, as well as from a survey of the encounters and shocks which it has heretofore sustained, without the slightest injury, and with undiminished lustre. The Whiskey Insurrection in this state (Pennsylvania), as it was called, was carried to a far greater length than Nullification has gone or will go. Yet the leader of that affair soon repented him of his evil, and subsequently became Vice-President of the Union, and Minister to the Court of St. James's. The Missouri and Georgia questions have, in their respective turns, arrived at a pitch quite as ominous; yet the storm abated, the winds hushed themselves to rest, and "up in the blue fields of ether, the star-spangled banner of the land waved and glittered in renewed and unbroken sunshine." In truth, the Southern states, by which South Carolina is surrounded, and on whose aid she depended in case of her secession, are all against her, or rather that fraction of her, denominated the Nullifying party. The principles which the beloved and honoured Washington promulgated in his farewell address still warm the bosoms of a majority of his countrymen; and until those bosoms cease to be moved by the impulses of life will his injunctions be kept in mind.

We have novelties in religion as well as politics. A strange society of enthusiasts, called *Marmonites*, has been formed in Ohio, and the principles of this sect have spread into this state: new neophytes are made continually. Marmonism is, in one respect, like St. Simonianism in France: its believers adopt the idea that a community of property is the right thing; therefore all their moveables, chattels, lands and tenements are resolved into common stock. Their religion is about two years old. The founder of it, who rejoices in the name of *Smith*, to which he affixes the baptismal of *Joe*, declares that he found certain golden plates, containing the characters from which the Bible called "The *Marmon* Bible" has been translated, in the side of a hill, in the county of Ontario (N. Y.) These, through divine unction, (he is an ignorant *tin-pedlar*,) he caused to be rendered by dictation! Thus he has laid the substratum of his new gospel-standard, to which hundreds of deluded people have flocked—and continually "more come flocking, not with looks down-cast and damp," but full of hope in Joe's promised revelation. He has called together a fine lot of fanatics in Painesville, (Ohio,) who believe all his testimonies, and are as devoted to their leader, as ever were the followers of Johanna Southcott or Jemima Wilkinson. One of their sayings (taken from the golden plates) is, that the world is coming to an end at the close of the present century, and that every portion of it will vanish into chaos, except America! I can assure you that the people of your island and continental Europe are very much pitied by the Marmonites. This humbug-ball will go on for a while gathering strength, until it explodes from the incoherency of its constituent parts. I shall advise you, occasionally, of its progress and *matériel*.

Since the election of General Jackson, (which was violently contested, but which is probably the best, after all,) the country has been engrossed by Nullification and the Tariff Laws. The weather now (Jan. 5) is just like May. All the windows of the houses are open; and I saw, while standing on the cupola of the state-house steeple, at Sandown, that all the squares below me, Independence, Washington, &c., were green as spring,

and felt the air as bland and balmy as in that delighful season. The sunsets at this period are magnificent. They have particularly inspired Miss Fanny Kemble, who tells me she has never witnessed anything so gorgeously grand. She has written some beautiful poetry on the subject. The Kembles have met with unexampled success here.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

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We have read, with great interest and pleasure a volume by C. Tynte, Esq., M.P., descriptive of the last French Revolution, in which that gentleman was an actor. Were it not a little too late in the day, we should give it a detailed review, as one of the most minute and spirited works we have seen on the subject.

Two Epitaphs, by Walter Savage Landor

Quì giace Rospigliosi,
Il gentiluomo della Toscana.
In pessimi tempi poco sperando migliori,
Non abbandonò nè l' amico
Nè il sovrano nè se stesso.
Esigliato, spogliato, proscritto,
Con Ferdinando Granduca stette solo.
Immutabile, inflessibile,
Vidde altri per altri mezzi alzarsi,
E gli compianse.

Passate; e, se degni siete,
Pregate per voi il riposo
Che gode l' umo giusto.

Quì giace Don Neri de' Principi Corsini.
Oriondo da una famiglia antichissima
Di usuraj stabiliti in Londra,
Esercitò anch' esso il mestiere di cambiamoneta,
Cambiando la moneta di Toscana
Per quella di Francia,
Quella di Francia per quella di Austria, &c.
Colpito dal morbo bastonale,
Ereditario nella casa,
E calpestrato dal popolo,
Raccommandò a Dio le ossa rotte,
Gli usuraj in vano ricercandole per rellìquie.

Passate, senza esecrazioni, senza immondizie;
Il luogo è sacro,
Anchè per colui.

On a Fickle M.P.

Why at his ratting make ye such a bother?—
Know ye not one good turn deserves another?

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

EARL FITZWILLIAM.

This venerable, patriotic, and generous nobleman died on the 9th instant at his seat in Northamptonshire. The noble Earl was in his 85th year; he is succeeded in the title and estates by his eldest son, Lord Milton.

Earl Fitzwilliam was born in 1748, and at the age of eight years succeeded to the title and a large fortune, with the expectancy of a still larger, being the presumptive heir to the extensive estates of his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham. At the age of twelve he was sent to Eton school, where he was contemporary with Charles Fox, Lord Carlisle, and many other illustrious characters. Though he did not display talents as shining as those of some of his companions, he was industrious in the pursuit of knowledge, and possessed an enlarged mind, and much liberality of sentiment. By his agreeable and generous disposition he endeared himself to his fellow-scholars; and his benevolence to the poor and unfortunate, to the widow and the orphan, is said to have been unbounded. His studies he finished at King's College, Cambridge. In 1770, soon after he came of age, he married Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, the sister of the present Earl of Besborough; an union which united him more closely with the great Whig families.

With such an education and such principles, Lord Fitzwilliam was decidedly hostile to the war against America. In his opposition to it he displayed equal perseverance and ability. When, at length, repeated disasters had awakened the nation to a sense of the folly and hopelessness of the contest, he redoubled his efforts, and the motions which he made, and the support which he gave to the motions of others, had no small influence in hastening the downfall of the ministry. Under the administration formed by his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Fitzwilliam did not hold any office; but, in his senatorial capacity, he strenuously supported his friends; and when, after the death of the marquis, the court succeeded in producing a schism among the Whigs, his Lordship was one of those who most severely arraigned the conduct of Lord Shelborne, who had been made an instrument in producing that schism. "Does the King need a confessor and a master of the ceremonies, and would he unite them in one," said his Lordship, "let him choose the Earl of Shelborne. I know no one who can quibble more logically, or bow more gracefully." It was the circumstance of Lord Shelborne lending himself to the schemes of the court, which provoked the Whigs to form their impolitic coalition with Lord North. When the united parties accomplished the expulsion of Lord Shelborne, and again obtained the reins of power, Lord Fitzwilliam was intended to be the President of the Board of Commissioners for the management of India affairs, under the celebrated India Bill of Mr. Fox. That bill, however, caused the dismissal of the ministry; and it also destroyed, for many years, the influence which Lord Fitzwilliam had possessed in the city and county of York. Till the year 1793, his Lordship continued to act with the Whigs; and at the period when the Regency question was in debate, he was the person whom they selected to fill the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The progress of the French revolution at length produced another division among the Whigs. While Mr. Fox, Mr. Grey, and many of their friends, believed that England had nothing to fear from French principles; Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, and Lord Fitzwilliam, were of opinion that those principles were fraught with danger to this country, and they accordingly quitted the party with which they had long acted, and lent their support to Mr. Pitt. In 1794, Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed President of the Council, and in the following year he was sent over as viceroy to Ireland. In that unhappy and misgoverned country, his presence was calculated to be productive of the greatest benefit. Holding one of the largest estates in Ireland, he had always been popular there, for the manner in which he treated his tenants. He suffered no middlemen, or other extortioners, to grind the faces of the poor on his estates; he delighted to see his tenantry prosper, and was ever ready to succour such of them as stood in need of his assistance. It is no wonder, therefore, that his being chosen as viceroy should have given almost universal satisfaction. He was, besides, known to be friendly to the removal of those disabilities by which the Catholics were still degraded and irritated. The viceregal dignity was accepted by Lord Fitzwilliam only on condition

that he should be at liberty to take all such measures as were necessary to conciliate the Irish. At the outset everything appeared to be propitious. His Lordship began to put his plans in execution, by removing from office those who were obnoxious to the people, and filling their places by men of unexceptionable character. The nation, in return, gave him all its confidence and affection; and the Commons unanimously voted for the service of government a more liberal supply than had ever before been voted. But the hopes of Ireland were speedily destroyed. The fatal influence of those men whom Lord Fitzwilliam had removed was predominant, and the peace of Ireland was sacrificed to them. His Lordship was recalled, and the day of his departure from Dublin was a day of mourning, and almost of despair, to a vast majority of the Irish. On his return to England, he addressed to his friend, Lord Carlisle, two letters, stating the terms on which he accepted the viceroyship, and severely animadverted on the intrigues which had been carried on against him. These letters were made public, and nearly produced a duel between him and Mr. Beresford, who was the most prominent object of his animadversions.

In 1806, during the short administration of the Whigs, Lord Fitzwilliam was Lord President of the Council. Since that period, his Lordship may be said to have gradually withdrawn from politics. In one instance, however, he came forward in a manner which drew upon him the vengeance of the ministers. After the horrid massacre at Manchester, he was one of those who attended a meeting at York, to call for an inquiry into the circumstance, for which his Lordship was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Yorkshire.

ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.

Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth, was born 1757, at Dover, where the earlier years of his life were spent. His father, Samuel Pellew, of Flushing, near Falmouth, was a Cornish gentleman, and in that county his son finished his education. He entered the navy before he was fourteen, and his first cruize was in the Juno, Captain Stott, who was sent to take possession of the Falkland Islands. He next went with the same officer, in the Alarm, to the Mediterranean, where in consequence of some dispute between his captain, himself, and another junior officer, he and the other midshipman were sent on shore at Marseilles, to find their way home as they could. He next sailed in the Blonde frigate; then in the Carlton schooner, where he had the first opportunity of distinguishing himself; and his conduct in the battle on Lake Champlain gave earnest of his future career. On his return to England, after the convention of Saratoga, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. From the Licorne he joined the Apollo frigate, Captain Pownoll, then off the Flushing coast. In an engagement with one of the enemy's cruizers, his captain was killed by his side. The command thus devolving on Mr. Pellew, he continued the attack with unabated spirit, till the cruizer took refuge under the batteries of Ostend, then a neutral port, whose coasts our officers were strictly ordered to respect. On this occasion, the young Lieutenant was made Commander of the Hazard sloop. In 1782 he obtained his commission as Post-Captain, and from the Dictator, his first ship, was transferred to the Salisbury off the coast of Newfoundland. We must pause, on this less active station, to record a double instance of daring humanity; twice did Captain Pellew save the life of a fellow-creature, by jumping overboard while at sea, and rescuing the unfortunate object. The last time deserves especial mention, for he was suffering under, and weakened by, severe illness. The war now broke out with France, and his action with the Cleopatra, when in command of the Nymphe, was one of the most desperate ever fought; ending with the signal defeat of the French ship. Captain Pellew now received the honour of knighthood, and was soon after appointed to the command of the Arethusa. It is needless to enter into the details of his coast service, which was equally arduous and active; suffice it to say, that in 1795 the squadron he commanded had taken and destroyed fifteen out of five-and-twenty sail of coasters while the remainder were driven for refuge among the rocks of the Penmarks. The next action, alike courageous and humane, which distinguished this excellent officer, was one which called forth plaudits from enemies as well as friends, and gained him the warm esteem,—the admiration of the whole civilized world. His rescue of the unfortunate crew and those on board the Dutton, at Plymouth, was an act of self-devotedness and heroism such as it would be difficult even among British seamen to surpass, and as well as being engraven on the tablets of history, it afforded a subject for the exercise of an elegant poet's pen. The corporation of Plymouth testified their sense of his noble conduct by presenting him with their freedom.

Sir Edward Pellew was soon afterwards advanced to the dignity of a baronet, and appointed to the command of the Indefatigable. He next served on the expedition against Ferrol; and in 1802 the Impeteux, which he then commanded, was dismantled. About this time Sir Edward was nominated a Colonel of the Marines, and in the same year returned member for Barnstaple. In the House he distinguished himself by his warm and manly defence of Earl St. Vincent. On the renewal of the war, he was appointed to the Tonnant, promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and finally, named to the important office of Commander-in-Chief in India, a situation which he filled with his usual zeal and activity. On his departure for England, he received an address from the merchants, ship-owners, &c., of Bombay, expressing their acknowledgment of the protection he had afforded their trade. Sir Edward Pellew was next employed on the blockade of Flushing, and then appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean during the remainder of the war. In 1814 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Exmouth, of Canonteign, in the county of Devon; immediately after, he became Admiral of the Blue; and in 1815 was made a K.C.B. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, his Lordship proceeded to his command in the Mediterranean; assisted in the restoration of Joachim, King of Naples; in reducing the rebellious Toulonese; and concluded treaties with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, for the abolition of Christian slavery. On his return to England, he found that the Algerines had violated the treaty in the most flagrant manner. Government deeming it necessary to inflict signal chastisement on the refractory Dey and his nest of pirates, his Lordship embarked on board the Queen Charlotte for Algiers, where it was soon found that to intimidate, threats must be carried into execution. The records of the memorable Battle of Algiers are well known, and the honourable result of the action is duly appreciated. In this action Lord Exmouth was slightly wounded in the leg and the cheek; his coat did not escape so well, it was cut to pieces by grape and musket balls. Lord Exmouth's conduct and bravery were rewarded by the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and he was raised to the rank of Viscount. After Sir Thomas Duckworth's demise he was appointed to the chief command at Plymouth; but since the year 1821, he had retired from public service. Among the voluntary honours conferred by his countrymen, we must mention that the City of London presented him with a sword, on which occasion he dined with the Ironmongers' Company; a very appropriate compliment to the conqueror of Algiers, as they are trustees of an estate of 2,000*l.* per annum, bequeathed many years since by one of their members, a Mr. Betton, for the ransom of British captives who may be enslaved by Barbary states. Mr. Betton had himself been taken by these ruthless pirates. Twice the officers under his command have marked their esteem by presenting him with pieces of plate; first, the flag-officers and captains in the Mediterranean, and afterwards those of Algiers. But of all the glory he has reaped, and all the tributes which have been accorded to him, Lord Exmouth perhaps valued most the fame which had been derived from his constant exertions to improve the morals, and promote the religious instruction, of British seamen, and the still voice of approbation of his own conscience. In his own person he has shown that the Christian and the Hero are compatible; and he has been indefatigable in his endeavours to impart the same character to his fellow sailors.

The gallant admiral is succeeded in his honours as Viscount and Baron Exmouth of Canonteign, county Devon, by his eldest son, the Honourable Captain Pownoll Bastard Pellew, R.N., whose heir-apparent, by his first marriage with a daughter of Sir George Hiliary Barlow, Bart., is serving as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. His Lordship was G.C.B., and Knight of the foreign orders of Charles the Third of Spain, Ferdinand and Merit of Sicily, and William of the Netherlands, and Elder Brother of the Trinity-house, D.C.L. He also enjoyed a pension of 2000*l.* per annum for his naval services, conferred on him by Act of Parliament. In addition to many marks of public approbation, the officers under his command at Algiers presented his Lordship with a superb sword, as a token of their admiration of his conduct.

SIR GEORGE DALLAS, BART.

Sir George Dallas was the only brother of the eminent Judge and celebrated orator, the late Sir Robert Dallas, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Seldom has a family had the happiness of possessing two relatives equally remarkable for the highest intellectual qualities, blended with that moral excellence by which shining talents are ennobled. Early in life, Sir George having embarked

as a writer for Bengal, attracted by his abilities the sagacious eyes of Mr. Hastings, then sustaining, with a mind that triumphed over difficulty, the tottering fabric of our Eastern Empire. Appointed by Mr. Hastings to situations of high trust and responsibility, which he filled with great distinction, he acquired during his residence in Bengal that perfect knowledge of Indian affairs, and those statesman-like views of Oriental polity, of which, in the course of his future life, he gave such luminous and able expositions. In these posts of honourable elevation he enjoyed, throughout the civil service of the Company, a due celebrity for talent and attainment, while by the natives he was regarded with veneration for the suavity with which he tempered the exercise of his important functions. Shortly after his return to England, Sir George Dallas was united to the Hon. Catherine Blackwood, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Blackwood, Bart. and the Baroness Dufferin and Claneboye. At the exciting period of the French revolution, his accomplished mind was usefully exerted in defending with zeal and talent the menaced institutions of the state; and he became one of the most popular writers in the Anti-Jacobin, to which he contributed a series of papers much admired for strength of reasoning, and graceful facility of style. The talent displayed in these and other publications having given birth to an opinion of his capacity for public life, he was invited to offer himself as a candidate to the electors of Newport, which place he represented in Parliament for several years. He frequently spoke with eloquence and spirit in support of Mr. Pitt's administration, obtaining on his first appearance a gratifying success which caused him to be mistaken for his distinguished brother, who was then in the full enjoyment of forensic popularity and renown. The last speech he made in public was delivered at the India House in 1813, when the proposals of the ministry for the renewal of the charter were submitted to the general Court of Proprietors, and was universally considered a masterly display of knowledge, argument, and elocution.

A love of literature and taste for eloquence, which through life he diligently cultivated, rendered the intercourse of this perfect gentleman as delightful as it was instructive. The graces which adorned his social character were such as made him in every circle an object of attraction and interest. A sweet and playful fancy, embellishing every subject that engaged it, imparted to his conversation a peculiar charm. In manner a model of courtesy and refinement, he united a finished elegance with the natural impulse of a disposition fraught with candour, kindness, and sensibility. Of him it may with truth be said, "*suavem sui memoriam reliquit*," for never did a life of virtue leave for sorrowing hearts to dwell upon a purer vein of tender recollection. By his marriage Sir George Dallas had several children, most of whom, in the bloom of youth and early promise, were gathered before him to the grave. These afflictions, though poignantly felt, were supported by him with a tempered piety that increased, if possible, the attachment and admiration of his deeply sympathising friends. By them and by the surviving objects of his affection his loss will be bitterly lamented, as by all who knew him his memory will be cherished with that sincere and lasting veneration which exalted goodness must inspire.

VICE-ADMIRAL WINDHAM

Was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Lukin, Dean of Wells, and was born September 24th, 1768. He entered the navy in 1782, and was promoted to the rank of Post Captain 1795. During the revolutionary war, he commanded the Standard 64, and the frigates L'Espion and Thames; in the latter he captured L'Actif, L'Aurore, and the Diable a Quartre,—all of 16 guns. The Thames was implicated in the mutiny at Spithead, 1797, but owing to the firm and judicious conduct of her Captain, was the first ship that sailed, although under orders for the West Indies, a most unpopular station from the prevalence of the yellow fever—indeed he was remarkable for possessing the power of attaching to his person both officers and men, and at the same time maintaining the highest order and discipline in his ship. From the breaking out of the war in 1803, he was appointed to the Doris, and subsequently commanded the Gibraltar and Mars, in which latter ship he conspicuously shared the triumph of Sir Samuel Hood in the capture of four heavy French frigates, 25th September, 1806. He was present at the reduction of Copenhagen, and remained under the orders of Lord de Saumarez until the year 1810, when, on the death of his uncle, the late Right Hon. W. Windham, he returned home, having been in succession to Mrs. Windham heir to his estates. He was last appointed to the Chatham, 74, and promoted to the rank of Admiral in 1814. We believe he closes by his death the list of those officers who served in the Valiant under the

command of his present Majesty. Admiral Windham married in 1801 Anne, daughter of the late Peter Thellusson, Esq., sister of the late and aunt of the present Lord Rendlesham. His personal character was that of an acute, well-informed, open, frank, and good-humoured gentleman. He was in politics a Whig, and much regarded by the large circle of acquaintance, including high persons of all sides, with whom he maintained habits of friendly intercourse. He is succeeded in the estate of Felbrigg by his eldest son W. H. Windham, Esq., one of the Members for the Eastern Division of Norfolk.

MR. ALDERMAN WAITHMAN.

This upright and active citizen died at his house in Russell Square, on the 6th instant. He was a native of a village near Wrexham, and born of parents of virtuous character, but in humble life. Losing his father when an infant, and his mother marrying again, he was adopted by an uncle, a respectable linen-draper in Bath, and put to the school of one Moore, a very ingenious man, the economy of whose school led all his pupils to acquire habits of public and extemporaneous speaking. Mr. Waithman was afterwards taken into the business of his uncle, and subsequently obtained employment in the same line at Reading and in London. At length, at an early age, he married, and opened a shop at the south end of Fleet-market, whence his activity, crowned with success, enabled him to enter upon the capital premises at the corner of Bridge-street and Fleet-street, where, in multiplied transactions, he always honoured the high character of a London citizen and tradesman. The questionable morality of the war against France, and the great social mischiefs which it occasioned, led him, in the year 1794, to submit a series of resolutions against the war, and in favour of parliamentary reform, to a numerous common-hall; and, on this occasion, he displayed those powers of a natural though unpolished eloquence which baffled prejudice, and defeated an opposition which had been organized by all the influence of the Pitt administration. This spirited measure, which was the first attempt to expose the delusion under which the war had been commenced, laid the foundation of his popularity and repute. He was soon after elected into the common-council, where, for several years, he was at the head of a small minority, opposed to prejudice and corruption, till his perseverance and the gradual effect of annual elections, converted his minority into a majority, and for many years his mind and his principles, not his power or his undue influence, governed the measures of that patriotic assembly. In the British metropolis, he was considered, both at home and abroad, as a main director of those liberal and enlightened principles, for which the City of London, during the last five-and-twenty years, has been so much distinguished, and so justly honoured. The deceased Alderman was at one period of his political life subjected to various prosecutions for libels on the part of the Tories. At a public meeting at Wrexham, Sir W. W. Wynn, with much generosity and right feeling, denied the charges against Mr. Waithman's character, which his enemies had raised against him for base purposes. Mr. Waithman had been four times elected M.P. for London.

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

This eminent writer, for a memoir of whom we are indebted to the "Athenæum," was born in Lyons in the year 1767, and descended from a family of no mean celebrity in the commercial world. They were of the same extraction as the Saye and Sele family: the common ancestor of both being William de Say, who passed over from Normandy under the banners of William the Conqueror.—Say was destined by his family to be a merchant, and the knowledge thus acquired proved of no little avail to him in after life, when he devoted himself to the study of Political Economy. Being introduced to the celebrated Mirabeau, the latter quickly discovered the abilities of his young friend, and employed him in editing the "Courrier de Provence," and continuing his "Lettres à ses Commettans." After this, he was appointed Secretary to Clavière, the French minister of finance. We next find him connected with Champfort and Guingené in the "Décade Philosophique, Littéraire, et Politique;" which made its first appearance in 1794, and was the parent of the present "Revue Encyclopédique." Champfort was unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the Committee of Public Safety, and weak enough to destroy himself in prison; Guingené, too, one of the most elegant of French scholars, was, likewise, confined with his fellow-labourers, Roucher and Andrew Chénier. Say, though thus left single-handed, was too firm to abandon the good work which he had undertaken; and he, therefore, enlisted Andrieux,

Amaury, Duval, and others, in his cause. Upon the departure of Bonaparte for Egypt, Say was deputed to select the publications intended for the use of the *savans* who accompanied that memorable expedition; and, when the Hero of the Pyramids found his way back, and invested himself with the dignity of First Consul, he conferred the appointment of Tribune on Say, whose qualifications, as it subsequently appeared, were not peculiarly adapted for such an office. He had a strong aversion for the selfish and arbitrary principles which the government of that day began to unfold, and it has been said, that he could ill brook the growing despotism of its chiefs; in this state of his feelings, Say avoided taking much part in public business, but, happily for science, commenced that study, which forms the basis of his admirable "Traité d'Economie Publique;" a work which not only improved under his hand with every successive edition, but has been translated into most of the European languages. He was now called upon to vote in favour of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial crown; this he resolutely declined, and was in consequence deprived of the Tribuneship, for which some compensation was made to him by the tender of Receiver-Generalship in the department of the Allier. He could not, however, be prevailed on to enter upon this new office, and nobly excused himself from "combining with the rest to plunder his native land." Thus closing the scene of his official career, he once more embarked in mercantile life, as a manufacturer, but not to the neglect of his favourite pursuit, which he enriched from time to time with a variety of minor publications, all equally tending to throw light and accumulate important facts on the great and difficult science of Political Economy. He was Professor of the School of Mechanics at Paris, where he delivered probably the most useful and perspicuous lectures on the economy of labour and manufactures, which have been ever given; and with these he closed his estimable length of days.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. Principles of Geology: being an Attempt to Explain the Former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to Causes now in Operation. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., For. Sec. to the Geol. Soc., Prof. of Geol. to King's Coll., London. In 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. Second edit.
2. The Mosaical and Mineral Geologies Illustrated and Compared. By W. M. Higgins, F.G.S., &c. 8vo.

While we perfectly agree with Mr. Lyell that "the identification of the objects of geology with those of cosmogony" has been the most common and serious cause of retarding its progress as a science, and the principal source of all the errors, absurdities, and confusion which for many years covered it with ridicule and contempt,—we yet are not surprised that firm believers in the Divine authority of the Mosaic account of the creation, and the chronology arising out of it, should have contemplated with dismay a study which, in their apprehension, was a practical contradiction of its statements, and a consequent invalidation of its claims. It would have been but fair if, in the spirit of true religion, which is ever a spirit of calm and patient inquiry, they had deferred their anathemas against geology till they had ascertained the true meaning of the inspired historian, and whether, indeed, there was anything really at variance between his narrative and the discoveries of this science.

But were dogmatisers in faith half as anxious to bring their notions to the test even of the authority on which they rely as they are to impose them upon the implicit belief of others, religion and philosophy would mutually sustain each other, instead of appearing so often in a state of implied or avowed hostility. But this, perhaps, is exacting too much from poor human nature. Truth, from the beginning, has been forced to maintain a long-continued struggle with ignorance and prejudice, with error and falsehood. Bigotry and intolerance have armed themselves against its pretensions; and its advocates have been doomed to utter its vaticinations in sackcloth and ashes, in dungeons and in flames. It was not till the facts of geology, too evidently to admit of denial, established the existence of a

former world, that a critical examination of the Mosaic account led to the conclusion that it contains nothing inconsistent with this rational admission. Of this examination Mr. Higgins has given the result. He observes—

"The first chapter of Genesis, which contains all that God has revealed concerning the creation, may be divided into three periods. First, there is a statement that the heavens and earth were formed by God; there is then a description of the earth previous to the days of creation; and afterwards a somewhat detailed account of the order in which the Almighty furnished the world during the six days.—All the sacred writers insist upon the creation of the universe by God; he is the great universal cause from which all things proceeded. Philosophy has discovered that it was the work of an Intelligent Being; but it is revelation alone that can teach his character and attributes."

After suggesting the probable reasons which led the writer of the book of Genesis to commence his narrative with the declaration that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," he goes on to remark, "this statement appears to be entirely distinct from all that follows." Having asserted this grand fundamental principle of all religion, he represents the sacred historian as describing "the state of the earth at the time which immediately preceded the days of creation." The passage which, in our version, reads thus—"The earth was without form and void," he says ought to be rendered—"But the earth was invisible and unfurnished." He tells us that—

"Mr. Penn's excellent remarks upon this passage have established this translation. 'That celebrated phrase, *tohu vabohu*, on which fancy and system have so largely and unsubstantially built, is not of certain signification, as has most inconsiderately and unwarrantably been assumed or pretended; for we find the most ancient interpretation of it, as delivered by native translators, uniformly maintained, both in the Jewish and Christian Churches, for above six hundred years after their time; which prescription constitutes as solid and secure an evidence of the primitive signification of the terms as the most punctilious criticism, founded on reason, can require or desire in any language. Those words which our version, conforming to later translators, has rendered "without form and void," are rendered by the oldest Jewish interpreters, ἀοράτος καὶ ἀκατασκεύαστος,—invisible or unapparent, and unfurnished or unprovided. So, also, they were interpreted by the learned Jew, Philo; and that Josephus, whom Jerome calls "a Hebrew skilled in sacred learning from his infancy," understood the first of these words to signify invisible, is manifest from his paraphrasing it "not coming into view." And Jerome avowedly regarded this as the established interpretation so late as the close of the fourth century; for, in his commentary on the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, he says, "In the beginning of Genesis, where it is written, 'but the earth was invisible and unfurnished,' the other interpreters have translated 'but the earth was void and nothing.'"

"There are two facts which we would deduce from this statement by the inspired historian: that the world was created at some indefinite period before the commencement of the six days; and that it was created at once, without the interference of any secondary causes.

"That the beginning does not refer to the first day spoken of by Moses is certain; for it is not mentioned as a part of the creation in the enumeration of that day's work; but we are, on the contrary, informed, that on the first day it was in existence, though unfurnished and covered with water. The term beginning, therefore, is indefinite, and it may refer to the preceding day, or to thousands of years. To guesses there would be no end; for one would be as authorized to assert the truth of his conjecture as another; and, at last, must leave the decision of the question to the results of an examination into the constitution of the globe.

"This is the province of geology; and from this source only can we hope to decide the question, and to determine the state of the earth during the period which intervened between its creation and the beginning of the six days."

We make no apology for this quotation. Had the enlightened views which it developes been entertained a century ago, geology would, in all probability, have long ere this attained to the eminence of a science. We quite concur with Mr. Higgins in opinion, "that a theory of the formation of the earth ought to be only a detailed description of the Mosaic history,—a finished picture from the outline sketch which the Jewish legislator has given us."

This view of the subject opens free scope to philosophical inquiry; and we are happy to observe that the grand principle of Mr. Lyell's work is in perfect accordance with it. No longer restricted by the term of six thousand years to account for the phenomena which science has to investigate in relation to the appearances of the earth presented to the mind that would trace their origin, and the general laws which have produced them, the geologist may range through millions of ages without exposing himself to the charge of impugning the authority of a divine revelation. "The former changes of the earth's surface may be explained by reference to causes now in operation;" and philosophy and revelation go hand in hand together.

Mr. Lyell has succeeded in furnishing the geological student with the history of the science from the commencement of its rudest hypothesis to the present moment. He has traced with a master-hand all its changes and fluctuations; and has worked out of the whole confused mass a consistent theory. By patient induction he has established principles, and laid the foundation on which a superstructure will ere long be reared which will defy the vicissitudes of time. He has assumed that the laws of Nature are unchangeable; that the agencies now at work are precisely the same that existed from the beginning, and that they produce the same results. All his facts and reasonings go to establish this assumption. We scarcely remember to have read a work which compresses so much varied and valuable information into so small a compass; which affords so much delight to the mind, by opening so wide a field for rational speculation and important discovery.

Of his enlarged and comprehensive views as a philosopher, our space will only allow us to present our readers with the following specimen; it shows that the sciences belong to one family, and that they are mutually dependant upon each other:—

"As it is necessary that the historian and the cultivator of moral or political science should reciprocally aid each other, so the geologist, and those who study natural history in physics, stand in equal need of mutual assistance. A comparative anatomist may derive some accession of knowledge from the bare inspection of the remains of an extinct quadruped; but the relic throws much greater light upon his own science when he is informed to what relative era it belonged, what plants and animals were its contemporaries, in what degree of latitude it once existed, and other historical details.

"A fossil shell may interest a conchologist, though he be ignorant of the locality from which it came; but it will be of more value when he learns with what other species it was associated, whether they were marine or fresh water; whether the strata containing them were at a certain elevation above the sea; and what relative position they held in regard to other groups of strata; with many other particulars, determinable by an experienced geologist alone. On the other hand, the skill of the comparative anatomist and conchologist are often indispensable to those engaged in geological research, although it will rarely happen that the geologist will himself combine these different qualifications in his own person.

"Some remains of former organic beings, like the ancient temple, statue, or picture, may have both their intrinsic and their historical value; while there are others which can never be expected to attract attention for their own sake. A painter, sculptor, or architect, would often neglect many curious relics of antiquity, as devoid of beauty, and uninstructive with relation to their own art, however illustrative of the progress of refinement in some ancient nation. It has, therefore, been found desirable that the antiquary should unite his labours to those of the historian; and similar co-operation has become necessary in geology.

"The field of inquiry in living nature being inexhaustible, the zoologist and botanist can rarely be induced to sacrifice time in exploring the imperfect remains of lost species of animals and plants, while those still existing afford constant matter of novelty: they must entertain a desire of promoting *geology* by such investigations; and some knowledge of its objects must guide and direct their studies. According to the different opportunities, tastes, and talents of individuals, they may employ themselves in collecting particular kinds of minerals, rocks, or organic remains; and these, when well examined and explained, afford data to the geologist, as do coins, medals, and inscriptions to the historian."

We earnestly look for the completion of this invaluable undertaking, which has hitherto been conducted with such admirable ability.

Of Mr. Higgins's short treatise we would also speak in terms of no light approbation. The following closing paragraph forms an appropriate conclusion to this our brief notice of a science, which, if properly studied, cannot easily be over-rated:—

"In investigating the ancient history of the globe, the mind should be separated at once from all prejudices, and the reason should guard it from the influence of imagination. It is a subject which, pursued by an enlightened mind, fixes the attention and delights the reason. If the antiquary can feel an interest in explaining the almost obliterated traces of art and civilization, still greater will be the delight of removing the obscurity which hangs over the history of our globe; and, by deductions from a series of observations, to connect the broken fragments, which are preserved in the word of truth, to direct our investigations and develop its revolutions. Genius may here find its resource, and may expend all its powers with increasing delight. At present we have only an indistinct view of the history of the world we inhabit; but when its various revolutions shall be determined, and the character of its past inhabitants explained, it will present the finest display of Almighty power, and the capacity of human intellect, that literature has ever produced, or science has ever afforded."

The Inferno of Dante, translated by Ichabod Charles Wright, A.M. 8vo.

We suspect that the "Inferno," in modern days, has been more talked of than read. This is to be regretted; for, if genuine poetry is to be found anywhere, it flows and brightens along the pages of this remarkable work. We are well aware that perfectly to understand its allusions, to enter into its design, to feel its sublimity, and to relish its beauties, a considerable knowledge of Italian history and literature is previously required. It is certain that no poem, since the revival of letters, has had a more extended and permanent influence in furnishing materials to subsequent poets, in exalting their conceptions, and refining their taste, than the "Divina Commedia" of Dante; which yet was considered by his countrymen so erudite and obscure, that an institution was established in Florence for its elucidation, and a public stipend assigned to a person appointed to read lectures on it. The critical dissertations that have been written upon Dante are almost as numerous as those to which Homer has given birth. In what estimation he was held by the father of English poetry, is attested by the pathetic story of "Hugelin of Pise," in the "Canterbury Tales," which he thus concludes—

"Of this tragedie it ought ynough suffice;
Whoso wol here it in a longer wise
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,
That highte Dante, for he can it devise
Fro point to point; not a word wol he faille."

That our readers may enjoy the contrast between the ancient and modern versions of this tale of horror, we present them with extracts from Chaucer, and Mr. Wright's translation. This also will enable them to form a judgment of the manner in which the latter has executed his task:—

"And on a day befell, that in that houre,
Whan that his mete wont was to be brought,
The gailer shette the dores of the toure:
He hered it wel; but he spoke right nought.
And in his herte anone ther fell a thought,
That they for hunger wolden do him dien;
'Alas!' quod he, 'alas that I was wrought!'
Therewith the teres fellen fro his eyen.

His yonge sone, that three yere was of age,
Unto him said, 'Fader, why do ye wepe?
When will the gailer bringen our potage?
Is ther no morsel bred that ye do kepe?
I am so hungry that I may not slepe.
Now wolde God, that I might slepen ever,
Than shuld not hunger in my wombe crepe;
Ther n'is no thing, sauf bred, that me were lever.'

Thus, day by day, this childe began to crie,
Til in his fadre's barme adoun it lay:
And said, 'Farewel, fader! I mote die;'
And kist his fader; and dide the same day.
And whan the woful fader did it sey,—
For wo his armes two he gan to bite;
And said, 'Alas! Fortune, and wala wa!
Thy false whele, my wo, all may I wite!'

His children wenden, that for hunger it was
That he his armes gnowe, and not for wo;
And sayden, 'Fader, do not so, alas!
But rather ete the flesh upon us two;
Our flesh thou yaf us, take our flesh us fro,
And ete ynough.' Right thus, they to him seide.
And, after that, within a day or two,
They laide him in his lappe adoun, and deide.

Himself dispeired, eke for hunger starf.
Thus ended is this mighty Erle of Pise;
From high estat Fortoune away him carf."

Mr. Wright's Translation.

"When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,
I heard my sons, who with me were confined,

Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.
Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,
  Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind!
And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve?

They were awake: and now the hour drew near
  Which had been wont to bring their scant repast;
And each was pondering o'er his dream of fear,
When, from within the dreadful tower, I heard
  The entrance underneath with nails made fast.
I gazed upon my boys, nor spake a word;—

I wept not; for my heart was turned to stone.
  My children wept; and little Anselm cried,
'What ails thee, father? strange thy looks are grown.'
Yet still I wept not—still made no reply—
  Throughout that day, and all the night beside,
Until another sun lit up the sky.

But when a faint and broken ray was thrown
  Within that dismal dungeon, and I viewed
In those fair looks the image of my own,
Then both my hands, through anguish, did I bite;
  And they, supposing that from want of food
I did so, sudden raised themselves upright,

And said, 'Oh, father! less will be our pain
  If thou wilt feed on us. Thou didst bestow
This wretched flesh;—'tis thine to take again.'
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.
  Two days all silent we remained!—Oh! thou
Hard earth, why didst thou not beneath us cleave?

Four days our agonies had been delayed,
  When Goddo at my feet his body threw,
Exclaiming, 'Father, why not give me aid?'
He died;—and, as distinct as here I stand,
  I saw the three fall, one by one, before
The sixth day closed;—then, groping with my hand,

I felt each wretched corse; for sight had failed.
  Two days I called on those who were no more;
Then hunger, stronger e'en than grief, prevailed.—
This said, aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,
  And with his teeth the skull again he tore,
Fierce as a dog, to gnaw the very bone."

Mr. Wright's introduction is well written, and presents a simple and consistent sketch of the design of this great poem, on which he has lavished so much pains, but in his translation we discover much less of the severe and sublime spirit of the original than we could desire. Mr. Wright has wisely, we think, abstained from entering into the discussion of those minor points, which, notwithstanding all the labour and lore of learned commentators, must for ever remain in obscurity. He justly remarks,—

"To those who take up the 'Divina Commedia' for the sake of its poetical beauties, the solution of the curious questions which are now at issue in the literary world is of comparatively little importance. An allegorical allusion to this life the poem may, indeed, be supposed to contain; for if it be true that wicked men on earth are perpetually suffering from the effects of their own evil passions, and that departed spirits, in their separate state of existence, prior to the final judgment, retain their former feelings,—then, in a poem of this description, a resemblance must necessarily exist between the condition of the dead and the living, independent of any design or intention of the author. By the contemplation of departed spirits deriving joy or misery in the next world from their conduct in this, Dante aimed at exciting men to the practice of virtue, and hoped to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

Mr. Wright is evidently enamoured of his theme, and his translation is remarkably elegant. He wants spirit and pathos, however; and Dante, to be understood and felt, must still be read in his native tongue. The great Italian looks not well in his modern English garb.

The Works of Robert Hall, A.M., with a brief Memoir of his Life, by Dr. Gregory; and Observations on his Character as a Preacher, by John Foster. Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory,

LL.D., F.R.A.S., Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy. 8vo. London, 1832. Vol. VI.

The late appearance of this volume is to be ascribed to a melancholy event,—the lamented death of Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James was the intimate friend of the late Mr. Hall, and had kindly consented, at the request of Mr. Hall's family, to pay a last tribute to his memory by drawing up a memoir of his life, and a sketch of his character. From the intimacy of such minds what might not have been expected! The eloquent survivor, under the influence of hallowed feelings and tender recollections, giving spontaneous utterance to the emotions of grief and friendship, and raising an imperishable monument to the worth of departed greatness. But, alas! such is the lot of humanity: these gifted and most estimable individuals now repose together in the tomb! Their "purposes are broken off." The duty which Sir James Mackintosh was not permitted to perform, naturally fell upon Dr. Gregory, and he has discharged it with talent and fidelity. The biographer has done justice to his subject, and this is saying a great deal: for Mr. Hall was certainly amongst the most remarkable men of the age. His genius was of the highest order, and his character as a minister of Christianity not only blameless, but exemplary. It was to Mr. Hall that Dr. Parr applied the description which had been given of Bishop Taylor:—"He has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." The ablest and best men of all parties since his lamented departure have vied with each other in doing homage to his excellence. But that which by many will be viewed as most honourable to his fame, is a flippant and malignant attack made upon him in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review." The censure of such men is praise indeed. Mr. Hall was an intellectual giant, and they could not measure his dimensions: he was the ardent friend of liberty, and they sickened at the spectacle; he was the enemy of intolerance, and they hated him. Mr. Foster's observations on Mr. Hall's character as a preacher are profound and eloquent. If we do not agree with him in all his opinions and reasonings, we unfeignedly admire his manly independence, his originality of thought. The younger clergy of all our churches would do well to listen to his instructions. Our pulpits would then be better filled, and sermons would not be the dull common-place things they too frequently are. The portion of the volume which contains Hr. Hall's reported sermons, taken in short-hand, exhibits his eminent powers, but not to the best advantage; and were it not for the unequalled specimens published by himself, posterity would be unable to form any adequate idea of the capacities of his mind. We trust, for the sake of his family, and the spirited publishers of this complete edition of Mr. Hall's works, that it will prove a remunerative speculation. It is certainly the most splendid monument that could have have been reared to perpetuate his name, and will be lasting as the language of the country which gave him birth.

The Young Christian's Guide to Confirmation; being Familiar Lectures on the Baptismal Vow, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Lord's Supper, with an Introductory Address to each, intended as a Preparation for young Christians previous to their being presented to the Bishop to be Confirmed. By the Rev. W. T. Myers, A.M., Curate of Eltham, &c. &c. 12mo. London.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge numbers among its publications we do not know how many treatises, exhortations, and homilies, on the subject of Confirmation. We hope that the candidates for this solemnity in the Church of England, especially in the provinces, where confirmation is something very like "a holy fair," will profit by these earnest and continued endeavours of their reverend instructors. Mr. Myers' work comes in among the many, and though the subject is somewhat threadbare, he has really produced a very respectable and useful manual, which those for whose benefit it is particularly intended would do well to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest." We are not high churchmen, and we hate intolerance, whether in a cathedral or a meeting-house. We are glad to perceive that the tone of the clergy is considerably more moderate than it was a few years since. We hope they will furnish us with books of theology and devotion in accordance with the liberal spirit of the times. We dislike the pride of assumption. The Protestant Church of England and Ireland may, as to

its offices, be a very good Church; but it rather surfeits us when a clergyman tells us they are "incomparable." We tell him that judicious revision would make them better; and that, "incomparable" as they are, they must be harmonized and rendered consistent with each other before they will be regarded by enlightened churchmen with unmingled satisfaction.

Nights of the Round Table; or Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends. Second Series. 12mo.

The second series of these "Nights of the Round Table" is quite equal to the former. The tales are written with the same moral purpose, and delineate life and manners and general nature with great truth and feeling. "The Quaker Family" is fraught with instruction, conveyed in a style of great simplicity and beauty: we wish it had not reminded us too vividly of the touching story of "Andrew Cleaver," in the "Chapters on Churchyards," and "The Only Son" of William Kennedy;—the resemblance is so strong as greatly to weaken its claim to originality; and though we acquit the fair writer of intentional plagiarism, she ought to have known that the ground had been previously occupied. While "The Quaker Family" is much too long, the remaining tales—"The two Scotch Williams," and "The Little Ferryman"—are as much too short. The last tale, however, is sketched with great power, and some of its delineations are in the author's best manner. We hope to meet her again, and anticipate the pleasure of passing a few more delightful evenings round her social table.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S. L. & E., &c. &c. &c., assisted by Eminent Literary and Scientific Men. —— *Natural Philosophy.*—Treatise on Heat. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., &c. 12mo.

Enthusiasm in philosophy converts science into a religion; the expounder of its mysteries becomes the priest of Nature, and we listen to him with equal reverence and delight. On whatever subject Dr. Lardner employs his pen he writes "con amore:" his earnestness of manner, and entire abstraction from everything but the matter in hand, fix the attention and awaken the ardour of his readers; and they are caught by the philosophical spirit ere they are perhaps aware of its existence. The present "Treatise on Heat" is confirmatory of this remark. It is the first time that this important branch of science has been systematically exhibited in a distinct and separate treatise. Dr. Lardner dwells on its comparative importance, and, we think justly, places its claims above light, electricity, and magnetism, which have each been elevated to the dignity of a characteristic name and place in general physics.

"Light," he observes, "is, so to speak, an object rather of luxury than of positive necessity. Nature supplies it, therefore, not in unlimited abundance, nor at all times and places, but rather with that thrift and economy which she is wont to observe in dispensing the objects of our pleasures, compared with those which are necessary to our being; but heat, on the contrary, she has yielded in the most unbounded plenteousness. Heat is everywhere present; every body that exists contains it in quantities without known limit; the most inert and rude masses are pregnant with it; whatever we see, hear, smell, taste, or feel, is full of it. To its influence is due that endless variety of forms which are spread over, and beautify the surface of, the globe. Land, water, air, could not for a single instant exist as they do in its absence; all would suddenly fall into one rude, formless mass—solid and impenetrable."—

And a great deal more the Doctor eloquently deposes on the qualities and virtues of this universal agent. He *warms* upon the subject as he proceeds; and, having painted it in *glowing* colours, he enters minutely and clearly into all the details of its operations, and gives us all the *light* which it is in the power of philosophy to derive from *heat.*

Biographical Sketch of Joseph Napoleon Buonaparte, Count de Survilliers.

This volume meets the public eye by a somewhat circuitous route. Abel Hugo, first a page, and afterwards an officer, of Joseph Bonaparte in the Spanish campaigns, writes a summary of the events which placed that individual on the throne of Spain. This summary, and many other similar works, furnish the matter of an article in the "North American Review." The article is translated into French

by a "Young Patriot;" and reaches us eventually as a separate publication with some addition, in its present form. The visit of the Count to England is, of course, the immediate cause of its appearance. It contains much that is highly interesting; indeed, we have rarely met with a more pleasing record than the detail of the improvement effected, and the evils exterminated, in the accession of Joseph Napoleon to the throne of Naples. He seems to have striven hard to render himself a real benefactor to the people amongst whom his lot was for a time cast. The concording testimonies of General Lamarque, General Foy, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and General Lafayette, sufficiently show the estimation in which the Count has been held by those competent to judge. It appears from a note prefixed to the volume, addressed by him to the French editor, and apparently of recent date, that he "still adheres with inviolable fidelity to the declaration made by the French people in the 13th year of the Republic (1804), until the moment that the nation shall please to decide otherwise." That declaration, it is well known, established the reigning power in the line and family of Napoleon and his brother Joseph; now, by the death of young Napoleon, the next in succession. He claims it seems "as long as the nation shall not have adopted another form of government." But we refer those who are anxious about the restoration of the Napoleons to the book itself.

The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society in London. Vol. II.

The second volume well supports the character of the Society. It is filled with most interesting matter, and deserves the attention of all who are gratified in observing the ardent mind of man urging him on through every difficulty in the career of discovery and invention. The most careless reader must feel pleasure in examining the valuable stores placed here before him by the indefatigable exertions of men who have braved every danger and inconvenience to extend the bounds of geographical science. Among the most valuable papers is a View of the Progress of Interior Discovery in New South Wales, by Allan Cunningham, Esq., which gives a most interesting account of the expeditions of Oxley, Hume, the writer, and more recently (in 1829) of Captain Sturt, in order to explore the country generally, and more especially to trace some of its mysterious rivers. Captain Sturt traced the Macquarie far beyond the place where Oxley had hunted it into an apparently interminable morass, and found that it ultimately joins the Darling, a salt-water river, of whose course little is as yet known. The Darling is considered the largest river of New South Wales, and Captain Sturt supposes that it ultimately forms a junction, after traversing the country in a S.W. direction, with the river Moraumbidgee, in the south of Australia. Mr. Cunningham says that not more that one-sixth part of the country is as yet explored. A very curious paper is that on the Valley of Poison, in Java, where, within a circumference of half a mile, the air possesses the properties of the well-known Grotta del Cane, near Naples. It is covered with skeletons of human beings and various sorts of animals. Without further specification, where all is valuable, we cordially recommend this volume to our readers.

Mackintosh's History of England. Vol. III.

We ought to have noticed the volume before, if it were only to remark upon the lamented loss of him who commenced, but did not complete it. That distinguished individual, whatever may be said of his qualifications for writing history as tried by the two previous volumes, could not have failed, we feel persuaded, in producing a work of which, viewed as a whole, his country would have been proud. His extensive legal knowledge, his devotion to historical pursuits, his ethical turn of mind, his calm and comprehensive judgment, all well fitted him for the work. The faults he has committed arose more from circumstances than from himself. He was not the sort of man to furnish volumes by a given day of a given month, and, when spurred on to make the attempt, it might have been expected that he would sometimes stumble. We feel persuaded that this is the true reason for the complicated sentences, the disorderly collocation of words, &c., of which one finds frequent instances in the previous volumes. If any body should have been foolishly led to imagine from some such passages that Sir James Mackintosh could not write English as well, perhaps, as himself, let him turn to the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," "the Essay on the Law of Nations," and, perhaps, especially to "the Essay on the History of Ethical Philosophy," prefixed to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and

we are quite sure they will be inclined to speak, as Gibbon does with regard to Hume, of those "inimitable beauties" which impress the reader with positive despair of ever being able to rival them.

The Principles of English Grammar. By William Hunter. Glasgow.

This is not such a book as the "Professor of Logic, Moral Philosophy, and Rhetoric, Andersonian University," should have presented to the public eye. Not that there is not much that is valuable mixed up with the mass of information that it contains, but the book, as a whole, can scarcely be pronounced an improvement on its predecessors; while the conceit which palpably pervades it, gives it an air by no means attractive in our eyes. Continual references by an author to his own works are very offensive to our notions of propriety. Mr. Hunter has in this small volume given us no fewer than one-hundred and twenty-six such references. Every where one is met by "See my 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar;'" and the absurdity —we cannot help so characterizing it—is carried to a still higher pitch by the introduction of questions upon the matter of these, in all probability, unknown works. The pupil is asked (p. 5) "how many letters there are in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and how they are pronounced?" and referred to "my 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar'" for the answer. There are many points which we could discuss with the author did our limits permit. We have, however, only room to say, that we do not see the utility of employing two pages of an elementary work to show us how we articulate the latters of the alphabet; that we do not believe the diminutive termination in "gosling" is *ing*, we conceive it to be *ling*; that we doubt if patriotism and friendship be collective nouns; that the instance Kenriculus (p. 17) does not prove (though brought forward for the purpose) that words ending in *kin* are diminutives; in fact, it would occupy too long to correct a tithe of the blunders of the author and printer together; with errors evidently typographical the book swarms. The only part of it which we can praise is the department assigned to the discussion of offences against propriety and purity of language. Here much may be found that is ingenious.

The Life of William Cowper, Esq.; compiled from his Correspondence, and other Authentic Sources of Information. Containing Remarks on his Writings, and on the Peculiarities of his interesting Character, never before published. By Thomas Taylor. 8vo.

This is the only complete life of Cowper. Hayley's four volumes and Dr. Johnson's two have chiefly supplied Mr. Taylor with his materials. He says that "he has attempted not only to bring the substance of these six volumes into one, but to communicate information respecting the poet which cannot be found in either of these works." He adds, likewise, towards the close of the preface, that "he has made free use of all the published records of Cowper within his reach, besides availing himself of the valuable advice of the Rev. Dr. Johnson, Cowper's kinsman, to whom he respectfully tenders his grateful acknowledgments for his condescension and kindness in undertaking to examine the *manuscript*, and for the useful and judicious hints respecting it he was pleased to suggest."

While we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Taylor's work is pre-eminently superior to those which preceded it as a faithful and comprehensive record of the great subject of which it treats; and, while we admire the frankness with which he assures his readers that it is chiefly, if not entirely, a compilation, we cannot but reprehend what appears to us the great injustice of purloining so largely from the recent work of Mr. Colburn; and surely it would have become Dr. Johnson, who received from the publisher a very handsome sum for the copyright, to have *hinted* to Mr. Taylor that to embody his own work in his manuscript was far, very far indeed, overstepping the limits prescribed by the law in cases of literary property. Mr. Colburn's consent ought to have been asked and obtained before such wholesale plagiarism had been committed.

The Three Histories: the History of an Enthusiast; the History of a Non-Chalant; the History of a Realist. By Mrs. Fletcher (late Miss Jewsbury). Second Edition. 12mo.

The sale of a large impression of this interesting work is no mean evidence of its value in public estimation; and the judgment of the public is seldom wrong, espe-

cially when an author has not been puffed into notice by the arts of mercenary booksellers. The present edition of "The Three Histories" reflects great honour upon the liberality of the publishers: the price is reduced one-third,—from nine shillings to six. It is an elegant volume, and may be placed on a drawing-room table, or given as a present, and will not disgrace the beautiful annuals and other ornamental works with which it may be associated. Mrs. Fletcher's honeymoon is passed, and we hope she will have leisure to resume her literary labours; Mr. Fletcher is not entitled to a monopoly of her admirable talents, who from an enthusiast has become a realist, and will never, we are persuaded, degenerate into a non-chalant.

Fifty-one Original Fables, with Morals and Ethical Index; Embellished with Eighty-five Original Designs, by R. Cruickshanks. Also, a Translation of Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven Sages, &c. 8vo.

These Fables are of unequal merit. Some of them are excellent. The preface is an exceedingly good essay on the origin, nature, and design of the fable. The Banquet of the Seven Sages is worth all the book besides; and the illustrations are in the best style; as engravings on wood, they are most beautiful specimens of the art in its present advanced state. Can it ever be better?

Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine. By Leitch Ritchie.

We know not whether to criticise this clever production as a romance or a melo-drama, perhaps they mean the same thing; for, after all, a melo-drama is only a wild romance put into more extended action—such is undoubtedly the "Robber of the Rhine" from the commencement to the termination thereof. It may be called a book in a bustle: and yet we hardly know how Mr. Ritchie could have introduced repose, without destroying the brilliant energy with which the volume is animated—it is sparkling and spirited throughout; but we would fain see how the author would have painted in the female characters which at present are too sketchy and vague to enable us to judge if he be skilled in the delicate and difficult knowledge of the female heart. Lise is a sweet bride for a brigand, and carries our sympathies with her as far as she goes; the lady of the story is more spirited and decided than well-bred gentlewomen are in general; but there is something much more to our taste in the fascinating being who loves the Jew, with a purity and simplicity singularly touching and truthful: this fair girl would have been one of the most skilful and delightful sketches in modern novels, but for the unhappy incident of her kissing the soldier. Lise might have kissed a whole garrison, and there would have been nothing revolting in it. The stately lady herself might have condescended to such a familiarity upon an occasion, and the plea of "state necessity" might justify her as it has done others; but the trembling, loving, delicate creature, who comes upon us "like the breath of the sweet south," could not have submitted to the degradation even to save her husband; she would sacrifice her life joyfully, to procure him a small advantage, but a being, constituted as she is described, could not submit to the pollution of a rude kiss. We are really angry at this incident, because it was in no degree necessary to the development of the story, the escape could have been managed without it, and the ideal beauty of the character preserved. The men are more perfectly drawn than the women, and the author manages them better: Schinderhannes is the *beau-ideal* of a brigand. We shall love the Rhine and its blue waters a thousand times better for Leitch Ritchie's sake; and, though we have no sympathy with "Peter the Black," inasmuch as he is a species of "Coburg" hero, yet he is of great use to the story,—a dark foreground, throwing out the gentler parts with good effect. Decidedly, the finest and most successfully delineated character of the whole book is the Jew; the conception and development of that one creation proves the author a man of no ordinary mind, and Mr. Ritchie deserves peculiar praise for the pains he has bestowed thereon; for it is evident, that his talent lies more in the formation of a perfect *whole* as regards action, than in the delineation of character; you feel, in general, that his *dramatis personæ* are come to play their parts, not that the situations arise out of circumstances, for which, as in real life, they cannot always be prepared. Nevertheless, the book, as we have said, is sparkling and spirited, creating a breathless interest, and realising the expectations its announcement excited. We observe the editor does not repeat his invitation to the halt, the maimed, and the blind, to be delivered of their MS. for the benefit of Messrs. Smith and Elder: has one little month taught him wisdom?

The Life of Sir William Hoste. 2 vols.

There is no class of men in the world so justly and so highly appreciated, and yet so little understood, as seamen. We read about them, we occasionally meet with, and mix with them; we look upon them as especially chartered by the Almighty to protect our country and defend it, where only it is accessible to invasion. We respect them, we sympathize with them (as well as we know how). Not a breeze blows heavily over the land that we do not put up a silent, but not less earnest prayer for those who are on the sea;—in a word, there is a warm nook in the heart of every true Britain, that might be called "the sailor's home." And yet, of those sailors, during the greater portion of their lives, how little do we know!

The heroic actions of our seamen occupy only a short period of the most celebrated man's existence; and the long weeks, months, and years, spent by our brave tars on the ocean, are passed under circumstances, and in occupations, with which even now, when so much has been written on the subject, we are only very partially acquainted. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to every one who adds to our store of information. There is so much good feeling, so much simplicity of heart, mingled with such excellent bravery in every page of these interesting records, that we cordially thank Lady Harriette Hoste for rescuing them from that oblivion which the name of her gallant husband can now never know.

Sincerely do we lament that he was so soon removed from the scene of much earthly glory. To those who had the advantage of his personal acquaintance, as well as to the young aspirants for naval honours, Sir William's memoirs will prove a most valuable record and monitor.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Letters from Sussex Emigrants who sailed for Upper Canada in April, 1832, with a Gazetteer of the Places named in the Letters, &c. &c. 8vo. 2*s*.

Biographical Sketch of Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte. 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*. bds.

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LITERARY REPORT.

The sixth and last volume of Cunningham's "British Artists."

The "Life of General Sir John Moore," from the materials afforded by Family Papers.

"Notre Dame," a Tale of the Ancien Régime, from the French of Victor Hugo. By the Translator of Wilson's edition of "Lafayette."

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Captain Alexander is about to publish the narrative of his recent Travels in America and the West Indies, under the title of "Transatlantic Sketches."

"Piozziana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi," with Remarks by a Friend.

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Dr. Paris's "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest" is announced, in a single volume.

Miss Jane Austen's Novel, entitled "Emma," is promised for the twenty-fifth volume of Mr. Bentley's Standard Novels and Romances.

A Novel, under the title of the "New Road to Ruin," from the pen of Lady Stepney.

W. Howitt, we are glad to hear, has nearly ready a second series of the "Book of the Seasons," embracing all the advantages of the first series, which has been long out of print, and with superior Embellishments.

A new Novel by Mrs. Sheridan, entitled "Aims and Ends."

"Mary of Burgundy; or, the Revolt of Ghent." By the Author of "Richelieu," "Henry Masterton," &c.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The exhibition of works of art in the Gallery of the British Institution opened early in the month. Taken as a whole, it is the best we ever noticed, although there has not been so large a contribution as heretofore on the part of artists established in reputation. There are, however, fewer inferior productions than usual; and we observed manifest improvement in many of the exhibitors of former years. Mr. E. Landseer, Mr. Etty, Mr. Constable, Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Howard, are the members of the academy who have sent their productions; and among the more eminent of the other contributors are Mr. Uwins, Mr. Knight, Mr. G. Hayter, Mr. Webster, Mr. Von Holst, Mr. Ciater, Mr. Hofland, Mr. M'Clise, Mr. Lee, &c. M'Clise's picture of Mokanna unvailing before Zelica, (from Lalla Rookh,) is beyond question the gem of the season. We never recollect a young artist making so great a "sensation," or rising so rapidly to the highest station in his profession, the most envied honours of which he is doubtless destined to share.

The *Associated Painters in Water Colours.*—We are happy to find that our anticipations have been realized. This society has succeeded in its object; a sufficient sum has been collected among the friends and professors of art, and the exhibition will open in Old Bond-street, early in April.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

We have had a good deal of bustle and novelty during the past month at the "great houses;" but the most delightful treat at this theatre has been the revival, or rather appearance, of Mozart's immortal "Don Giovanni" in an English dress. To Mr. Beazley was assigned the difficult task of translating, or writing, English words to Italian music; thus uniting a gay, bounding, graceful Italian greyhound in the bonds of unlawful matrimony with a stiff, cross, crabbed English bull-dog. Critics though we be, we have not the heart to criticize him or his poetry after such an exertion: he has taste and feeling; but there are some things over which neither taste nor feeling can triumph. It would be much easier to find fault with his poetry than to write better. We therefore dismiss the scrutiny altogether; and for once congratulate the management on the possession of an admirable orchestra. Will Mr. Braham oblige us with his secret for the preservation of perpetual youth? He sang and acted the animated air, "Fin ch' an dal Vino," with a glowing gaiety that warmed every bosom in the theatre. In other portions of the music, the melody, the gentle breathing melody, was wanting, both in his lower and his upper tones; but still he is *the* Braham, who, like the youth in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, "never should grow old." Madame de Meric, whose voice seems capable of every modulation, and is excellent in them all, exerted herself to the uttermost, and did not, when we heard her, suffer a note of the divine music to lose its expression. Her enunciation of our guttural English is admirable, and her conception of the character of Donna Anna was perfection. Mrs. Wood's "Zerlina" was in many parts fiuely sung, but the buoyancy of heart and manner, which constitute the life and freshness of the character, were wanting. She did not bound on the stage in all the *abandon* of happy enjoyment; she was too tame, too measured in her movements; in fact, the character is as much and essentially Italian as Shakspeare's Juliet, and requires much discrimination to perform it *comme il faut*, without at the same time violating the proprieties of an English audience. Her "Vedrai Carino" was something to remember as long as we live. Mr. Phillips is too heavy for Leporello; he has more humour than wit in his acting, but there is no English singer now on the stage who could do more justice to the gossamer Italian.* Miss Betts, notwithstanding the host of talent she had to contend with, acquitted herself, as she usually does—well; but we protest against Elvira running away from her convent in pink satin and feathers. There is not one of even Mozart's operas that comes so laden with the golden feelings of our youth as this same Don Juan. And Stanfield's

* Towards the close of the month a Mr. Martin took the place of Mr. Phillips, and made by far the most successful *debut* of the season. He has many of the best requisites for the profession.

glorious pencil contributed so judiciously to the illusion, that but for our barbarous language, we could have fancied ourselves in sight of the statue, where the soft moonlight touches the scenery with its silver beauty, and sheds its chastened light on all around. The opera altogether is a delightful treat, full of the depth and passion of the great *Maestro*, and yet sparkling with his youthful and bright imaginings. They have had O. P. riots at this theatre; and Captain Polhill's manager speechified without effect until the cause of umbrage was removed.

"The Sleeping Beauty" has been another novelty, or called a novelty, though we most strenuously object to the introduction of any thing but incidental Ballets at a house originally intended for the production of the Legitimate Drama, despite the attractions of Mademoiselle Duvernay, which are certainly of a very high order, both as regards her personal charms and acquired accomplishments. "The Sleeping Beauty" is only an improvement on the "Lions of Mysore"—neither had any business at Old Drury. Got up, as all *spectacles* must be, at an enormous expense, and at variance with the taste of that class of persons who frequent, or ought to frequent, an English Theatre, they may "draw" for a few nights, but in the end can only "draw" down destruction on the heads of their misguided producers. This we should have thought had been already proved; but we have not now to learn that there are those who never grow wise by experience. A Ballet at the Opera, where *Ballets* ought to be, and a Ballet at each of the English Theatres, where they ought *not* to be! we shall see in a little time how it will all terminate! We cannot, honestly, wish such a system success, particularly as many of our own actors, whose talent lies in their head, not their heels, are pretty nearly consigned to starvation, to enable foreigners to *star*. Nevertheless we detract not from the merit of the fair *artistes*. Mademoiselle Ancellin improves, and is now, part Taglioni—part Heberle. Of Mademoiselle Duvernay we think most highly; she possesses grace and elegance, as we have stated, of the highest order; we hope soon to see her at the Opera. The dresses and decorations of the "Sleeping Beauty" are truly superb; and the scenery, when we remember who is the magician (whose pencil has all the qualifications of a fairy's wand) that has produced it, need scarcely be pronounced "wonderful in beauty,"—it could not be otherwise.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Peake has produced a new drama at this theatre, of which, by this time, all our readers have heard: it is called the "Smuggler Boy," the word and character of the *boy* having been introduced to accommodate the piece to Miss Poole, who is an extraordinary mixture of youthful feeling and matured judgment. The plot is as follows: The family of St. Brieux, though noble, has for many years been connected with a band of smugglers on the coast of Brittany. Paul Count de St. Brieux, otherwise Paul the Smuggler, is suspected by the band of treachery. He has been absent eighteen months, has married and had an heir, and has been seen by their spies in regular attendance on the minister at Paris. On his return he is summoned to a meeting of the smugglers, and compelled to place his infant son in their hands as a hostage for his fidelity. The chateau is attacked by the troops of the government, and defended by the smugglers, who escape with the child, leaving the son of the commanding officer of the district among the slain, and thus terminates the first Act. At the opening of the second we find the Count and Countess returned from Guadaloupe as Colonel and Madame Valry, the Count having sunk his former name and station, and acquired rank and reputation in the army. His own description, as the proscribed Paul the Smuggler, is placed in his hands as Colonel Valry, to be read at the head of his regiment, which is now employed in Brittany to suppress the smugglers, who have again made head. A smuggler boy, called Devilskin, is taken prisoner, but escapes from the troops, and climbing through a window into the house where Madame Valry is staying, implores her protection. He is discovered, but escapes again, flies to his mountains, and ultimately proves to be the lost heir of St. Brieux. The smugglers are overcome, and their dying chief denounces Paul as the murderer of the young officer slain in Act I. His innocence, however, of that crime is proved by another smuggler, and his subsequent services induce the court and jury to recommend him as a fit object for the royal clemency. Such is the outline of this *legitimate melodrama*, if we may so designate an entertainment containing much broad farce, which is cleverly given by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. Much as we appreciate Miss Poole's talent, we do not like to see this precocious child forced and dressed into such a part: we would not mar the innocence and happiness of youth by so early an acquaintance with vice; and though we are well aware that the stage is no hot-bed for virtue, yet we would not have a child, and more particularly a girl, thrust into immorality under the

very eye of the public. Mr. Haines manifested much talent in his allotted part, and the choruses were in Mr. G. H. Rodwell's best style. It only remains for us to prophesy that the Smuggler Boy will not outlive the season.

The grand spectacle of "Kenilworth" has been produced here, with the tribe of opera dancers and opera dresses. Well may the bills say that it is "from the King's Theatre;" the ballet was most certainly an absurdity worthy foreign growth, but it was a grievous profanation to graft it upon our own beautiful Kenilworth. Darnley, Earl of Leicester, pirouetting before the proud Elizabeth of England on one leg!—dancing into the good graces of the maiden queen, who loved him not over-wisely, and bounding, with a hop-step-and-a-jump, into the susceptible heart of Amy Robsart! What would the manager think of getting up the Reform Bill in the same style of excellence—Lord John and Earl Grey *dos à dos*, while Mr. Cobbett and Mr. O'Connell performed *demi queue de chat* for the amusement of an enlightened audience.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At a meeting of this Society held on the 6th instant, the Secretary read a "Dissertation on the Origin of the Primitive Sphere of the Greeks," by Isaac Cullimore, Esq. It is well known that the principles whereby Sir Isaac Newton endeavoured to remodel ancient history rest on the description of what is usually denominated "the primitive sphere of the Greeks," furnished by the astronomers Eudoxus, Aratus, and Hipparchus, combined with a tradition preserved by Clemens and Diogenes Laertius, that the sphere was constructed for the use of the Argonauts by Chiron and his contemporary Musæus,—a tradition which is at issue with the evidence of all sober history, and altogether confuted by the fact of the adoption of nearly the same system of asterisms by all civilized nations, from the remotest antiquity. Newton, as well as his opponents, Souciel, Bedford, &c., determined, however, to see nothing but "the history of the Argo and her gallant crew" delineated in the heavens, have therefore identified the ages of the sphere and of the voyage of Jason—the former at the expense of history, and the latter at that of astronomy. History refers this famous expedition to the middle of the thirteenth century before the Christian era; while the description of the sphere answers to the state of the heavens about the middle of the tenth. To the latter age Newton accordingly lowers the voyage of the Argo, and assumes this as a basis for the general shortening of ancient chronology; while Souciel and Bedford, rejecting the evidence of astronomy, raise the sphere to the historical age of the expedition.

The place of the colures being spoken of by Hipparchus as the middle of Aries, Libra, Cancer, and Capricorn (*i. e.*, the 8°, or middle of the constellations), the opponents of Newton have assumed, to support their theory, that the middle, or 15°, of the signs is to be understood—a difference in time of from four to five centuries. Mr. Cullimore, however, proves, both from the coincident voice of ancient writers, and from astronomical calculation, that the 8° was the place of the colures in the sphere of Eudoxus. There Eudoxus himself placed them, in the fourth century B.C., as Columella informs us. There, also, they were placed by Meton and Euctemon a century earlier; and by Sosigenes, Manilius, Columella, Ovid, and Pliny, during the two centuries which immediately preceded and followed the Christian era. It follows that, whatever was the source of this original sphere of the Greeks and Romans, it was adopted by both nations, without any regard to the changes in the longitudes of the stars. The tenth century B.C., to which calculation refers the coincidence of this sphere, with the celestial phenomena, is a complete blank as regards Grecian history and science; and this blank descends below the Olympic era, B.C. 776. Newton accordingly admits that between the Argonautic era and the time of Thales, about B.C. 600, we know nothing of the state of Grecian astronomy. This chasm in the records of science extends to 350 years, according to Newton, and to about twice that time if we follow his opponents; both parties nevertheless assume the observations of Chiron, the traditional author of the sphere, to have been preserved and transmitted during the whole of it with perfect accuracy.

The present writer consequently takes his stand at the dawn of Grecian astronomy, in the days of Thales, and proceeds to show that this philosopher obtained

his knowledge of the heavens in Egypt; and that his pupil, Anaximander, was the constructor of the earliest Greek sphere of which there is the remotest historical trace; the labours of Anaximander being continued by Clearchus, and soon afterwards adopted by Meton and Euctemon, as above. We are thus directed to Egypt as the source whence Thales imported his knowledge of the sphere; and to that nation Herodotus, and all sober historians, refer the *origines astronomicæ* of Greece. But the Egyptian elements of science could not have been brought into Greece earlier than the first international communication; and this intercourse is known to have begun with the arrival of the Carian and Ionian auxiliaries in aid of King Psammeticus, about the year B.C. 672, a little before the birth of Thales.

What, then, was the state of the Egyptian sphere in this age? We find that the latest delineation of it, of which history has presented any account, was that by King Nicephos the Wise, the immediate predecessor, except one, of Psammeticus, the limits of whose reign fall between the years B.C. 686 and 672.

Mr. Cullimore shows, that, according to principles developed by him in a previous memoir, the Egyptian colures intersected the 8° of the cardinal signs, from the year B.C. 676 to 575—an interval coincident not only with the reigns of Psammeticus, Nicephos, &c., but with the greater part of the lives of Thales and Anaximander. And that this was the last correction of the sphere of Egypt appears from the fact, that Sosigenes, the Alexandrian, who assisted Cæsar in the reformation of the Roman calendar, 600 years later, still placed colures in the 8° of the signs. It follows that the state of the Egyptian sphere, and that of the Greeks and Romans, was identical, from the age of Thales to that of Pliny; and that the origin of the latter has been at length demonstrably detected.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The Chevalier Clot Bey was introduced to the meeting by the Chairman, in an energetic speech, which gave an interesting view of the labours of this gentleman, who is a native of France, and now fills the situation of principal surgeon to the Pasha of Egypt, in the costume of which rank he appeared at the meeting. Among other benefits conferred by this individual on Egypt, he has educated three hundred young Arabs in his own profession, one of whom accompanies him. Sir Alexander passed a very high eulogium on the Pasha of Egypt, for the liberal and enlightened manner in which he patronizes the natives of all countries indiscriminately, who can improve in any way the condition and resources of his country. The Chevalier, in returning thanks for his reception by the meeting, expressed his regret that the shortness of his stay in England would not allow him to pay so much attention as he could wish to the institutions of the country; but said, that the high opinion he had formed of our nation was fully borne out by his limited experience. He concluded by offering his services to the Society, on his return to Egypt, in any way they could be made available.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

At a recent meeting of this society, a paper was read by Mr. Aikin on the gaseous substances used for artificial light and the manufacture of gas. In our notice of this *illustration* we must be very brief. The practical details of the manufacture of gas, with descriptions of the retorts, tubes, tanks, hydraulic-mains, &c. without the drawings, the exhibition of which accompanied Mr. Aikin's discourse, would be uninteresting to the most acute reader. The application of elastic fluid, or gas, to the purpose of affording artificial light is of modern invention, though from an early period its existence was acknowledged; for what is the blaze of a coal fire but the burning of coal-gas? In 1739, a Fellow of the Royal Society first discovered the inflammable nature of coal-tar: in 1746, further advances were made; and, some time after, the Earl of Dundonald obtained a patent for the manufacture of gas and coke; but it may be fairly said, that until its introduction by Mr. Windsor, who lit what was then the Lyceum Theatre in the Strand, and one side of Pall-mall, with gas, the extent of its usefulness as an artificial light was not understood. A chaldron of coal, after remaining about eight hours in the retort, yields from 10,000 to 14,000 cubic feet of gas, the difference in quantity arising from the quality of the coal: a loss, varying from 22½ to 34½ per cent., takes place, and it becomes coke. About one cwt. of tar is also extracted, together with a quantity of ammoniacal liquor, from which is made sal ammoniac, and other chemical compounds.

LECTURE ON JACOTOT'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

Two lectures have been given by Mr. Joseph Payne, at the Grove-House, Camberwell, to a numerous and respectable audience, on Jacotot's system of education, entitled universal instruction. The following is an abstract:—M. Jacotot, a native of Dijon, also professor of French, at the University of Louvain, made many interesting experiments, which ended in the establishment of a system embracing these principles. 1. That the pupil should be made as much as possible an agent in his own instruction; he learns under the direction, but not by the explanation of his teacher.—2. That the pupil should be made completely master of one thing (one book, one model, &c.) to serve as a sort of nucleus, around which other things may be collected and retained.—3. That this one thing well known should serve to interpret and explain other things imperfectly or not at all known.—4. That a habit of correct and natural association should be assiduously cultivated.—5. That the mind should in all cases be taught by ascending from facts to principles.—6. That the memory should always be practicably considered as the purveyor to the judgment.—7. That the natural faculty of imitation should be extensively exercised.—8. That what is learned should be continually brought into use, i. e. that the principle of reproduction should be in constant operation.—9. That the process of very frequent repetition is absolutely necessary in elementary instruction.—10. That practice makes perfect. The general direction of the system—learn something thoroughly, and refer every thing else to it, was explained, and the results of the plans on the continent and in the country, were shown from official reports; accounts of the Lecturer's own successful experiments, &c. An approving note from Lord Brougham was read, as also a letter from an English officer, who had witnessed very satisfactory effects of this system in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The practice of all men of cultivated minds, and great attainments was shown to be in accordance with the principle of the system; the advantages of being "the man of one book" were pointed out, and the old saying, *cave ab homine unius libri*, elucidated. The process by which the pupil of Jacotot's system is made "the man of one book" was explained in detail, and some compositions of the Lecturer's pupils read. The audience, which, by the way, on the first evening, were put into a thoroughly damp room by the directors of the establishment, evinced by the most marked attention the interest they took in the subject.

VARIETIES.

Expedition in search of Captain Ross.—The following is an outline of the present plan for conducting this interesting expedition:—The expedition is to consist of two officers and eighteen men, part to be engaged in this country and part in Canada, all of them inured to fatigue, and well accustomed to the duties they have to perform. Several of Captain Back's late companions on Sir John Franklin's last voyage have already volunteered to embark on the present enterprise. They will leave Liverpool so as to reach Montreal by way of New York by the 10th of April. Some days will then be spent in engaging Canadian voyagers as steersmen and guides, and in preparing the usual equipment. The route to be pursued is the ordinary one for the fur-traders, by the Outaway, French River, the Great Lakes, Lake Winepeg, &c., to Great Slave Lake, being a distance from Montreal of about 2500 miles, which may, it is expected, be accomplished early in July. The mode of travelling on the lakes is in a large birch rind canoe, which at Fort William will be changed for smaller canoes, adapted for river navigation. At Cumberland House the party will embark in batteaux, which are better calculated for conveying the pemmican. This, which will form their most certain food, is made from the flesh of buffalo, moose, or rein deer, dried and pounded with a proportionate quantity of fat; and when well prepared it will keep good for years; scraped and boiled in snow water, it forms a palatable and nutritious soup. At Slave Lake, Indian guides and hunters will be obtained to accompany the party to the Great Fishing River. The most eligible spot for winter residence having been selected, a certain number of the people will be appointed for erecting the necessary buildings, and the hunters and fishermen employed to store up provisions, while Captain Back will proceed himself, without loss of time, down the river in a light canoe, with a crew of eight men, well armed. As the river flows through the barren lands of nearly equal elevation with those

north of Fort Enterprise, it is expected its course, like that of the Copper Mine, will be interrupted by rapids, or cascades. This cruise will enable Captain Back to survey these, so that on his return to the winter establishment they may construct boats combining the qualities of the river and the sea navigation. As far, also, as the season will permit, Captain Back expects his visit to the sea will give him an opportunity of communicating with the Esquimaux, and of obtaining, if not intelligence of Captain Ross, at least much information of the direction of his course the following summer. Having passed the first winter, they would start for sea the moment the ice breaks up; and if the opinion which Captain Back has been led to entertain, from an inspection of the maps traced by the Indians, of the mouth of the river being between 68 and 69 parallels of latitude be correct, they would then be less than 300 miles from the wreck of the Fury, and, under favourable circumstances, little or no doubt can be entertained of their being able to reach it. If, contrary to their hope, no trace of Captain Ross should be discovered on arriving at the wreck of the Fury, and the season should be far advanced, it will be necessary they should retrace their way to winter-quarters; and in so doing they would embrace every opportunity of erecting land-marks and signal-posts on peaks and capes, to arrest the attention of the wanderers to the notes deposited beneath, detailing the position of their fort, and the means adopted for their relief. On the disruption of the ice in the following spring, the expedition would again be on the shores of the Polar Sea, and its researches be resumed in a different direction from that previously taken; every Esquimaux hut would be minutely inspected, in the hope of finding some token of the fate of their countrymen. "The gratification," observes Captain Back, "which the promoters of the expedition will experience should even a single British seaman be rescued from a melancholy fate by their means, will amply repay them for their exertions and outlay; while, even if no such happy fortune should attend their researches, the geographical knowledge that must be obtained, and the scientific information resulting from a course leading nearly over one of the magnetic poles, will, it is hoped, show that the enterprise has not, even in this case, been undertaken in vain."

Agricultural Improvement Institution—A society has been lately established, and under very high patronage, for the purpose of giving to the destitute, but industrious poor, useful and profitable employment. The society proposes to effect this great good by establishing home colonies on the model of the celebrated Dutch farms at Frederick's-oord. From an estimate lately laid before Parliament, it appears that 15,000,000 acres of land, capable of cultivation, are now lying waste in the United Kingdom. The objects of the society are, to obtain tracts of this waste land by gift, grant, or purchase; to divide the same into small portions, and to let these portions to the poor at a low rent, furnishing to the occupiers such implements and instruction, as shall enable them to bring the land into profitable cultivation, and eventually to repay all expenses incurred by the society, and by continued industry and frugality to acquire a competence for themselves. The first outlay of the society is to be defrayed by subscriptions: and we mention this, because we feel that such a Society is entitled to the support of all who desire, not only for the poor themselves—and humanity requires something from us—but for the moral improvement of society, that the condition of the humbler classes should be improved, and that every able and willing labourer should have the just reward of his industry. Annual subscriptions, as low as ten shillings, are received, and entitle the subscribers to be present, and to vote at all general meetings.

A new Route to India.—A Mr. Waghorn, who has been exerting himself to procure a quick communication with India, is about to sail for Malta, from whence he will proceed to Alexandria, in order to make arrangements for crossing the desert to Suez. Should his plan be carried into effect, he calculates that he may be able to reach India within forty-five days after leaving Falmouth.

The commissioners for building new churches have made their twelfth annual report. They state that at the time of their last report 168 churches and chapels had been completed, in which accommodation had been provided for 231,367 persons. Since that time 20 churches and chapels have been completed, capable of accommodating 26,361 persons; so that, on the whole, 188 churches or chapels have now been completed, and therein accommodation provided for 257,728 persons, including 142,121 free seats. The commissioners state further that there are 19 churches and chapels now building, and that they have approved plans for building 8 more.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Composition of the Silver Bell at Rouen.—M. Girardin, professor of chemistry, has, by a careful analysis, ascertained that it does not contain any silver. One hundred parts by weight contain—

Copper	71
Brass	26
Zinc	1.80
Iron	1.20
	100

Modern French bells differ little from the above, being composed of—

Copper	78
Brass	22
	100

Thus, the prejudice which has long existed, that the old church-bells contained a smaller or larger portion of silver, is destroyed by the efforts of science.—*Recueil Industriel.*

Compensating Pendulums.—M. Henry Robert, pupil of Breguet, has, by availing himself of the well-known quality possessed by the wood of the fir-tree of preserving its length unaltered in all changes of temperature, and confining a rod of this wood in a metal-box, the expansion of the bob correcting that of the tube, succeeded perfectly in making a pendulum, uniting all the requisites of a good compensator, and at the same time simple in its construction and form.—*Acad. des Sciences.*

The following discovery has lately been made at Macornay, near Lons le Saulner. A labourer, on digging to plant a vine, found a stone about seven feet long, under which there was a well-preserved skeleton of a man of extraordinary size. The stone coffin in which it rested was in an inclined position, with the head turned towards the east. By its side were found a rusty sword, a large iron buckle which probably belonged to the sword-belt; and on the finger a gold ring, from which it is thought to be the remains of a Gallic or Roman warrior.

Chevalier Manzi has just discovered, in the Necropoli di Tarquina, an Etruscan tomb, more enriched with ornaments than any hitherto met with. Its form is quadrangular, and it is supported by a large column in the centre, on three sides of which are full-sized genii. On the principal face or entrance above the door is an Etruscan inscription, surrounded by very fine ornaments and fishes. On the left face is a most animated group of figures exquisitely wrought, and above another inscription in the same language. The tomb is surrounded by three stages of steps, on which are placed several sarcophagi, with figures of men and women in a high state of preservation, various inscriptions in Latin, and names.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Government have permitted a patent to be taken out for distilling spirits from Mangel Wurzel, which was powerfully resisted by corn-growers and agriculturists. The establishment is upon a large scale at Malden, in Essex, and promises to become a most successful speculation.

Many people destroy their hyacinths by planting them in too much manure. Rotten dung is as injurious to bulbs as a very damp soil. They do best in pots filled with rich light vegetable earth, that has been sifted and kept dry three weeks before it is made use of. When the bulb is put into the earth, about a third part of it should be left above the surface. The plants should be placed in a dry situation, and should have but little water at first, increasing the quantity by degrees till they have done flowering. As soon as the leaves begin to decay, no more water should be given, and when the flowers and leaves are both gone, the bulb should be taken up; and, after it has been carefully cleared of the earth adhering to it, it should be put by, in a dry airy place, till about the middle of September, when it should be replanted, in order that it may flower the following spring.

The Camellia Japonica, or Japan rose, is one of the most beautiful as well as the hardiest of green-house plants. Like all other plants of the tea family, it is nearly as handsome in its foliage as in its flowers, and its dark green shining and leathery

leaves appear to advantage, even among the gayest deciduous shrubs of summer. The Camellia will live, and even flower in the open air, but it does best when afforded the protection of glass, though it rarely requires any artificial heat. The trees should be planted in a compost composed of loam, peat, or sand, and decayed leaves in about equal parts, or loam alone will do. The plants should be kept very moist, and not exposed too much to the sun. If there should be any flaws or blemishes in the glass, the sun's rays reflected through them on the leaves of the Camellias are very apt to occasion blisters and white spots, which disfigure the plants. When Camellias are planted against walls in the open air, a north wall should be preferred to one with a southern exposure, and this is the case with all half-hardy exotics. The reason is, that a south wall brings them too forward, and makes them more liable to be checked by spring frosts or March winds. There are many varieties of Camellias, but the colours are always either red or white, or some shade partaking of one of those colours.

USEFUL ARTS.

Preservation of Wood.—A method of preserving building-timber from decay has long been a desideratum. The attempts hitherto made have not, however, been attended with success. Timber for ship-building is subject to a peculiar species of decay, called the *dry rot*,—a method of preventing which would be exceedingly valuable. At the meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, on the 21st of December, 1831, Mr. Bréant, Assayer of the Mint, and an able chemist, exhibited several pieces of wood of many inches square and several feet long, which had been prepared by him according to a new process, which is expected to preserve them from every species of decay. The details of the method have not been made public by Mr. B.; he has merely stated that the wood is soaked in saline solutions and in oily and resinous matters. These substances penetrate so completely throughout the mass of wood, that when one of the blocks exhibited before the Society was sawed in half in presence of the members, it was found to be thoroughly impregnated with them even to its very centre. Mr. B.'s process requires but two or three days for completion, even in blocks of wood of a large size. If further experience confirm what science has thus suggested, the difficult problem of the preservation of wood may be considered as solved. Mr. B. states that he will shortly be able to furnish timber of all sizes prepared in this way.—*Academy of Sciences.*

New Printing Machine.—The Perth Advertizer describes a small printing machine, on an entirely new principle, lately invented by Mr. J. Bogle, of Perth. In rapidity of action it is equal to Cowper's machine, and so easily worked, that a boy may drive it with one hand. One person can work it, but more may be employed with equal facility, according to the hurry of the job. The machinery is constructed in such a way as to distribute the ink on the rollers, ink the types, take in the sheet, print it, and deliver it, at one and the same instant of time. It is perfectly at the command of the workman, and keeps a record of the work it executes, so that a workman is saved even the trouble of counting his paper. This machine has not a single wheel about it; the contrivance for taking in and delivering the sheets is very ingenious—the only mystery being, that such correct results are produced by so simple and apparently inadequate means. It prints every variety of work with the utmost facility; produces a clear and beautiful impression, of a uniform colour, and altogether equal to any thing that can be done by any press; prints correct register, requires no slip or blotting-sheets, and in long numbers the impression is as clean in the last sheet as in the first. It also possesses the recommendation of working silently, and occupying less room than a common press, while it is much more cleanly. In a run of similar work the forms can be adjusted on the machine in one minute, and in every case the types are easily adjusted, and as readily got at in case of alterations, as on the common press. Although there is a great deal of brass and iron-work in the construction of the machine, the inventor, who is a joiner, has executed every part of it himself—a task, the difficulty of which can only be known to those who are aware of the correct machinery required in printing.

New Machine for Cleansing Roads, &c.—This machine is formed of a series of scrapers fastened to wooden rods, or bands, acting on a common axis, yet rising or

falling singly and independently of each other, so as to meet the inequalities of surface. They are all inserted into a frame, the lower part of which presses on the scrapers, the upper part being the handle: the machine is then fixed on wheels, and the mode of using it is by hand. The workman commences at a given place, by elevating the handle, which sinks the scrapers, and he drags the machine across the road at right angles, to the line of draught; when he has dragged the mud to the opposite side he depresses the handle, and the scrapers rising deposit their gatherings. The independent action of each scraper enables the whole to enter and cleanse out any holes or depressions of the surface, or to get over any hard projection; and, in short, enables the machine, as a whole, to adapt itself to any state of road, or any kind of surface.

New Method of Protecting Bank Notes from being Counterfeited.—The object is to prevent the counterfeiting of bank notes by means of lithography. Those acquainted with that art are aware that the impression upon a bank note, or other engraving, printed with ink into which oil enters as a component part, may be transferred on to stone, and the stone then used to furnish similar impressions on paper. The utmost perfection has been attained in this process, which, as it is merely mechanical, may enable one who is no artist to imitate the work of the best engravers in a way which shall defy detection.

The means by which the patentees effect their object is, by taking printer's ink, or ink made from oil, which is to be of a pink, light blue, or other tint, and which will serve as a ground for the black ink generally used in printing bank notes. The paper intended to be printed on is first covered wholly, or in part, with the light-coloured oleagenous ink, and after this the notes are printed in black-ink in the usual way.

Any attempt to make a lithographic transfer from paper so prepared must fail altogether, as every part which has either the tinted or the black ink on it, will affect the stone, and only a confused, blurred impression, can be obtained from it.

Lithography in imitation of Mezzotint.—Various attempts have been made to imitate the style of mezzotinto engraving by lithography. One of the methods tried was by *stamping*. This process had given some beautiful results, but the mellowness of the tints could not be obtained. Besides, in sketching on the stones and removing the superabundant ink with the scraper, for the clear parts, the grain of the stone was destroyed, and when the stone was heated, for the purpose of fixing the sketch upon it, a few engravings with tarnished and gluey tints were all that could be obtained. M. Tudot proposes another process in which the scraper is not used. He lays the lithographic ink on the stone with care, makes it penetrate into the grain by means of an instrument of horn, then with a point of ivory, or, in preference, with a small utensil composed of very fine and pointed threads of steel, he takes from the bottom of the grain as much of the crayon as he thinks necessary to produce the desired tints. This process put in practice by able workmen, has produced designs rivalling, in every particular, engravings which have come from the hands of the most celebrated engravers in mezzotint. The artist, while transferring to the stone the conceptions of his genius, has every desirable freedom, is not embarrassed with any mechanical operation, and the process is very rapidly executed. In some trials made in presence of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, the 800th impression was as beautiful as the first. M. Tudot has received for this application a gold medal of the value of 2000 francs,—*Bulletin of Soc. for Enc. of Nat. Ind.*

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

It is gratifying to have to observe a steady and continued disposition to improvement in the condition of many of our manufactures; the Woollen trade in particular is in a state of great activity, and the increased price obtained for goods more than compensates the manufacturer for the advance of 10 to 15 per cent. that has taken place in Wool. The Silk trade is also recovering from its former depression, and presents the prospect of affording sufficient employment for the artizans in that particular branch of industry in the ensuing season.

It would appear that the Government, although they have resolved not to re-appoint a committee to pursue the inquiry touching the emancipation of the slaves in the West India Colonies, are not yet definitively agreed as to the measures to be proposed to Parliament on that subject, as no communication of those measures has yet been made to the Committee of West India Proprietors, and Ministers are under a pledge to make that body acquainted with the details of the plan, previously to its being laid open to the public.

The opinion, on the Sugar Market, that a complete abolition of slavery was to be effected within three years, was so strong, in the early part of last month, that the holders were firm in their demand of 1*s.* per cwt. advance, and many refused even to sell at that price: the stock in the hands of the trade being short, considerable purchases were made at the advance; the market has, however, subsequently given way, and prices have nearly relapsed to their former state.

In consequence of a tolerably brisk demand for crushed Sugar for exportation, and for fine goods for the home trade, the refiners have during the month advanced their prices 2*s.* per cwt.; this has latterly checked the disposition to purchase, and as the refiners are firm in maintaining the advance, the market has been dull.

In East India Sugars there have been no transactions worthy of notice; 3,623 bags Manilla were lately put up to public sale, but found no buyers. There has been a reduction of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. in Mauritius; by public sale of 3,065 bags, browns brought 48*s.* to 50*s.*, yellows 51*s.* to 52*s.* 6*d.*; subsequently, few buyers were found at those prices, and the parcels offered were, for the greater part, taken in.

There is an equal stagnation in Foreign Sugars, 294 boxes yellow Havannah having been nearly all withdrawn at 22*s.* to 24*s.*

Molasses are dull of sale at 21*s.* to 23*s.*

The last average price of Sugar is 1*l.* 8*s.* 5¼.

The state of excitement and confusion in Jamaica, caused by the sudden dissolution of the House of Assembly by the Governor, together with the unfavourable reports as to the state of the crops in that island, and the general uncertainty as to the time and mode of operation of the measures contemplated by Government on the subject of the slave population, induced a very considerable rise in the price of Jamaica Coffee in the early part of last month; clean descriptions of good quality advanced from 6*s.* to 7*s.* per cwt., and considerable sales were effected at that advance. Latterly the demand has become somewhat less active, but prices have not given way. By public sale, in the last week, good ordinary Jamaica sold for 76*s.* 6*d.* to 81*s.* 6*d.*, fine ordinary 82*s.* to 85*s.*, ordinary Berbice, 76*s.*, triage 69*s.* 6*d.* to 72*s.* This improvement has extended in some degree to other descriptions of British Plantation, but has produced little or no effect on East India or Foreign Coffee. Ceylon may be quoted at 54*s.* to 55*s.*, Brazil at 50*s.*, and St. Domingo at 55*s.*

The price of Cotton in the London market has continued steady, though there have been no extensive transactions reported. In Liverpool there has been a greater disposition to purchase evinced; but, as the stock on hand is large, and the owners manifest a readiness to sell, a decline of ¼*d.* to ⅛*d.* may be noted generally; 1400 bales Surat, by public sale on the 22d, were sold at a reduction of ¼*d.* to ⅛*d.* per lb. The transactions of the following day were, 300 Egyptians, at 8¼*d.* to 9¼*d.*; 200 Bahias, 7⅞*d.* to 7⅞*d.*; 100 Surats, 4¼*d.* to 5¼*d.*; and about 1500 Americans, various descriptions, from 6⅛*d.* to 8¼*d.*

The decided improvement in the manufacturing districts has caused a considerably increased demand for Indigo, but has not yet materially affected prices. Nothing is doing in this article for exportation.

In Tea, Cocoa, Spices, and Rice, the market is dull, at former quotations.

There have been considerable sales of the finer qualities of Jamaica Rum for home consumption. In Brandy, prices are steady, but little doing. For Geneva there is no demand.

There has been little fluctuation in prices on the Corn Market during the last month. The finer qualities of Wheat, in good condition, with difficulty maintain the prices of the preceding month; but those at all out of condition can scarcely obtain purchasers at a reduced price.

Although the Money Market has not been so violently agitated as it was in the month of January, the fluctuations consequent upon the King's Speech were considerable, the price of Consols varying, in the course of one week, from 87⅞ to 86⅛. The market has lately become more tranquil, with a tendency to advance. The prevalent opinion in the city, that the renewal of the Bank Charter will be accompanied by less onerous conditions than were at one time anticipated, has caused a rise of no less than 6 per cent. in Bank Stock during the month. Such is the redundancy of capital at the present time, that first-class bills have been discounted at 1¼ per cent.—a rate of discount which scarcely has a parallel in the recollection of the oldest merchants on 'Change.

The following were the closing prices of the various descriptions of Foreign and Domestic Securities on the 23d.

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols; ditto for the Account, 87 seven-eighths, 88.—Three per Cent. Reduced, 88 three-eighths, one-half.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 95 one-half, five-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cent. 95 one-eighth.—Four per Cent. (1826), 102 one-half, three-fourths.—India Stock, 207 one-half, 208 one-half.—Bank Stock, 199, 200.—Exchequer Bills, 48, 50.—India Bonds, 33, 35.—Long Annuities, 17 one-quarter, five-sixteenths.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 85 three-fourths, 86 one-quarter.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 58 three-fourths, 59 one-quarter.—Chilian 21 22.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 15 one-half.—Danish Three per Cent. 73 one-half, 74.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 45 three-fourths, 46.—French Five per Cent.—French Three per Cent.—Greek Five per Cent. 34, 35.—Mexican Six per Cent. 33 one-half, 34.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 51 one-half, 52 one-half.—Portuguese New Loan, 4 one-half, 4 discount.—Russian Five per Cent. 105 one-half.—Spanish Five per Cent. 17 three-eighths, one-half.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 13 14.—United ditto, 10, 10 10.—Colombian Mines, 7 10, 8 10.—Del Monte, 26 10, 27 10.—Brazil, 60 61.—Bolanos, 140 150.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JANUARY 22, 1833, TO FEBRUARY 15, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 22. W. BLYTH, Birmingham, file-manufacturer. J. BAKER, Over Darwen, Lancashire, and W. HARPER, Manchester, calico-printers. T. COOKSON, Staveley, Westmoreland, manufacturer. A. CLARKE, St. Clement, Worcestershire, brewer. T. DOUGHTY, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, chemist. R. DREW, Great Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, currier. J. HALL, Liverpool, merchant. H. KERBEY, Tottenham-court-road, poulterer. M. MACUIN, Finsbury-circus, merchant. J. SCOTT, North Shields, ship-owner. T. & J. SCOTT, Birmingham, merchants. J. SMEETH, Vauxhall walk, Lambeth, bricklayer. J. WRIGHT, Liverpool, silk-mercer.

Jan. 25. T. BAKER, Rye, tea-dealer. T. C. SWIFT, Eastchurch, Kent, victualler. R. ROBERTS, Birmingham, plumber. T. BEALE, Birmingham, saddler. A. MEREDITH, Bristol, coal-merchant. W. CUTLACK, Littleport, Cambridgeshire, common-brewer. J. MERCER, Liverpool, joiner. D. BRAKE, St. John-street, West Smithfield, beer-dealer. W. F. DORE, Cooper's-row, Tower-hill, wine-merchant. G. V. JACKSON, Chichester-place, Battle-bridge, bookseller. H. WYATT, Northumberland-str., Marylebone, dealer. B. D. WYATT, Foley-Marylebone, timber-merchant. B. C. EDWARDS and R. BLAKEWAY, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, linen-drapers. G. MANDER, Borough of Warwick, coal-merchant.

Jan. 29. J. ATTWOOD, Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, victualler. W., W., H. and S. BRENNAND, Little Lever, Lancashire, calico-printers. P. CLARK, Clement's-lane, tavern-keeper. S. COLMAN, Shottisham, Norfolk, miller. D. DUNCAN, Tooley-street, victualler. R. HAMLIN, Poland-street, Oxford-street, tailor. J. Henzell, Manchester, glass-cutter. J. HOLLINGSWORTH, Southsea, printer. J. ILBERY, Doughty-street, Middlesex, merchant. J. JOHNS, Devonport, printer. G. LAMPORT, Newgate-market, salesman. J. M'LEAN, Liverpool, flour-dealer and baker. G. NELSON, Woolwich, currier. T. POCOCK, Speen, Berkshire, sheep-dealer. S. SAMSON, Stock-Exchange, London, broker. W. WOON, jun. Bognor, Sussex, chemist. G. WORTH, Clerkenwell-green, licensed victualler.

Feb. 1. J. BARON, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, innholder. T. T. HAWKES, Frome Selwood, money-scrivener. E. SANDERS, Worcester, carpenter. E. MARTIN and T. C. BARKER, Regent's-park basin, coal-merchants. H. I. LEWIS, Barbican, tallow-chandler. S. S. RELFE, Bell's buildings, Salisbury-square, coal-merchant. G. FRIEND, Great Charlotte-street, Lambeth, wine-merchant. S. TARRANT, Regent-street, tavern-keeper. R. and T. COULTHARD, Crown-street, Finsbury, woollen-drapers. W. CARELESS, Charlton, Kent, cheesemonger. S. FLETCHER, Hackney-wick, blanket-manufacturer. T. TIDSWELL and T. THORPE, Cheadle, Cheshire, and Manchester, calico-printers.

Feb. 5. R. ALDERSON, Crawford-street, Marylebone, linen-draper. J. CHANNING, North Petherton, Somersetshire, victualler. W. CLAYTON, Cheapside, carpet-merchant. S. CONSTANTINE, Sheffield, manufacturer of cutlery. W. EARLL, Birmingham, victualler. J. FREEMAN, jun. Drayton, Somersetshire, tinman. M. FURNESS, Great Longstone, Derbyshire, cheese-factor. W. LANCE, Lewisham, Kent, victualler. T. PARNELL, Manchester, laceman. J. WOOD, Hood, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer.

Feb. 8. A. BARNARD, Norwich, money-scrivener. W. E. J. NEEP, Norwich, silversmith and jeweller. T. MAY, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, grocer. W. EAREE, Birmingham, victualler. J. W. COHEN, Dublin, and Bury-street, St. Mary-Axe, wholesale jeweller. W. R. JONES, Shad-Thames, Southwark, lighterman. L. J. J. NOEL, Carey Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, scrivener. D. LEARY, Parliament-street, surgeon. C. HANNUM, Chippenham, carpenter. G. SMITH, Stoke Mills, Dorsetshire, miller. R. HARDCASTLE, West Smithfield, plumber. T. GREATOREX, Albany-street, Regent's-park, hay-salesman. J. and W. HARDIMAN, St. Dunstan's Hill, Lower Thames-street, commercial-agents. B. STOKES, Droitwich, chandler. J. FOSTER, Leeds, printer. W. DOWN, jun. Portsea, Southampton, woollen-draper. J. MOXON, jun. Southampton, chemist.

Feb. 12. S. HILLS, Hammersmith, School-mistress. H. JOYCE, Milford-lane and Essex-street, Strand, oilman and drysalter. W. BOWDITCH, Exeter, grocer. J. INNES, St. Mildred's-court, City, merchant. J. WILSON, Ernest-street, Regent's-park, victualler. J. JACOMBS, Coventry, and W. JACOMBS, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, ribband-manufacturers. T. I. BRUNT, Whittington, Derbyshire, tanner. T. GILBERT, Birmingham, coal-dealer. W. HOOPER, Farmington, Gloucestershire, farmer. J. SIM, Whitehaven, Cumberland, currier and leather-cutter. W. M. ROWE, Stamford, Lincolnshire, grocer. T. NELSON, Stibbington, Huntingdonshire, paper-manufacturer. E. MATTERSON, Leeds, Yorkshire, chemist and druggist.

Feb. 15. W. F. SPACKMAN, Claremont-square, oilman. L. MOSELEY, High-str., Shadwell, Staffordshire-warehouseman. G. MATTHEWS, Lawrence Pountney-lane, London, wine-merchant. G. HEARN, Maldon, Essex, plumber. W. DOLLAR and G. THOMSON, Bucklesbury, Manchester-warehouseman. J. PAYNE, Leicester, dyer. M. PHILLIPS, Plymouth, saddler. C. H. BYRNE, Liverpool, sail-maker. J. COGSWELL, Liverpool, wharfinger. W. BINNS, Manchester, flour-dealer. J. WOODS, Liverpool, coal-merchant. T. L. JONES, Holyhead, brewer. J. PAGE, Birmingham, tailor. R. PULLAN, Hatfield, Yorkshire, carpenter. J. THOMAS, Walsall, Staffordshire, grocer. G. KEYZAR, Toxteth-park, Liverpool, timber-merchant.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Jan. 29.—Parliament was opened by the Lords-Commissioners (the Lord Chancellor, Earl Grey, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Auckland) with the customary formalities.

Feb. 5.—His Majesty, with the usual state ceremonies, proceeded to the House of Lords. The Commons were summoned; and the Speaker, (followed by as many Members as the space below the bar would contain,) having entered and taken his usual place, the King read, in an audible and firm voice, the following speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*—The period being now arrived at which the business of parliament is usually resumed, I have called you together for the discharge of the important duties with which you are entrusted.

"Never, at any time, did subjects of greater interest and magnitude call for your attention.

"I have still to lament the continuance of the civil war in Portugal, which has, for some months, existed between the Princes of the House of Braganza. From the commencement of this contest I have abstained from all interference, except such as was required for the protection of British subjects resident in Portugal; but you may be assured that I shall not fail to avail myself of any opportunity that may be afforded me, to assist in restoring peace to a country with which the interests of my dominions are so intimately connected.

"I have also to regret that my anxious endeavours to effect a definitive arrangement between Holland and Belgium have hitherto been unsuccessful. I found myself at length compelled, in conjunction with the King of the French, to take measures for the execution of the Treaty of the 15th of November, 1831. The capture of the citadel of Antwerp has in part accomplished that object; but the Dutch government, still refusing to evacuate the rest of the territories assigned to Belgium by that treaty, the embargo which I had directed to be imposed on the Dutch commerce has been continued. Negociations are again commenced; and you may rely on their being conducted on my part, as they have uniformly been, with the single view of insuring to Holland and Belgium a separate existence, on principles of mutual security and independence.

"The good faith and honour with which the French government has acted in these transactions, and the assurances which I continue to receive from the chief powers of Europe of their friendly disposition, give me confidence in the success of my endeavours to preserve the general peace. I have given directions that the various papers which are necessary for your information on the affairs of Holland and Belgium should be laid before you.

"The approaching termination of the Charters of the Bank of England and of the East India Company will require a revision of these establishments; and I rely on your wisdom for making such provisions for the important interests connected with them, as may appear, from experience and full consideration, to be best calculated to secure public credit, to improve and extend our commerce, and to promote the general prosperity and power of the British empire.

"Your attention will also be directed to the state of the Church, more particularly as regards its temporalities and the maintenance of the clergy. The complaints which have arisen from the collection of tithes appear to require a change of system, which, without diminishing the means of maintaining the established clergy in respectability and usefulness, may prevent the collision of interests, and the consequent disagreement and dissatisfaction which have too frequently prevailed between the Ministers of the Church and their parishioners.

"It may also be necessary for you to consider what remedies may be applied for the correction of acknowledged abuses, and whether the revenues of the church may not admit of a more equitable and judicious distribution.

"In your deliberations on these important subjects, it cannot be necessary for me to impress upon you the duty of carefully attending to the security of the Church established by law in these realms, and to the true interests of religion.

"In relation to Ireland, with a view of removing the causes of complaint which

had been so generally felt, and which had been attended with such unfortunate consequences, an act was passed during the last session of parliament, for carrying into effect a general composition for tithes; to complete that salutary work, I recommend to you, in conjunction with such other amendments of the law as may be found applicable to that part of my dominions, the adoption of a measure, by which, upon the principle of a just commutation, the possessors of land may be enabled to free themselves from the burthen of an annual payment.

"In the further reforms that may be necessary, you will probably find that, although the Established Church of Ireland is by law permanently united with that of England, the peculiarities of their respective circumstances will require a separate consideration.

"There are other subjects hardly less important to the general peace and welfare of Ireland, as affecting the administration of justice and the local taxation of that country, to which your attention will also be required.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*—I have directed the estimates for the service of the year to be laid before you: they will be framed with the most anxious attention to all useful economy. Notwithstanding the large reductions in the estimates of the last year, I am happy to inform you that all the extraordinary services which the exigencies of the times required have been amply provided for. The state of the revenue, as compared with the public expenditure, has hitherto fully realized the expectations that were formed at the close of the last session.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*—In this part of the United Kingdom, with very few exceptions, the public peace has been preserved; and it will be your anxious but grateful duty to promote, by all practicable means, habits of industry and good order amongst the labouring classes of the community.

"On my part I shall be ready to co-operate, to the utmost of my power, in obviating all just causes of complaint, and in promoting all well-considered measures of improvement. But it is my painful duty to observe, that the disturbances in Ireland, to which I adverted at the close of the last session, have greatly increased. A spirit of insubordination and violence has risen to the most fearful height, rendering life and property insecure, defying the authority of the law, and threatening the most fearful consequences, if not promptly and effectually repressed.

"I feel confident that to your loyalty and patriotism I shall not resort in vain for assistance in these afflicting circumstances; and that you will be ready to adopt such measures of salutary precaution, and to entrust to me such additional powers, as may be found necessary for controlling and punishing the disturbers of the public peace, and for preserving and strengthening the legislative union between the two countries, which, with your support, and under the blessing of Divine Providence, I am determined to maintain by all the means in my power, as indissolubly connected with the peace, security, and welfare of my dominions."

The King's speech having been read, an Address to his Majesty, which was, as usual, an echo of the speech, was moved by the Marquis Conyngham, and seconded by Lord Kinnaird. After some debate, in which the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Grey, and Lord Roden were the chief speakers, the Address was agreed to, and ordered to be presented in the usual way.

Feb. 7.—The King's answer to the Address of the House of Lords was read to the House by the Lord Chancellor. It was as follows:—"I thank you for your loyal and dutiful Address, which I have received with peculiar satisfaction; and particularly that part of it which expresses your determination to support me in maintaining the Legislative Union between England and Ireland, and in providing me with the means of enforcing the strict obedience to the laws so indispensable to the welfare of my Irish subjects, and to the peace and security of my dominions at large."—After some discussion relative to the revenues of the Church, occasioned by a motion of Lord King's for some returns, but which he withdrew, on the assurance of Ministers that the desired information would be supplied by the report of the Commissioners of Inquiry, the House adjourned.

Feb. 15.—Earl Grey brought in a Bill for the Suppression of Disturbances in Ireland: the following are its provisions:—

The recital states that a conspiracy exists against property and against the administration of the laws, causing such general alarm as to frustrate the ordinary modes of criminal proceeding; that divers meetings inconsistent with the public peace have been lately held; and that the laws now in force are not sufficient to suppress such mischiefs.

Sec. 1 enacts, that the Lord-Lieutenant may suppress, by order, the meeting of any assembly deemed by him to be dangerous to the public safety, or inconsistent with the due administration of the law; and may suppress any adjourned or continued meeting of the same.—Every meeting so prohibited shall be deemed an unlawful assembly, and any person present shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. 2 empowers two justices, upon being refused admission, to enter by force, any house or place where any prohibited assembly is held, and there read a notice to the persons so assembled to disperse.—Notice.—Persons so assembled, and not dispersing within a quarter of an hour from the reading of such notice, may be apprehended then or afterwards, and upon conviction imprisoned three months for the first offence, and one year for any subsequent offence.

Sec. 3 enacts, that persons prosecuted by indictment shall plead forthwith.

Sec. 4 enacts, that the Lord-Lieutenant may issue his proclamation declaring any county, &c., to be disturbed, and to require the application of this law, and that such county shall be deemed a proclaimed district.

Sec. 5 enacts, that such proclamation shall warn the inhabitants to abstain from seditious and other unlawful assemblies, &c., and to continue within their houses between sunset and sunrise.

Sec. 6 enacts, that every county, &c., so proclaimed shall be a proclaimed district within the act from the publishing of the proclamation within such district.

Sec. 7 enacts, that all justices, constables, &c., and all commissioned officers of the line, in Ireland, and all persons authorized by the Lord-Lieutenant, shall be required to put down and suppress disturbances and outrages in the proclaimed districts, and to search for, arrest, and bring to trial offenders.

Sec. 8 enacts, that the *Dublin Gazette* shall be conclusive evidence of the issuing of the proclamation there contained.

Sec. 9 enacts, that no meeting be allowed in a proclaimed district for petitioning Parliament, or for discussing any alleged grievance, or any matter in church or state, without a previous written notice of ten days, specifying the objects of the meeting, given to the Lord-Lieutenant, and his consent obtained, &c.; and all such meetings, without such notice and consent, are declared to be illegal assemblies, and every person attending to be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. 10 enacts, that the Lord-Lieutenant may appoint commissioned officers of the line for trial of offences within this act.

Proviso as to age and time of service.

Sec. 11 enacts, that any number of persons so appointed, not more than nine nor less than five, shall be deemed a court-martial for the trial of offences within this act, and shall have the powers of any court-martial, and also the powers of any court of Oyer and Terminer, gaol delivery, or sessions of the peace, and may pass judgment in like manner as might be done by any court of Oyer and Terminer, &c.

Sec. 12 enacts, that the Lord-Lieutenant shall nominate a serjeant-at-law or King's counsel, to act at such court-martial, who shall perform the duties of a judge-advocate, &c.

Sec. 13 enacts the oath to be taken by persons so nominated.

Sec. 14 enacts, that the decision of the majority of such court-martial shall have the same force as the decision of the whole court.

Sec. 15 enacts, that such court-martial may issue orders for bringing before them persons charged with offences under this act, or for carrying into effect their sentences; and all justices, sheriffs, &c., shall execute the same.

Sec. 16 gives power to such court-martial for compelling the attendance of witnesses, and for committing in case of refusal to give evidence.

By sec. 17, any person liable to be prosecuted within any proclaimed district for any offence against 27 Geo. III., c. 15 (1), 50 Geo. III., c. 102, 1 and 2 Wm. IV., c. 44, or 2 and 3 Wm. IV., c. 118, or with any offence against this act, may be tried by such court-martial, who may, in case of conviction, pass judgment as any court of Oyer and Terminer, or gaol delivery, or other court or criminal jurisdiction, might have done, whether the offence has been committed before the issuing of the proclamation or not.—Provided that if the offence is capital the court-martial shall not try it without the special direction of the Lord-Lieutenant; but the court, being so directed, may try such offence, and sentence to transportation for life, or for a term not less than seven years.

Sec. 18 enacts, that any magistrate, peace-officer, or other person authorised by the Lord-Lieutenant, may commit to prison any one found out of his house in the proclaimed district, from one hour after sunset to sunrise, who may be tried before any such court-martial, and, if convicted, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor,

Sec. 19 enacts, that any justice, or any person with warrant of justice, accompanied by a commissioned officer or chief constable, may, from one hour after sunset or sunrise, demand admission into any house in a proclaimed district, and if entrance is refused, may enter by force any house from which he suspects the inhabitants are absent, and may search for them, or for arms, weapons, &c.; and all persons absent shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, unless they prove some lawful occasion of absence.

Sec. 20 enacts, that if, on search, arms are found, and the person inhabiting the house, or having possession of the arms, has been called upon to deliver them up, such person shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishable by a court-martial, unless he make it appear that the arms were there without his knowledge.

Sec. 21 enacts, that any person who disposes of a seditious paper in a proclaimed district, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to imprisonment for not more than twelve months, unless he discover by whom he was so employed.

Sec. 22 enacts, that any person who shall injure the property or person of any one who has appeared as juror, witness, or prosecutor, or for the purpose of any prosecution or civil proceeding, or who, by menaces or otherwise, shall deter any one from appearing as juror, witness, &c., or otherwise, shall be triable for such offence, if committed within a proclaimed district, by a court-martial, and on conviction be liable to transportation for 7 or 14 years.

Sec. 23 enacts, that nothing done in pursuance of this act, in any proclaimed district, shall be questionable in any civil or criminal court; and that all officers and soldiers acting in pursuance of such power or authority shall be responsible only to courts-martial.

Sec. 24 enacts, that in case of any person arrested under this act, the person to whom the warrant is directed may detain him in any place within Ireland, and the place where he is detained shall be deemed a lawful gaol for his detention.—The Lord-Lieutenant, or Chief Secretary, or any commanding officer, or person authorized by the Lord-Lieutenant, may, by warrant, change from time to time the place of safe custody.

Sec. 25 provides, that copies of such warrants shall be transmitted to the clerk of the Crown, and by him filed.

Sec. 26 enacts, that any person knowingly swearing falsely, in giving evidence before any Court under this act, shall be liable to all the penalties of corrupt perjury.

Sec. 27 enacts, that in case of *Habeas Corpus* sued out within three calendar months, by a person detained in custody under the powers of this act, it shall be a sufficient return that the person so detained is detained by virtue of this act.

Sec. 28 enacts, that offences under this act shall not be bailable, and that persons arrested shall be brought to trial within three calendar months.

[The next three clauses are money clauses, which are left to the House of Commons.]

Sec. 32 enacts, that magistrates of next adjacent counties may execute this act within counties of cities (except in county of city of Dublin), and magistrates of counties of cities may execute it in the adjacent counties at large.

Sec. 33 enacts, that powers given by this act to magistrates of counties are also given to magistrates of counties of towns or of cities.

Sec. 34 enacts, that any action against a person for anything done under this act, not within a proclaimed district, shall be commenced within three months after the act complained of was committed; and the person sued may plead the general issue.

Sec. 35 enacts, that in case of verdict for the defendant, the judge may certify that the act complained of was done by virtue of this act, and the defendant in that case shall be allowed his treble costs.

Sec. 36 enacts, that in case of verdict for the plaintiff in action for false imprisonment, or entering a house, if it appear to the judge that there was probable cause for so doing, and he certifies accordingly, the plaintiff shall recover only 6*d.* damages, and not the costs of suit; but plaintiff shall recover treble costs if the judge certify the act to be malicious.

Sec. 37 enacts, that the Lord-Lieutenant may, by proclamation, revoke any former proclamation.

Sec. 38 provides, that nothing in this act shall be construed to take away or annul the prerogative of the Crown to resort to the exercise of martial law, or any powers given by law for the suppression of insurrection.

Sec. 39 enacts, that this act is to continue in force for ——— years.

The Bill was read a first time.

Feb. 18.—The Bill for the Suppression of Disturbances in Ireland was read a second time without opposition.

Feb. 19.—The Irish Disturbances Bill was committed, and proceeded with clause by clause. An amendment was proposed by the Duke of Wellington, to the effect that the Presidents of the Courts-Martial to be appointed shall be Field Officers. Agreed to.

Feb. 21.—Lord Grey brought in the bill for changing the Venue in Ireland, where that course might be deemed advisable, to secure the impartial administration of justice. It was read a first time without any discussion.—The report on the Disturbances Suppression Bill was agreed to, with some amendments, allowing counsel to parties accused, as in ordinary criminal courts, excluding the punishment of whipping for offences under the Act, &c.

Feb. 22.—Disturbances Suppression Bill was read a third time, and after some verbal amendments, passed, and ordered to be taken down to the Commons.—The Change of Venue Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Tuesday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Jan. 29.—The first session of the New Parliament was commenced; soon after the Members had assembled the House proceeded to the election of a Speaker. Mr. Hume proposed E. J. Littleton, Esq., who was seconded by Mr. O'Connell. Lord Morpeth proposed, and Sir Francis Burdett seconded, the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, who was supported by Ministers. On this question the House divided. For Mr. Manners Sutton, 241—For Mr. Littleton, 31—Majority, 210.

Jan. 31.—The Speaker returned thanks for the honour which had been conferred upon him. He would endeavour zealously to maintain the rights and privileges of the House, and also impress on the members themselves, for the sake of public business and their own convenience, the necessity of attending to all the rules and orders. The oaths were then administered to the Speaker, after which the members were sworn, according to the alphabetical order of their counties, or the counties in which their cities or boroughs are situate.

Feb. 5.—The House of Commons, after receiving the King's Speech, proceeded with notices of motions and routine business; after which the King's Speech was read, and the address was moved by the Earl of Ormerlie, and seconded by Mr. Marshall, of Leeds. Mr. O'Connell opposed the address, and characterized the King's Speech as a *brutal and bloody* speech, for which he was called to order. The Hon. Member moved for a Committee of the whole House, to consider the Speech, and was seconded by Mr. Cobbett. Mr. Richards, Colonel Davies, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Lalor, and Mr. H. Grattan spoke on the same side; and Mr. Stanley, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. M. Hill, and Mr. Clay, advocated the address. After a debate, principally upon the state of Ireland, and which was protracted until nearly twelve o'clock, the House adjourned until the next day.

Feb. 6.—The debate on the address was resumed. Mr. E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Shiel, and Mr. Barron spoke against the address in its present form; and Mr. Macaulay and Mr. C. Grant supported the address. Several other members took part in the debate, but touched generally on secondary topics. The principal subject of discussion was, as on the preceding night, the state of Ireland. The debate was further adjourned at twelve o'clock to the next day.

Feb. 7.—The debate on the address was resumed and again adjourned. Mr. Hume, Major Beauclerk, Mr. Cobbett, and Mr. Finn, spoke in favour of Mr. O'Connell's motion. Sir Robert Peel opposed it, and concluded a long speech by saying that, "He had not the slightest wish to return to office. He felt, indeed, that his doing so under present circumstances would be a public misfortune. He felt that at present the country could be governed only through the House of Commons; and as his opinions did not concur with those of the majority, the only course left for him to pursue was, to take up his stand in support of law and order (cheers)—and when his Majesty's Government brought forward measures calculated to promote those objects they should have support from him as zealous and independent as could be given by any man in that House, however large the body of his constituents." Mr. Ruthven rose to address the House, but finding that his voice was nearly drowned, the House divided on the question that the debate be adjourned.

For the adjournment, 65—Against it, 301—Majority, 236. Other motions for adjournment were put and negatived. The debate, however, was ultimately adjourned.

Feb. 8.—The debate on the address was resumed by Mr. Ruthven. Sir R. Nagle, Mr. Brown, Mr. Peter, Mr. Rotch, Mr. O'Dwyer, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Walter, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Fergus O'Connor, Captain Yorke, and Mr. Tennant, addressed the House. The House divided:—For Mr. O'Connell's amendment, 40—Against it, 428—Majority for Ministers, 388. Mr. Tennyson then moved, that after the word "precaution," in that part of the Speech which regarded Ireland, the following words be inserted:—"as may be found necessary; but if, under the circumstances which may be disclosed to us, we may be induced to entrust your Majesty with additional powers, we shall feel it our duty to accompany our acquiescence in your wishes by a close and deliberate investigation into the causes of the discontent, with the view of applying an effectual remedy; and that it is the duty of this House to receive the petitions of the people of Ireland with respect to the legislative union, and leave ourselves free to consider that subject; we are, at the same time, ready to support your Majesty in maintaining that union against all lawless attempts to defeat it, or to disturb the peace and security of your Majesty's dominions." For the amendment, 60—Against it, 393—Majority, 333.

Feb. 11.—On the motion for bringing up the report on the address, Mr. Cobbett moved an amendment to the effect that "the House was determined to go into a full consideration of the manifold grievances under which the Irish people laboured." This amendment elicited some discussion, and the House divided on it. The numbers were:—For the amendment, 23—Against it, 323—Majority, 300.

Feb. 12.—His Majesty's answer to the address was read, and ordered to be entered on the Journals. Lord Althorp, in pursuance of the notice which he had given, moved for leave "to bring in a bill to alter and amend the laws relating to the Established Church in Ireland." His Lordship detailed the alterations which he intended to effect, at great length, but our limits only allow us to give the following summary of what will be effected by the bill:—"The unlimited taxation of Catholic inhabitants for Protestant purposes under the title of vestry cess is to be abolished;—10 Bishops out of 22 are to be cut off;—all bishoprics and all benefices above 200*l.* per annum are to be taxed for the creation of a fund, applicable to the same uses with the now extinguished vestry assessment;—the nett income of the Episcopal Bench is to be reduced from 130,000*l.* per annum to 70,000*l.*;—all sinecure dignities are to be abolished;—the tenants of bishops' lands are to have the right of buying a perpetuity in their leases, at a fixed and moderate rate of purchase; and finally the proceeds of these purchases, amounting (if the whole be effected) to 2,500,000*l.* or 3,000,000*l.*, are to be applicable to purposes not connected with the church, if so ordained by Parliament; the bishops to be first provided for out of them." When Lord Althorp stated, that after the best consideration Ministers thought that they might reduce ten bishops, with perfect safety to the establishment, he was hailed with tremendous cheering. The sees which it is intended to reduce, are—Dromore, Clogher, Raphoe, Elphin, Clonfert, Killala, Kildare, Cork, Waterford, and Ossory. In order that the duties of those dioceses should be properly performed, it was proposed to unite Dromore to Down and Connor; Clogher to Armagh; Raphoe to Derry; Elphin to Ardagh and Kilmore; Clonfert to Killaloe; Killala to Tuam; Kildare to Dublin; Cork to Cloyne; Waterford to Cashel; and Ossory to Ferns. (Cheers.) All the points of the bill may be given in the following order:—"Church cess to be immediately and altogether abolished. This is a direct pecuniary relief of about 80,000*l.* per annum. A reduction of the number of archbishops, and bishops prospectively, from 4 archbishops, and 18 bishops, to 2 archbishops and 10 bishops, and the appropriation of the revenues of the suppressed fees to the general church fund. Archbishoprics to be reduced to bishoprics:—Cashel and Tuam. A general tax on all bishoprics, from 5 to 15 per cent., to be imposed immediately.—An immediate reduction from the Bishop of Derry, and a prospective reduction from the primacy, in addition to the tax; the amount to be paid to the general church fund. The net incomes of all the archbishops and bishops of Ireland amount to 130,000*l.* The plan will effect a reduction of about 60,000*l.* An immediate tax on all benefices, from 5 to 15 per cent., in lieu of first-fruits, which are hereafter to cease. Benefices under 200*l.* to be exempt, and the tax to be graduated according to the value. Total income of parochial clergy under 600,000*l.* An abolition of all sinecure dignities, and appropri-

ation of their revenues to the general fund. Commissioners to be appointed to administer the fund, and to apply it—1st, to ordinary church cess; surplus to augmentation of poor livings, assistance in building glebe-houses, churches, dividing unions, &c. &c. Commissioners to have the power, with consent of privy council, of dividing and altering limits of parishes. Also where no duty has been performed nor minister resident for three years before the passing of the act, commissioners to have power to suspend appointment (if in the gift of crown or church), and apply proceeds to general fund. Tenants of bishops' leases to be empowered to purchase the perpetuity of their leases at a fixed and moderate amount, subject to a corn rent equal to the amount now annually paid in shape of rent and fine. The proceeds of these leases to be paid to the state, and applicable to any purposes not connected with the church. The amount, if all purchase at a low rate, will be from 2,500,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.*" Leave was given to bring in the bill.

Feb. 14.—On the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the existing municipal corporations of England, Wales, and Ireland; his lordship observed that the Lord Advocate had a separate measure to propose relative to Scotland.—Mr. Hume moved "that the utmost attention to economy was at all times, but more especially at present, an important duty of the House; and that all sinecure offices in the army and navy were unnecessary, and inexpedient as the means of rewarding public services. On this motion the House divided:—For the motion, 282—Against it, 138—Majority for Ministers, 94.

Feb. 15.—On the motion that the House resolve into a Committee of Supply, Sir R. Peel, without proposing any resolution, or calling on the House to express any opinion, went at considerable length into the question of the embargo on Dutch commerce. He condemned the Proclamation as unprecedented, particularly in setting forth no grounds for its issuing, and as contrary to the principles of all laws that extended protection to foreign merchants, except in cases of actual war. Dr. Lushington, the Solicitor-General, and the Attorney-General defended it, as resulting from the undoubted prerogative of the King. He had the power to declare war, and, they argued, he had the power to adopt intermediate measures, or mitigated hostility, that might cause certainly, but that might, on the other hand, avert war. Mr. Baring and others complained of the Proclamation. The debate occupied the whole evening.

Feb. 18.—On the motion for bringing up the report of the Committee of Supply, Mr. Cobbett moved an amendment, pledging the House to take into consideration the inequalities of the Stamp Duties. The Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted that there were considerable inequalities, and that, with the view of remedying them, he had long had a bill prepared to consolidate the Stamp Acts, and to amend the system of imposing the duties; and he trusted to be able to bring it forward at no distant day. Mr. Cobbett eventually withdrew his motion. Mr. O'Connell took occasion to deprecate at considerable length, and with great vehemence, the measures contemplated by Government with respect to Ireland. He was interrupted as being out of order, but persevered on the ground that the measure was the rumoured intention of Ministers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer complained of the unfairness and inconvenience of attacking measures not yet before the House, and said that when brought forward ample time would be allowed for their discussion. Several Irish Members spoke on the same side with Mr. O'Connell, and although no question was proposed, the discussion occupied nearly the whole of the evening

Feb. 19.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Stanley moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Irish Grand Jury Laws, and detailed his plan. He proposes various important amendments, with the view of bringing before the public, in open Court, in the several counties, and under the inspection and scrutiny of Parliament, the expenditure authorized by Grand Juries. The inhabitants are to be represented amongst those who are to decide on the presentments; it is to be mandatory on the Sheriff to summon at least one individual from each barony to attend as Grand Jurors: and the discussions on the presentments are to be public, but those who are to decide, are to be allowed to retire to determine on their judgment. There is to be appointed to each county a surveyor to examine the presentments—to report on the justice of the applications—to watch the progress of works—to state whether they are properly done—and no money to be paid till he has testified to the workman-like manner in which all shall have been completed. Works to be done by open contracts. The Treasurership to be broken up. He added that it

had been contemplated to take out of the hands of the Grand Juries the management of the great mail-coach roads in Ireland, and to place the subject under the control of a Board; but he had prepared no measure on the subject, and he mentioned it for consideration. Mr. O'Connell admitted that this measure would much amend the system; but he contended that the whole discussion ought to be public, and that as to imposing the county cess on the landlords (part of Mr. Stanley's plan) it was futile. After some further observations from other Members the motion was agreed to. Mr. O'Connell postponed, till May, his motion for the extinction of tithes, and for the abolition of the church cess, to ascertain how far the measures of the Government would supersede the necessity of them.

Feb. 20. The subject of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's plan for conducting the business of the House was discussed, and after some debate ultimately adopted. The House is to meet at twelve o'clock, for the purpose of receiving petitions and proceeding with private bills.

Feb. 21.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reference to a motion of Mr. Hume's, which was afterwards withdrawn, said that he had a bill to improve the Exchequer department, so as to secure accounts of receipts and expenditure, which would enable the House to judge of the fitness of subsequent estimates.—A motion was made by Mr. Hall, for an account of all monies paid into the Exchequer, on account of the surplus of Prince Leopold's pension, but it was withdrawn, on the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the demands on the property had not yet been liquidated; and that the Trustees had not acted lest they should render themselves personally liable.

Feb. 22.—In the House of Commons the Disturbances Suppression Bill was brought down from the Lords, and on the motion of Lord Althorp that it be read a first time, a discussion arose, which had not terminated when we went to press.

THE COLONIES.

JAMAICA.

On the 14th of December the Earl of Mulgrave, the Governor of Jamaica, dissolved the House of Assembly of that Island. The speech is couched in rather strong language, and it appears that even from the first arrival of his Lordship in the colony, a misunderstanding arose between him and the members of the legislature. Though his Excellency was personally popular on his first appearance in the colony, his understood instructions were from the beginning viewed by the colonists with suspicion. Even his first address to the Colonial Parliament (as they style themselves) was replied to in a manner which compelled him to assert disagreeable truths—and the legislative honey-moon was scarcely passed without an open rupture. Since the business of the Session began, the same refractory spirit has been manifested in every shape and in every shade of faction and annoyance.

The house, consisting of some twenty or thirty planters (for they seldom divide more), have on various pretexts refused, or on no pretext at all have delayed, to take in consideration any of those measures for the improvement of the condition of their slaves which have been recommended by the British Parliament and the British Crown. They even seem to act on the principle which they advanced in their reply to the speech of the Governor, and which his Lordship so promptly and energetically contradicted, that in legislating for the colony they are perfectly independent of the Government of the mother country. They have refused to pay the salary of the Chief Justice who has lately arrived in the island—a refusal, we believe, hitherto without precedent, and deemed indecent and impolitic even by their own organs. Having been accustomed of late to administer oaths to witnesses on examination before them, his Excellency sent them a message, pointing out the inconsistency of the practice with the nature of their functions and the practice of the House of Commons in England, and requesting to learn by what law or immemorial custom they exercised that privilege. The message was received with dissatisfaction, and answered with something like reproaches. In short, this Colonial Parliament seemed rather to sit for the purpose of defying the executive power of the mother country, than for the loyal and orderly dispatch of

public business,—rather as an antagonist club, or a rival lodge to the Council, than a harmonious member of an united legislature.

The immediate cause of the rupture between them and the Governor, and of the consequent dissolution of the Assembly, was a disagreement between them and the Council on a point apparently of very trifling importance. The Council sent them a bill which originated in their house, or rather at their board, authorizing vestries to take probate of deeds as well as magistrates. The appearance of this bill excited as high a ferment among the representatives of the Jamaica planters as the money-bills, founded on the estimates of the year, would do in the British House of Commons, if carried in the first instance from the Lords to their bar by Masters in Chancery, instead of being presented, in the first instance, to the representatives of the people. The Speaker of the Assembly told the Clerk of the Council, "that with every respect for the Council, he was bound to decline receiving the bill." "The message," he added, "I am ready to take, but the bill I cannot receive without violating the rights and privileges of this house." On the following day the Speaker had scarcely taken the chair when "the Provost-Marshal-General" appeared at the bar, and commanded the attendance of the Assembly in the Council Chamber, where his Excellency gave his assent to a money-bill, and dissolved the Legislative body in the speech to which we above allude.

CANADA.

The Legislature of Upper Canada has voted 50,000*l.* for the purpose of making further improvements in the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and 25,000*l.* to the Welland Canal for the same object.

FOREIGN STATES.

HOLLAND.

The accounts from Antwerp show a disposition on the part of the King of Holland to oppose more obstacles to the settlement of the Belgian question, and to interpose further difficulties to the navigation of the Scheldt. It appears by letters from Flushing that by virtue of a Dutch royal ordinance, all ships entering the Scheldt were not only to be visited by Custom-house officers but by officers of the navy,—that no vessels would be allowed to proceed upwards to Lillo without a Dutch convoy, or to descend from Lillo to the sea without a similar convoy,—and that single ships must be detained till, by successive arrivals, they could form a sufficient number to warrant the employment of a man-of-war in such a service. But this was only one part of the intended hardship and menaced vexation. A toll was imposed, not according to the tonnage of the ship, but according to the nature of the cargo. Thus, one duty was to be levied on coffee, another on tobacco, another on cotton, and so forth, in such a manner as might render it necessary, in order to collect the tax, to discharge and reload the cargo.

AMERICA.

A very important Message from the President of the United States to Congress, in reference to South Carolina, gives proof of his determination to meet the resistance of the South Carolinians in the most energetic manner. That resistance does not appear to be in the least abated. The President, in his Message, after detailing the various hostile acts of the South Carolinians, remarks, "that if these measures cannot be defeated and overcome, the constitution must be considered as incompetent to its own defence, the supremacy of the law is at an end, and the rights and liberties of the citizens can no longer receive protection from the government of the Union." The Carolinians having threatened to withdraw themselves from the Union, the President insists on his right to enforce obedience to the decrees of the general government, and proceeds to consider the extent of his means of doing so. The President concludes in the following terms:—"For myself, fellow citizens, devoutly relying upon that kind Providence which has hitherto watched over our destinies, and actuated by a profound reverence for those institutions which I have so much cause to love, and for the American people, whose partiality honoured me with their highest trust, I have determined to spare no effort to discharge the duty

which in this conjuncture has devolved upon me. That a similar spirit will actuate the representatives of the American people is not to be questioned: and I fervently pray that the Great Ruler of nations may so guide your deliberations and our joint measures, as that they may prove salutary examples, not only to the present, but to future times, and solemnly proclaim that the constitution and the laws are supreme, and the Union indissoluble."

CHINA.

Several engagements between the insurrectionists and imperial troops had taken place between the 20th and 25th of June, in which the latter, under the command of Governor Le of Canton, had sustained a loss of 2,000 men. The rebel forces amounted to 40,000. The communication between the Canton authorities and foreign nations was in an unsettled state. The British colours had not been displayed since the dispute between the Company's factory and the Chinese first took place in May 1831; and the United States' flag had not been displayed in front of the American Hong since the 1st of June. The Consular Agent of that country left China some time since, and a successor had not been appointed.

MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. Pancras, by the Rev. E P. Hannam, George Dickins, Esq., of Kettering, Northamptonshire, late of his Majesty's 23d Light Dragoons, to Elizabeth, relict of Joseph Bright, Esq., formerly of Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate-street, London.

J. Hodgson, Esq., of Elswick, Northumberland, M.P. for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Isabella, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Anthony Compton, Esq., of Carham-hall, Northumberland.

At St. James's Church, Frederick Angerstein, Esq., to the Hon. Charlotte Sophia Blayney.

At the British Embassy, the Right Hon. Geo. Lord Rivers, to the Hon. Susan Georgiana Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of his Excellency Viscount Granville, his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of France.

At Paris, Isabella, youngest daughter of Gen. Sir George and the Hon. Lady Airey, and granddaughter of the Baroness Talbot, of Malahide, in the county of Dublin, to Charles Tottenham, Esq., of New Ross, and grandson of the late Sir Robert Wigram, Bart., of Wexford.

At Trinity Chapel, Sloane-street, J. Smith, Esq., of York-street, Portman-square, to Harriet, eldest daughter of W. France, Esq., of Cadogan-place, Sloane-street, and one of his Majesty's Justices for Middlesex.

G. F. Heneage, Esq., M.P., to Frances, daughter of M. Tasburgh, Esq., of Burghwallis, York.

At Hampton, E. S. Curwen, Esq., late of the 14th Light Dragoons, and son of Henry Curwen, Esq., of Workington-hall, Cumberland, to Frances, daughter of Edward Jesse, Esq., of Hampton-court, Middlesex.

At Southampton, on the 22d inst. Charles, son of the late John Swinfen, of Swinfen, Esq., to Caroline, only daughter of the late General Campbell, of Menzie, N.B.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanstone-square, T. Bulkeley, Esq., 1st Regiment of Life Guards, to Frances Emila Rivers, daughter of Sir F. Freeling, Bart.

Died.]—At the house of her daughter, Mrs. Baillie, in Cavendish-square, Elizabeth, widow of the late Thomas Denman, M.D., and mother of the Chief Justice, in the 86th year of her age.

At his house in Dover-street, on the 22d inst., James Money, Esq., of the Hon. East India's Company's Service.

At Hastings, the Marchioness Dowager of Londonderry, daughter of Charles, late Earl Camden, sister of the present Marquis Camden, and mother of the Marquis of Londonderry and Earl Vane, aged 82.

At Woolwich, Lieut.-General Sir John Macleod, G.C.H., Director-General and Colonel Commandant of the Royal Horse Artillery, in the 81st year of his age.

At Leintwardine, General Sir Banastre Tarleton, Bart., Governor of Berwick, and formerly Member of Parliament for Liverpool during seven sessions, aged 79.

Patrick Robertson, M.D., one of the physicians to the Islington Dispensary.

At his house in Montague-square, George G. Wyatville, Esq., only son of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville.

In Alfred street, Bedford-square, aged 90, Ellen, widow of the late W. Woodfall, Esq., to whom we are indebted for the first public reports of the proceedings in Parliament.

Mrs. Mason, wife of Mr. Mason, of the Edinburgh theatre, and sister of the late Mrs. Siddons, and John Kemble.

At Halles-house near Edinburgh, Marguerite Adelaide Le Normond, wife of Henry Richards, Esq., solicitor of stamps for Scotland.

At the Lees, Berwickshire, Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart., formerly member for the county.

At Brooklodge, near Cork, the Hon. Mrs. St. Lawrence, relict of the late Bishop of York and Ross,

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

An Abattoir in London.—The report from the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals mentions the establishment of an abattoir in the neighbourhood of London thus:—"A new abattoir (the first ever erected in England) was opened in Portman New Market. This building is far superior to the common slaughter-houses, both for the improved method of slaughtering cattle, as well as for the clean appearance and the internal improvements, which the most delicate person may view without exciting any offensive feeling. The gentleman who, at his sole expense, has erected this building for the public accommodation, is Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Baker-street. This humane gentleman has promised to become a donor to the fund for suppressing cruelty. He celebrated the opening of the abattoir by distributing to the poor of the neighbourhood the first ox slaughtered, and roasted whole in the market."

The new church erected in the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West has been consecrated by the Bishop of London, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and a respectable congregation. The interior of the church is very elegant, and is beautifully decorated. It forms an octagon, composed of eight recesses, which extends in height nearly two-thirds of the space from the flooring of the nave to the roof, and there is a handsome Gothic window of stained glass over each recess. There is some very beautiful carved work over the altar; and above the communion-table is another stained glass window. The Bishop delivered a very able and impressive sermon, after the Psalms had been read.

The outside of the Ladye Chapel, opposite the grand approach to London Bridge, will soon be completed. The improvement in this part of the town is so great, that shops are eagerly sought for; and the situation is considered so eligible, that very high rents are demanded. Indeed, in spite of the decrease in the rent of houses, that of shops seems rather to have increased.

Port of London.—The Committee appointed to superintend the improvement of the port of London have had a meeting at Guildhall, in consequence of the numerous complaints which have been made of obstructions to the navigation of the port. Evidence was adduced, with a view to the adoption of the best practical remedy; and the Committee declared their determination to provide for the more efficient execution of the duties of the harbour service.

The site for the intended new City Club House, in Broad-street, has undergone extensive excavations, it being found to contain ancient vaults of great strength. The foundation stone will be laid with much ceremony at an early period. The establishment is considered likely to attract much interest.

CORNWALL.

Tresavean copper-mine, in the parish of Gwennap, Cornwall, is likely to prove one of the richest adventures ever known in that county. At the last account the adventurers shared 10,000*l.* profits for the last two months; and it is understood that the lodes in view are sufficient to continue the dividends at the same rate for the next twelve months at least.

DEVONSHIRE.

Interesting Discovery.—A few days since, the men employed in digging a shaft for the purpose of sewering in the Bedford-circus, Exeter, were surprised at discovering, about nine feet below the surface, two human skulls, and a number of large bones. These relics of mortality were inspected by several medical gentlemen and other individuals, pieces of bone being taken away by the curious, among whom various conjectures were raised as to how long, and by what means, the bodies had been in that spot. It is very probable, however, that this place was formerly used as a cemetery; for the Bedford-circus, until the dissolution of monasteries, was covered with the convent of the *Dominicans*, or *Black Friars*. The site was granted by Henry VIII. to John, the first Lord Russell, on the 4th of July, 1539.

The fine level road cutting on the east side of the river between Bideford and Barnstaple, along the banks of the river, is nearly completed.

HAMPSHIRE.

The new Landing Pier at Southampton, though a very useful and long-delayed public work, is at last commenced in earnest, considerable progress having been made with it; the contract being taken, we believe, for its completion in April, or early in May. It is to be a wooden pier, 900 feet long, curving to the east, for the convenience of steam-packets, &c. The carriage-road is to be 20 feet wide, more than sufficient for two carriages abreast, with a footpath on either side, protected from the carriage-road by railing. It will also be lighted by gas.

KENT.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Greenwich and Deptford has taken place on the subject of the London and Greenwich railway. Mr. Carttar stated that the work had the sanction of the Duke of Richmond, who considered its continuance to Dover, by way of Woolwich, Gravesend, and Canterbury, would tend to facilitate our intercourse with the Continent, and be of great national advantage. Mr. Carttar also said that it was expected that the completion of the road would be followed by an Act of Parliament, preventing steam-boats from approaching nearer to London than Greenwich and Deptford, in consequence of the frequency of accidents. Resolutions were finally put and carried, and a petition to Parliament for the Bill received a number of signatures.

LANCASHIRE.

The number of passengers conveyed by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company from the 1st of July to the 31st of December, 1832, was 182,823; and the merchandise during the same period amounted to 86,642 tons, independently of the coal that was also carried during the same period. The gross receipts of the half year amounted to 80,901*l.*, of which 43,120*l.* was for passengers, and 37,781*l.* for goods.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The frame-work knitters in Leicester are suffering great distress. Many of them, who work seventeen hours a day, only earn from six to nine shillings, and deductions are made even from this wretched pittance. A subscription has been set on foot for their relief.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Attorney-General has directed a *nolle prosequi* to be entered upon all the informations against the Bristol magistrates, so as to prevent any further proceedings being had thereon.

YORKSHIRE.

Trade of Hull.—The following is a statement of the number of vessels, British and Foreign, entered inwards at Hull and Goule, during the last and the preceding year. In 1831, 1,069 British, and 725 Foreign, entered Hull; and in 1832, only 889 British, and 474 Foreign. In 1831, 108 British, and 89 Foreign vessels entered the port of Goule; and in 1832, only 97 British, and 53 Foreign entered. The total in 1831 was 1991 vessels, and in 1832 only 1513, being a decrease of 478 vessels last year.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh.—The Edinburgh Town Council have elected Mr. Forbes to fill the vacant chair of Natural Philosophy in the University.

State of the Manufacturing Trade at Kirkaldy.—Nothing since the panic in 1825 has occurred to affect this trade in any material degree. Previous to the peace, it consisted almost wholly of ticks and checks; dowlas is at present the staple article, and the trade is on the increase, though it may be questioned whether the profits on a whole bale do not fall short of what our fathers were wont to realize upon a single piece of good tick. The demand for mill-spun yarn has been uncommonly brisk for these some months past—3lb., 2*s.* to 2*s.* 1*d.* The weavers are all employed, and would fain hope for better wages.—*Fifeshire Journal.*

The registered constituency of Scotland is—voters in burghs, 31,324; in counties, 33,222: total, 64,546. Owing to various causes, however, many persons duly qua-

lified did not register; and, perhaps, if the whole of these were included, the total number of electors in Scotland would not be less than 75,000. Under the old system, the little self-elected juntos of burgh magistrates, with their brethren the freeholders, formed an aggregate constituency of about 4200; so that the Reform Bill has multiplied our electors fifteen-fold, and improved them in value still more than in number.

Major-General Sir James Bathurst, K.C.B., who resides in, and is an active magistrate for, Somersetshire, has been appointed Governor of Berwick, in the room of General Sir B. Tarleton, deceased.

APPOINTMENT OF SHERIFFS.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Sheriffs for the present year:—

Bedfordshire—George Pearse, of Harlington, Esq.

Berkshire—East George Clayton East, of Hall Place, Esq.

Buckinghamshire—Charles Clowes, of Delaford Park, Esq.

Cambridge and Huntingdonshire—Denail Onslow, of Great Staughton, Esq.

Cheshire—Postponed.

Cumberland—Henry Curwen, of Workington Hall, Esq.

Cornwall—Christopher Wallis Popham, of Autron Lodge, Esq.

Derbyshire—John Harrison, of Snelston Hall, Esq.

Devonshire — John Quicke, of Newton House, Esq.

Dorsetshire—Richard Bronniker, of Beveridge, Esq.

Essex—Richard Birch Wolfe, of Woodhall, in Askedon, Esq.

Gloucestershire—Henry Elwes, of Colesbourn, Esq.

Herefordshire—Thomas Dunne, of Bircher, Esq.

Hertfordshire—George Jacob Bosanquet, of Broxbourn, Esq.

Kent—Demetrius Grevis James, of Ightham, Esq.

Leicestershire—John Mansfield, of Birstall, Esq.

Lincolnshire — Henry Dymoke, of Scrivelsby Court, Esq.

Monmouthshire—Wm. Vaughan, of Courtfield, Esq.

Norfolk—Sir W. B. Proctor, of Langley, Bt.

Northamptonshire—William Rose Rose, of Harleston, Esq.

Northumberland—Sir Edward Blackett, of Matfen, Bart.

Nottinghamshire — Sir T. W. White, of Wallingwells, Bart.

Oxfordshire—Sir Geo. Dashwood, of Kirklington Park, Bart.

Rutlandshire—John M. Wingfield, of Market Overton, Esq.

Shropshire—Walter Moseley, of Buildevas, Esq.

Somersetshire—George Henry Carew, of Concom Court, Esq.

Staffordshire—Thos. Kinnersley, of Clough Hall, Esq.

Southampton—Thomas Chamberlayne, of Cranbury, Esq.

Suffolk—Sir T. S. Gooch, of Benacre, Bart.

Surrey—Sir H. Fletcher, of Ashley Park, Bt.

Sussex—Thos. Broadwood, of Beeding, Esq.

Warwickshire — Sir John Mordaunt, of Walton, Bart.

Wiltshire — William Temple, of Bishopstrow, Esq.

Worcestershire—Jno. Brown, of Lea Castle, Esq.

Yorkshire—Wm. C. Maxwell, of Everingham, Esq.

NORTH WALES.

Montgomeryshire—John Jones, of Deythur, Esq.

Merionethshire—George J. Scott, of Peniarthueha, Esq.

Anglesey—Charles Henry Evans, of Henblas, Esq.

Denbighshire—Wm. Parry Yale, of Plas-yd Yale, Esq.

Flintshire—W. T. Ellis, of Counst, Esq.

Carnarvonshire—D. Price Downes, of Hendrerhysgethin, Esq.

SOUTH WALES.

Glamorganshire—R. T. Tuberville, of Ewenney Abbey, Esq.

Carmarthenshire—D. Lewis, of Shaduy, Esq.

Pembrokeshire—J. H. Phillips, of Williamston, Esq.

Cardiganshire—William Owen Brigstocke, of Blaenpant, Esq.

Breconshire—W. H. West, of Beaufort, Esq.

Radnorshire—Walter Wilkins, of Maeslough Castle, Esq.

[*State of Trade.*—The accounts from the seats of all the great staple manufactures of the kingdom are more encouraging than they have been for many months. We believe we may say, without hesitation, that the present year has opened with as bright prospects of commercial prosperity as any in the recollection of the oldest merchants; and now that we have got rid of the cholera, of political agitation, and of the fear of continental war, there is every reason to hope for a still greater improvement and extension of business, both at home and abroad, than has yet taken place. We know that this is confidently anticipated by many of the best informed and most sagacious of our commercial men.]